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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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We parted . . .

WE ALWAYS sat opposite each other, and it was a recurring shock not to see her in her place.

And so ended a marriage . . .

It was the modern way . . . but happiness was lost

By THE HUSBAND

It's six weeks to-day since I went home and found the letter propped on the mantelshelf with just my Christian name on the envelope.

It told me my wife had left.

Yes, it was just the sort of thing you see on the films or read about in magazine stories. I never thought it would happen to me.

BUT it wasn't as surprising as all this sounds. We had decided to separate. There was nothing that we could say was the cause. "We just didn't get along" was the nearest description we could give to our difficulties.

So we decided to separate, holding, in the modern fashion, that that was the best thing to do if people "didn't get along." Oh, yes, we were full of modern notions about this sort of thing.

There were no storms, or arguments, or tears. What emotions we had we kept to ourselves, because it was the proper thing to do.

There were no money difficulties involved in the separation; we had money. We had a pleasant home. We had friends.

You can say we had everything in a material sense, but we "just didn't get along," and we agreed to name the day she would leave.

The day before that I left for my work in the morning as usual. Automatically I patted the dog and kissed my wife as I left. Did I have any regrets? None, that I was conscious of.

BECAUSE they "just didn't get along" a husband and wife decided to separate after five years of marriage. The husband tells simply and movingly how this separation has affected him.

Then that evening when I came home I found the letter.

It was short and simple. It said that she had left that day, because to-morrow we should both know that it was the last day. It might be difficult. By leaving as she did we should escape any last-minute embarrassments.

She thanked me for what I had done for her.

She was going to a town we both knew well, but gave no address. Yes, there was something inevitably final about that letter. I know it word for word now.

It ended five years of marriage.

I must be sincere. The first week was rather pleasant. I had a curious, exhilarating sense of freedom.

I had to consult nobody about what I did; if I was late for dinner the servant could not complain; my wife felt that being late for a well-cooked dinner was a minor tragedy. There were lots of other small things I liked, and counting everything I enjoyed that first week.

The second week, too, was all right. Then I began to wonder where my wife was, what she was doing, and what she was thinking.

What worried me most was whether she was happy. You may think that odd, but that's just what I thought most about.

Search in vain

Then came a brief note saying she had not gone away, but was still in the city. She had not, she said, "planned her future."

She gave no address, and you can't find one person in a crowded city. I know, because I tried. I wanted to find out whether she was happy.

Yes, I think, too, it was rather stupid to search. But by this time I was not quite as sensible as usual, and if this is to be a true report I must tell you what happened.

I forgot to mention that in this note she said that when she had settled she would let me know her address. I hung on to that.

And waited.

When my mind had time off from the things it had to do it concentrated on my wife, where she was, what she was doing, and still, above all, was she happy.

I suppose you would call that an obsession. All I know is that it hurt.

So the weeks passed. Of course, I tried the usual remedies. I spent more time with men friends doing the usual things.

But they were not enough.

You can't tell me anything about what must sound to you the somewhat bathetic "empty chair."

We always sat opposite each other, and it was a recurring shock not to see her in her place. You can't live with somebody five years without missing her, I thought, nor without having some affection for her.

Affection? I began to doubt the strength of that word. Was this merely affection? And, if it was, where do you draw the line between affection and love?

Now I have to be careful to avoid the charge of sentimentality, but you can't write about this business of mine without talking about love.

SO last week I deliberately sat down to analyse my own feelings. Do I still love her? Do I want her back? Would we be happy if we started all over again, or would it be just as it was?

I regret to report that my analysis was a failure. I don't know the answers.

It was like holding a post-mortem on something still alive; that was about as far as I could get.

The only satisfaction I did get out of the analysis was that if I could see her again I should know.

If I could see her again, I thought, something will tell me all I want to know.

But where was she?

I became a nuisance to my servant asking about the post.

I began to think of all the things I might have done and never did; small things that would have meant no real sacrifice on my part. Some husbands might do worse than check-up on this paragraph.

These were my thoughts. Then, last Saturday, came a letter—from her.

It was posted from the other side of the world. Ten thousand miles in search of a wife sounds romantic, but not practical.

There was no address. It was brief. She was well, hoped I was. That was all.

She did not say she was happy; so I am still unaware of what I am most anxious to know.

When this affair started I confided in a friend, told him we "couldn't get along," and, in the modern way, were going to end our marriage.

Young, modern, and sophisticated, I was surprised when he said he thought our attitude of mind a bad one; it resulted from people doing too little and expecting too much.

I smiled, then, at this quaint notion. Now I know better.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

Will Convey Royalty

CAPTAIN E. J. SPOONER, D.S.O., will command the battle cruiser H.M.S. Repulse which will carry the King and Queen across the Atlantic for their tour of Canada and U.S.A.

According to schedule they will arrive in Quebec on May 15, and will leave for England on June 15.

Captain Spooner was formerly in command of H.M.S. Vindictive.

—Dickinson-Manwell.

Service to Red Cross

MISS PHILADELPHIA ROBERTSON, C.B.E., secretary-general of the Australian Red Cross Society, who has retired after 23 years in that position, was instrumental in forming the Red Cross Society in Victoria on the outbreak of war in 1914.

A plaque to commemorate her services will be placed at Government House where the Victorian Red Cross first had its headquarters.

Coming to Australia

ARTUR SCHNABEL, Mus.Doc., world-renowned Austrian pianist, and the greatest living interpreter of Beethoven's pianoforte works, will pay his first visit to Australia in May, under contract to the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

Until 1931 Schnabel was professor of pianoforte at the Berlin State Academy of Music. Later he established a school at Lake Garda, Italy.

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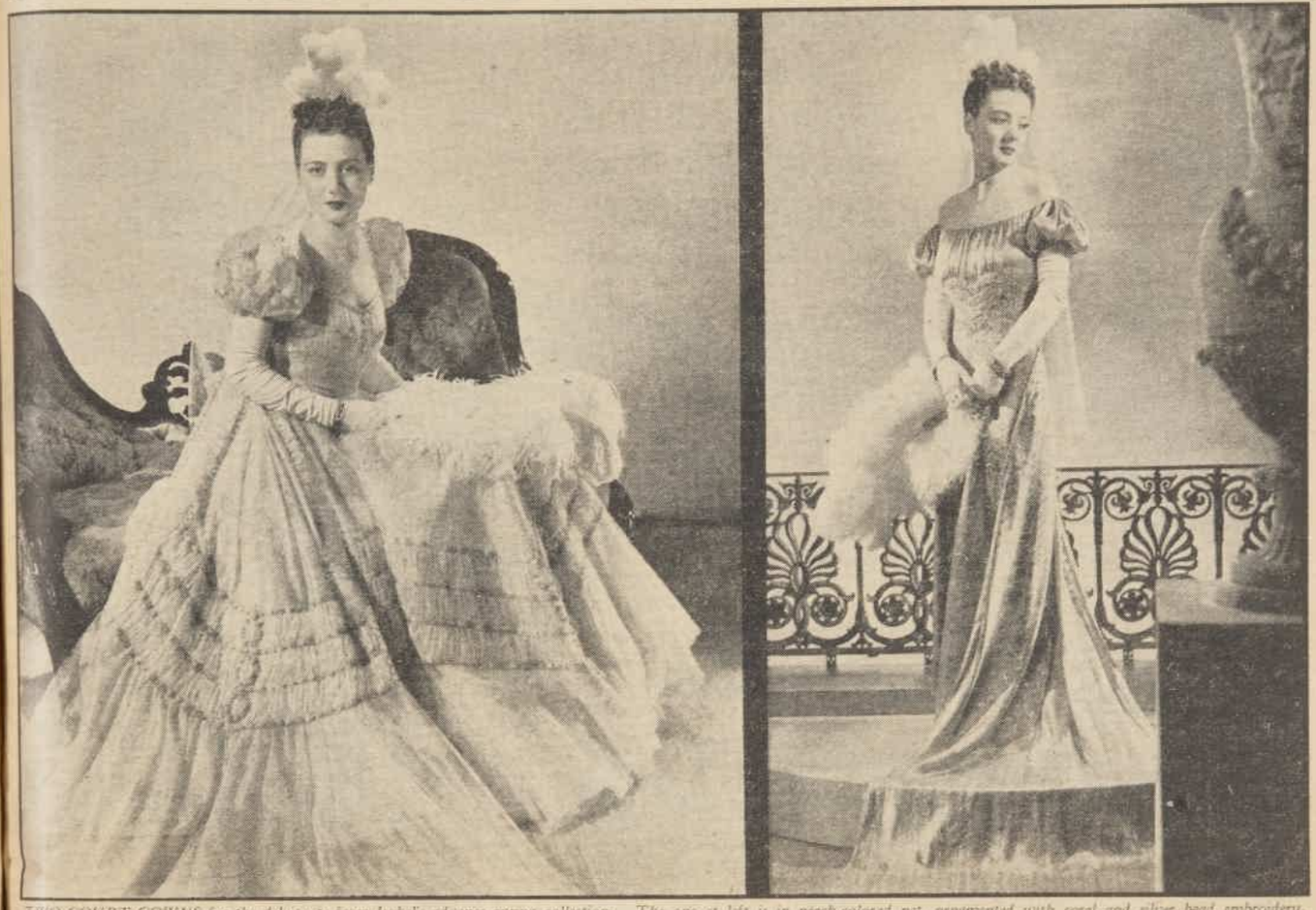
LOVELY COURT GOWNS FOR DEBUTANTES

AIR MAILED FROM LONDON



TWO COURT GOWNS for the debutante from Isobel's advance spring collection. The one at left is in peach-colored net, ornamented with coral and silver bead embroidery. The other is in gold brocade, with the deep waistline emphasised by small gold fringe. (See story of first Royal Courts on page 16.) —Peter Clark photos.

MARINA'S children inherit flair for styles

Woolly garments are important part of their wardrobe

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

In the Royal nurseries at Belgrave Square, home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, there are two very young people who are intensely interested in clothes.

Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra have shown signs even in babyhood that they have inherited something of their mother's flair for tasteful dressing.

WHILE still staggering on unsteady baby legs from room to room, Prince Edward revealed a tendency towards very definite ideas of what he would and would not wear.

He yelled loudly every time he was put into a knitted suit, but has always thoroughly approved the small satin shirts and wool material pants which are the Duchess of Kent's favorite mode of dressing him.

These shirts used to have frilled collars, short sleeves, and large pearl buttons on to which the pants were fastened, but in the past few weeks he has been promoted to miniature men's shirts with long sleeves and satin Peter Pan collars under which he can wear ties or bows.

They have elastic round the waist so that the trousers no longer fasten on to them but are kept up with small boys' braces made in white satin material.

The colors of these suits are sky-blue, banana-beige, almond-green, and primrose, though sometimes the stockers are in darker shades to match his overcoat, while the shirts are white silk.

Ever since he left baby clothes behind Prince Edward has had his overcoats made by his father's tailor in Savile Row. The Duchess believes in perfectly-tailored outdoor clothes for boys, even while they are still toddlers.

FOR parties Prince Edward wears blue or white satin suits in Kate Greenaway style with long trousers with satin braces worn outside the small, short-sleeved matching satin shirts.

These clothes his mother usually buys in Bond Street or from the famous children's outfitters in Portman Square.

The children's shoes, in brown for out of doors and gay colors for home wear, all have sensible heels and broad, rounded toes. These also come from the same store.

In the winter both children wear fur gloves, but they seldom wear hats even in the most severe weather. On seaside summer holidays they are protected from sun and glare by wide-brimmed, green-lined crash linen hats.

Princess Alexandra's frocks are mostly in pastel-colored crepes, but she has quite a number of daintily-patterned Viyella ensembles for winter wear. Every little frock has its matching pants.

The crepe frocks are often hand-embroidered as well as smocked, and this work is done either by the Duchess' own sewing-maid or by the girls of the Greek colony in London. Greek girls are reputed to be marvellous needlewomen.

For parties the little Princess wears pink, blue, and cream net frocks that stand out from the waist like ballet dresses, and she has short matching socks and bronze or silver dancing-pumps kept on with cross-over elastic.

No Jewellery

NEITHER of the children wears any jewellery, and neither of them is ever allowed to feel "dressed-up," so that the fear of spoiling their clothes might detract from the pleasure of an outing.

Prince Edward often decides what his sister shall wear, and his own dressing nowadays is governed by the determination that he shall not be made to look "a funny boy."

Like all children, the Royal youngsters are very conservative about their clothes, always wanting to be just like everybody else.

They wear soft, lightweight, woolly undies in the winter and scarcely any undies at all in the summer, and they seldom have colds.

They have small cambric handkerchiefs printed with amusing little animals—the sort of handkerchief that would encourage any child in its use—and they both have soft woollen mufflers appliqued with "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" for wear on chilly mornings in the park.

Wonderful Surprises!

We give you: . . .

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NEXT WEEK:

Another free knitting book of designs for adults.

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says

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HITLER showed marked interest in Lisa Herzog, here shown in the title role in "The Merry Widow."

Hitler's gifts to glamorous dancer

Saw show in which she appeared four times

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

"I hope it won't be long before I see you again."

Germany's dictator, Herr Hitler, has aroused world-wide speculation by this remark, made to Marion Daniels, 19-year-old American acrobatic dancer, at a banquet which he gave in her honor at Munich.

Has Romance—so often rumored—come at last to the 49-year-old ruler of the Reich?

FAIR-HAIRED, blue-eyed, and glamorous, Miss Daniels had been brought from Cannes by plane at Hitler's request after he had seen her in four performances in Germany of "The Merry Widow."

MARION DANIELS, glamorous American dancer, flew to Munich in a plane sent by the Fuehrer.

Her sensational return to Germany came only a fortnight after Hitler had seen her for the first time doing her specialty dance in the show in Berlin.

Hitler filled her room with flowers, attaching his card, "A. Hitler."

At a gala performance on her return he gave her, in addition to flowers, £250 in English money — and foreign currency is very scarce in Germany.

"You are the best dancer I have ever seen," he told her.

After a banquet in her honor, which lasted until 3.30 a.m., a special plane flew her back to Cannes.

Hitler has frequently been credited with a tender attachment. Many times his name has been coupled with attractive and marriageable girls.

Sometimes it has been with one of his own flaxen-haired Aryans; another time the daughter of an English peer; then it was a Swedish film star—but still the Fuehrer remains aloof and very much a bachelor.

When this week he saw "The Merry Widow" for the fourth time Dame Rumor got busy again looking for a love interest.

It was observed that he applauded the lovely Lisa Herzog, who played the title role, each time she appeared and his attendant suite duly echoed the clapping.

The wiseacres immediately picked her as the main attraction.

But when he sent specially to Cannes for Marion Daniels to appear at a gala performance of the show, telephone wires buzzed, typewriters clicked, and newspapers headlined the story.

Changed Interest

GOSSIPS forgot German Lisa Herzog. American Marion Daniels, with her acrobatic dancing, had aroused the Fuehrer's interest.

Staunch admirer and champion of Germany's Nazi womanhood, Herr Hitler had again honored a foreign star.

Those who understand Hitler's ardent love of the concert, theatre and cinema, however, discount all theories of a sentimental nature.

They say that Hitler showed almost as keen an interest in yet another ornament of the show—glamorous Dorothy van Bruck, "Germany's beauty dancer," who was brought specially from Berlin to Munich to stage her dance in which she wears nothing but transparent butterfly wings attached to her arms.

Thus Hitler has paid special attention to three of the stars in this revival of a twenty-year-old musical comedy, which he has attended four times in the last two or three weeks.

That "The Merry Widow" should be played at all in Germany is surprising because it was announced some time ago that all the works of the composer, Franz Lehar, had been banned by the Nazis.

Stern, spartan Adolf Hitler, who has always preached that woman's place is in the home and who is the creator of the Nazi racial ideology, is not unmindful of the allure of glamor.

For years film producers in Germany have been searching for a substitute for Marlene Dietrich—Hitler's favorite star, who refuses to return to her native land. But as yet no one has been found to take her place.

Lest they outshine German films Hitler recently banned first-class American pictures. But in fostering the German film industry he did not extend the ban to foreign film stars in order to protect his perfect Aryans.

Search for Glamor

A SCARCITY of glamorous local talent has caused many Swedish, Polish, Czech and actresses of other nationalities to be imported.

Without the serious competition of Hollywood's polished productions without the glamorous Garbo, Gilbert and Crawford, German pictures and German stars are being encouraged to shine.

If the brilliance of the stars lacks a little lustre, this is not allowed to detract from the glamor and brilliance of the German productions.

To keep up box office receipts Zarah Leander, hailed as the new Swedish Garbo, was imported.

Most popular of all stars on the German screen, Olga Tschechova is a Russian. Lida Barova is a Czech and Lilian Harvey English.

Pola Negri, of silent film days, has brought to the German screen something of her former appeal. She is Polish. In fact, of the six top-ranking stars in German pictures only Paula Wessely is German.

Thus, while Hitler, dictator of Germany, frenzied nationalist, builds up his country for its people in the interests of the cinema, the theatre and the concert platform, he goes far afield for glamor.

Those close to his intimate circle believe that in his search he will find romance, and thus every indication he gives of interest in a new star sets Germany talking—correctly.

See Other Photos on Page 3

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Doctor Ordered Quiet

A Complete Short Story

By . . .

LADY TROUBRIDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY FISCHER

Doris Winter gazed at the old lady who sat at the table.

BEFORE Doctor Thorne left the library he remembered to give a few medical injunctions to his eighty-year-old patient.

"Just a light diet over Christmas, Lady Chelcombe," he said, bending over her thin, jewel-laden hand. "A very moderate helping of turkey, and, of course, absolute quiet."

Because he had a sense of humor, Doctor Thorne hid a smile. Absolute quiet was so much a part of Chelcombe Towers that a clock striking seemed an affront to the velvety silence which hung over the spacious rooms which embalmed Lady Chelcombe like a mummy.

If the doctor's daughter had not just presented him with his fourth grandchild, he would have considered telling the self-engrossed widow of Sir Henry Chelcombe that there was nothing organically wrong with her at all. For her age she was hale and hearty, and would probably live to be well over ninety. But his daily visits to Chelcombe Towers mounted up to a considerable sum by the end of each year, and so he kept his peace, and went on prescribing mild digestives, milder tonics, and, above all, that quiet in which she loved to sit, looking fixedly into her past.

"I wonder what the old dame does think about," thought Dr. Thorne, irreverently, as he started up his car and drove off down the long frosty avenue. "Herself, I bet. Hard as nails, inside and out," was his summing up of the widow of that grand old sportsman knight, Sir Henry Chelcombe, K.C.B.

The county's verdict was the same, for the county remembered something Dr. Thorne had only heard of. Twenty-four years ago she had quarrelled with her son, because he had insisted on marrying the daughter of a garage proprietor, and he subsisted thereafter in a far-off colony on a meagre allowance from his immensely rich mother, and died there unforgiven.

NO one ever mentioned Arthur Chelcombe's name to his mother. Dr. Thorne's predecessor had warned him of this.

"There's a grandson, I believe," Dr. Dyke had said, "but she's never seen him, and never will. I don't suppose she even knows his name."

But Dr. Dyke was wrong there. Old Lady Chelcombe knew very well that Arthur's son had been born on Christmas Day twenty-three years ago, and that his name, in consequence, was Noel. She had made a spidery entry in the Old Testament of her Bible to this effect in the year he was born, and on every successive Christmas Day she devoted some time to thinking of him.

Devoted is wrong. The thought of Noel came unbidden, mixed up with the thought of Arthur, and of a certain letter which still lay unposted in a drawer of the bureau which she could see from her high-backed chair as she sat by the slow-burning fire behind its grille of steel.

Impertinent death had robbed her of the chance of sending that letter to Arthur, summoning him back. And after that her pride forbade her to approach "that woman," as Mrs. Arthur Chelcombe had always been named by her august mother-in-law. And now that woman was dead, too, and goodness knows what had become of Noel . . .

It would have been easy to find out. A telephone call to her lawyer would have set the machinery to turn which would have drawn the boy back from the ends of the earth, presumably, if she had wanted him.

Did she want him?

This was one of the things the "old dame" had to think of, as she held out her hands to the fire. They were very old hands, but still rather beautiful—white and gently wrinkled and loaded with rings. Looking at the fire through sheltering fingers, Lady Chelcombe went on thinking. Even if she beat down her pride, it would be very disturbing to see him, and a great effort. Yet there was no harm in wondering what he was like.

Arthur had been fair, and that woman dark. Which would he take after? Would he inherit the high hawk nose of the Wyverns (Lady Chelcombe had been a Wyvern) or the florid high-colored handsomeness which had been Henry Chelcombe's? Or, horrible thought, the small, shrewd eyes and sharp features of the garage proprietor, long ago in his grave, where Lady Chelcombe's hatred followed him.

It was not unpleasant dozing and dreaming by the fire. Youth may have long thoughts, but Lady Chelcombe's thoughts seemed endless that late afternoon. They had got as far back as Arthur's christening (he wore a lace robe and a little close cap) when Morrison, who had been umpteen years with her, entered softly, and coughed gently to announce that he had done so. In his hand was a defiantly red-berried mass of holly, at which Lady Chelcombe stared blankly.

"What's that, Morrison?"

"Holly, milady," said Morrison, half apologetically. "I was just going to put up a few . . . er . . . decorations, when your ladyship had gone upstairs to dress for dinner."

Lydia, thin, grey and spinster-like, now appeared. She had been her personal maid for almost as many years as Morrison had buttered at the Towers, and cherished a secret and entirely unrequited passion for him.

Depositing the holly on a table, Morrison offered his arm on one side, and Lydia hers on the other, and in this fashion Lady Chelcombe, who scorned the weakness of dining in bed, was assisted up the shallow oaken staircase, gleaming under the unshaded electric light, to the great old-fashioned bedroom. After which little ceremony Morrison hurried down to place a few sprigs of holly along the mantelpiece in the library, and dispose a few more over the portraits of aloof-looking dead and gone Chelcombes which hung on the walls, with a Wyvern or two thrown in.

"Holly's all very well," thought Morrison, performing this seasonable task. "But what's the good of holly without young folks to enjoy the sight of it?"

And if no one else was sorry for Lady Chelcombe, he was. All the sorrier because she never seemed to know what she missed.

At seven forty-five came the crash.

Morrison heard it in the library, though at first he thought it was

Love Defeats Loneliness

just an aeroplane flying low, and making a good deal of noise. The footman heard it in the pantry, and thought it was a high-powered car. The cook heard it as she was mixing a delicate sauce for the fish, and clapped her hand to her heart. And the scullery maid heard it, and said "Lor'! Whatever was that?" Lydia heard it just as she was fastening a bracelet on Lady Chelcombe's wrist. And Lydia alone whose favorite nephew was in the Air Force, interpreted the sinister sound aright.

"It's an aeroplane crashed somewhere in the park, I do believe!" she said loudly, and dropped the old-fashioned bracelet on to Lady Chelcombe's prune lap.

"What will you think of next?" said Lady Chelcombe crossly. "It's probably one of the keepers shooting a rat." And she held out her wrist with an imperious gesture for Lydia to return and fasten it.

But Lydia did not return. She pulled aside the heavy damask curtains, flung up the sash of the window and was peering out into the frosty vacuum of the night, lit by very bright stars.

Old Lady Chelcombe was not in the least deaf. She heard the running footsteps and the confused shouts which meant that undergardeners and chauffeur and all the male part of her establishment were rushing towards that mass of buckled and twisted wreckage hidden somewhere in the darkness of the park.

"If only it don't catch on fire," Lydia was peering into the darkness and trembling for fear it should be lit by a sudden shoot of flame.

"Close the window," said Lady Chelcombe harshly. "We shall know what's happened soon enough."

But what neither Lydia nor Lady Chelcombe knew was that the young airman being extricated at that very moment from the ruins of his aeroplane was called Noel Chelcombe, whom Destiny had chosen to fling from the starry heavens into the park where his father shot rabbits and dreamed dreams over twenty years ago.

Eight o'clock struck from the clock tower. At eight o'clock Morrison should have struck the silver-tongued gong to indicate that dinner was served, and the cook should have sent in the hot, clear soup, in which the vermicelli floated like strange thin seaweed.

Yet none of these things happened. Nothing but the tramping feet and the distant banging of doors. Then Morrison appeared in the doorway of Lady Chelcombe's bedroom. A new Morrison. Excited. Unconsciously dramatic.

"They're bringing him in, my lady, but they don't want to climb the stairs, so I took the liberty of opening the ground-floor bedroom and sending for Doctor Thorne."

"What do you mean, Morrison?" asked Lady Chelcombe, frowning. "Who is being brought in, and why is dinner not ready?"

"It's the pilot, my lady," Morrison recovered himself, got back his ordinary voice. "A plane crashed in the park, just by the North Lodge. The lodge-keeper heard it, and was in time to get the young gentleman out, but he's badly hurt, and it was thought best to bring him in here until Doctor Thorne had seen him. Dinner shall be served as soon as possible," he added.

WAS there a shade of contempt in his voice as he said it? If there was, Lady Chelcombe did not notice it. The idea of Morrison despising her would have been too fantastic. Almost as fantastic as what the young doctor told her an hour later.

"He's pretty bad," said young Doctor Turner briefly. "Concussion and some injuries to the back. He can't possibly be moved for some time, but I suppose that's all right. By the way, his name is Noel Chelcombe, so perhaps he may be a relative of yours."

Tactful Doctor Thorne, waging a battle with birth and death at a nearby farm, would never have said that. But his junior partner had no idea of the delicate ground he was treading on, or that such news required breaking, though he was a little surprised to be met by silence. He had no time to observe how the pupils of Lady Chelcombe's eyes had dilated behind her spectacles, until the black almost covered the iris.

Please turn to Page 52

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Complete Short Story

The Scapegoat

Bitterness can seldom endure when all of a truth is understood

Stuart carried him out of the house and down to the water's edge.

By HERBERT MOESBURY

THE house was quite dark. He tapped gently and waited, repeating this several times before he heard a movement within. The door was cautiously opened a few inches, and a querulous voice was heard asking: "Who is there?"

Malcolm Stuart gave his name.

"I do not know you, sir—nor why you knock so late."

Stuart apologised, and went on to inquire if James Harrison lived there.

"No . . . No, there is no one of that name here," replied the voice.

"But there was two years ago," said Stuart.

"Well, there isn't now . . . Perhaps the agent may tell you."

The voice within gave the name and address of the agent in an aggrieved tone, and crisply added, "You must pardon me shutting the door . . . it's very cold standing in this draughty passage," and suddenly the door was shut in his face.

What was to be done? He stood at a loss for a moment or two; then turned, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, walked away dejectedly. And just then he passed events of the last two years under review:

During his term of imprisonment he had learned but little of the outer world. For the first twelve months Helen Anstey and Jack Harrison had corresponded with him. But letters became fewer as the months went by, until both ceased to write . . . not a word had reached him during the last six months. He pondered bitterly on this fact . . . even she, his beloved and betrothed, for whom he had so suffered, seemed to have forgotten him.

"There is something more than I can understand in this," thought Stuart. "What did it all mean?"

He sought a modest hotel for the night, one where he was not likely to meet former associates.

Malcolm Stuart was a man of powerful physique, tall, not yet thirty-five. But there were crows-feet at the corners of his grey eyes and in them a look of long suffering—the look of a man whose life had been unhappy.

A chill, uncomfortable morning ushered in the following day. Immediately after he had breakfasted Stuart set out once more to resume a forlorn search for the woman he was to have wedded and their mutual friend, Jack Harrison. It proved a vain search, though he persisted in it for two heart-breaking weeks. All he could gather in the way of information was the fact that both had gone abroad—gone away together; but with so much secrecy had they covered up their tracks that their final destination remained unknown to anyone.

So that was all he got of his sacrifice—two years in prison and his sweetheart flown. The woman he had shielded.

Hope, if any hope he had cherished, of finding Helen Anstey had fled. Why not forget it all? He walked into the office gay with travel posters. When he emerged on to the street again he carried with him a passenger's ticket for Tahiti.

One bright October morning a tall blond-bearded Englishman of a very courteous demeanor, dressed in a pongee suit and wearing a white pith helmet, came ashore at the Port of Papeete, with considerable personal effects; and after taking a room at a house proceeded to the Department de Police de La Ville de Papeete, paid his fees, and was duly registered as a settler on the island.

Afterwards he strolled down Papeete's Quai du Commerce and sat for a while beneath the inviting shade of scarlet-blossomed flamboyant trees that formed a green vista along the waterfront. The little bay was fringed with small island craft—the white hulls of trading schooners taking in or discharging cargo.

Along the verdant foreshore nude and semi-nude brown-skinned natives fished or bathed, and idlers loitered; and here and there a canoe was seen skimming over the blue lagoon. The handsome half-caste and pure-blood native girls, bubbling with mirth, frequently displayed a huge scarlet hibiscus blossom in their black and luxuriant hair, the colorful and scant clothing of the half-castes revealing a taste for chic fashion inherited from their French forbears.

And so it came about that Malcolm Stuart, the Scapegoat, buried himself from all former associations: Found a sanctuary on this tropical island . . . settled there to find respite from the canker at his heart.

He bought a picturesque weather-board cottage and engaged one of those dreamy-eyed, buxom, efficient native women as housekeeper. From then on he lived in a dreamland—a world of his own creation, high above earthly troubles.

In the island of forgetfulness he lived only for mail days and the arrival of the monthly mailboat.

For the other days of the month he might be seen seated in one of the Franco-Tahitian cafes chatting over a bottle of wine, seeking information from some chance voyager who hailed from the land of his birth.

THE glasses would be frequently emptied and refilled during the raconteur's reminiscences. Perhaps Malcolm's legs would be a little unsteady as he slowly bent his steps homeward, while the great pale disc of a full moon looked down upon him as it rode low to westward. Malcolm Stuart's legs were certainly unsteady on a night he was seen returning home accompanied by a companion whose unsteady gait and inarticulate attempt at conversation proclaimed him to be in that condition commonly termed "stupidly drunk."

Together they proceeded towards Stuart's cottage. The buxom native housekeeper, Tama, was not visible, but her attentive ministrations were evident in the neat and home-like appearance of everything in the interior of that very sequestered bungalow. The living apartment gave access into a still smaller one, one that revealed the attributes of a bachelor's sanctum. A comfortable cane lounge-chair, beside it a low Oriental occasional table, with the smoker's requisites; and a well-thumbed volume, still open. In one corner several more volumes could be seen arranged upon a book-shelf, and, beneath this, a writing desk and a cabinet, which Malcolm Stuart always kept locked.

Malcolm guided his visitor's unsteady feet to a sofa and told him to lie down, which he did readily enough, composing himself in a recumbent position while uttering some inarticulate desire to return to the ship without delay. "Wife get anxious—must go aboard ole-shapp," he repeated in a tone of maudlin protestation.

"All right! All right! You lie here and rest a while. Go to your ship presently," said Malcolm in a coaxing tone of remonstrance as he laid a restraining hand on Harrison, gently but firmly forcing him back whenever he attempted to get on his feet.

After once more protesting, "Must go aboard ole-shapp—wife get anxious," Harrison sank back on the sofa, let his drowsy eyes wander stupidly about him for a moment or so, yawned sleepily, and almost immediately after fell into a profound slumber.

Malcolm gave a swift, inquiring glance in all directions, walked to the kitchen and peered into it, stood listening intently for a moment or two, and, satisfied that Tama had, long since, retired to rest, returned to the sleeper. He stood gazing down at the handsome face while his own underwent a change of expression—an amazing change, revealing the slumbering volcano of wrath so long held under restraint. "You Judas!" he muttered under his breath.

He drew back a step, still gazing down upon his slumbering companion. "Strange that you could drink and converse with me for two hours and not once recognise me. I suppose this beard of mine helped—but, God! no wonder I'm changed! And you, Jack Harrison, were already pretty near drunk when we sat down to drink a bottle together. I recognised you the moment I saw you. You've not changed so very much these ten years—still comparatively young, and still handsome. But you were not shut up in a dismal prison for two years and after release discovered you had married her—the woman I loved and for whom I became the scapegoat!"

So great was Malcolm's emotion that he collapsed, sinking down into a nearby chair, and sat there to indulge in bitter retrospection, his head bowed and resting upon his hands. Several minutes passed and still he sat in that attitude of abysmal dejection, the silence broken only by the tick-tick of a small clock on the writing-desk.

Presently he rose wearily, produced a key, and, passing into the smaller room, opened that locked cabinet, reverently fingering its contents: A few worn letters, a faded photograph of a beautiful woman—nothing of value, yet always kept under lock and key—no, nothing of value to others, but as jealously treasured by him as the gems of a royal coffer.

For some little time he stood gazing upon them, and a half-suppressed sigh escaped his lips as, with a shrug of the shoulder, he replaced the contents of the cabinet, and carefully locked it, and sat down wearily.

"He shall recognise me—by Heaven! he shall — yes, I'll simplify it for him," he murmured.

With sober deliberation he searched around and found a pair of scissors, and, standing in front of a mirror, clipped off his blond beard close to the chin, then very carefully shaved himself. The transformation was remarkable. He peered closely into the mirror with great satisfaction, and again returned to sit and ponder the problem before him. Presently he produced from the writing desk a small phial, and from that a white medicinal tablet. He dissolved it in a tiny tumbler of water and passing over to Harrison gently roused him out of slumber, saying:

"Drink this, 'twill do you good."

"What-sch this, whisky?" inquired the half wakeful and befuddled Jack Harrison, while owlishly blinking at the proffered drink.

Yes—good stuff! Drink and go to sleep again," said Malcolm.

Without hesitation, Harrison tossed off the contents of the glass, handing it back with the remark, "Darned poor whisky! ole shapp," and again relapsed into slumber. The room was almost in darkness, for Malcolm had taken the precaution to turn down the lamp. He stood in a position, at the head of the sofa, out of Harrison's line of vision, while administering the opiate.

THE night wore on, the two men still in the same position. Then suddenly, obeying an uncontrollable impulse, Stuart strode towards the sleeper and lifted him from the sofa. Malcolm was a man of powerful physique, and stood over six feet in height. He lifted the slender Jack Harrison as easily as one lifts a little child, and, pacifying his sleepy protestations, carried him out of the house and down to the water's edge and along a tiny jetty, where Stuart's boat lay moored.

It was a fairly large one, and Harrison was soon laid, quite comfortably, in a recumbent position in the sternsheets. To Jack's maudlin protestations, Malcolm assured him that everything was all right; that he was being conveyed to his ship. Then, shoving off, he hoisted a sail and picking up the yoke-lines, steered for a channel through the reef, and hence to the open sea.

The boat made swift progress. The shores of both Tahiti and Moorea had melted into the nigrescent blue of a starry sky, and the first streak of dawn was visible in the east, when Harrison, after turning restlessly several times in a vain endeavor to compose his aching limbs in a more comfortable position, opened his eyes, and, perfectly sobered, glanced inquiringly about him, and lifted his astonished gaze to the shadowy form of Malcolm Stuart, who sat with his head bowed so that his shaven face became almost hidden.

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GOOD OLD JULIA

A complete short story of love and where it eventually led the happy couple.

By

MARGERY SHARP

Illustrated by FISCHER

"Good morning," said Mr. Withers. "You've done pretty well for yourself."

EVERY morning the new Lady Warring woke up and looked at her satin down quilt—soft peach color, made in laced squares, price thirteen guineas—and said a thankful prayer. She also observed, with never-failing pleasure, the embroidered sheets, the super-light satin-bound blankets and the folded velvet spread. Her appreciation of these things was pointed by the fact that during the major portion of her career she had been accustomed to wake up in far less luxurious and respectable surroundings; and it may be said at once that the respectability was much more to her than the luxuriousness. For her life hitherto, before she became Lady Warring and while she was still popularly known as Good Old Julia, had been a precarious, hand-to-mouth affair—the sort of life that is all very well at twenty, but not so good at thirty-five.

Julia's spirits had never actually failed, for they were uncommonly resilient, but once or twice they sank pretty low. She had been on the stage; she had been, among other things, married and widowed; as middle age approached, she hung grimly on, picking up a living round film studios and dress shows, but always with the feeling that each guinea thus earned would probably be her last; and now here she was at thirty-seven, in her own beautiful bed in her own beautiful town flat, with her own Sir William shaving himself in the bathroom. It was almost too good to be true.

"William!" called Lady Warring urgently.

The communicating door opened; Sir William, elegant even in a flannel dressing gown, and with his face all over lather, appeared inquiringly on the threshold.

"I just wanted to look at you," explained Julia contentedly. "Sometimes I can't believe you're really there."

Sir William cocked an eyebrow through the soap, grunted, and disappeared again. He was never very sentimental early in the morning, and Julia quite understood. With a sigh of satisfaction, she sat up in bed and put on a dressing jacket. It was of white swan's-down, with large pink roses encircling the neck, and altogether a somewhat flashy article; for in matters of dress Julia had to break out somewhere, and from deference to her husband's less flamboyant taste she had selected all the publicly visible items of her trousseau with an eye to sober elegance.

"Everything's all right," thought Julia joyfully.

And it was. Her six-months-old marriage had turned out a complete success. Without any effort, she was making Sir William perfectly happy and she was so happy herself that those silent prayers of gratitude went on almost continuously in her head. She said one every time she stepped into the car, every time Sir William brought her a bunch of flowers, every time they sat down to a meal together.

Breakfast, thought Julia, who always woke up with a healthy appetite. She leaned out and rang the bell; in another minute her breakfast would appear, set out in all the luxury of fine linen and thin china; and while she ate it her

Woman first: lady second

husband would come in for a talk before he started out on his morning programme of constitutional round the Park and visit to his club. That was what he did in town; in the country, whither they were to go at the end of the week, his occupations would no doubt be more energetic. He would have to look after the land.

Julia loved the thought of being landed. Ever since first seeing Sir William, her one aim in life had been to turn into a perfect lady, and she somehow felt that land would be a great help. She intended to wear tweeds all day long and to open as many flower shows as possible.

"I do want to get down to Cockstead," she told Sir William, when he reappeared. "I believe I'm made for the country."

"I think you'll like it."

"Like it! I'm going to have the time of my life!"

Sir William considered her again; and Julia laughed.

"I know what you're afraid of," she said shrewdly. "You're afraid I shall try to be too much of a Lady Bountiful. But I won't, William, truly. And I won't have the wrong people to stay either. Louise, for instance, though she's my best friend, and we were in the chorus together for years, I'm only going to see in town. Down at Cockstead I shall lie low and watch my step, until everyone's used to me."

"And then?"

"Then I shall get going," said Julia, with confidence.

Philosophic rather than reassured, Sir William kissed her affectionately and left her to make her toilet.

Julia applied a discreet touch of lipstick to her smiling mouth, and opened the bedroom door just as Robson, the manservant, approached it from the other side.

"A Mr. Withers to see you, my lady."

"Mr. who?"

"Withers, my lady. The gentleman had no card. He's—in the drawing-room."

Julia frowned. She knew what that pause meant. Robson had never properly got used to some of her friends, and tried to leave them in the hall; and since those friends were mostly of a sanguine and unself-conscious temperament, they usually defeated him by walking right in. The impertinence of the man, thought Julia. If Sir William didn't object, why should he? So, to teach him a lesson, and though she couldn't remember Mr. Withers from Adam, she at once nodded and walked straight across to the drawing-room door.

The consequences of the most natural and even praiseworthy act are sometimes unexpected. Julia had intended merely to snub Robson and show courtesy to a guest, but in so doing she also put in jeopardy the whole of her married life.

THE drawing-room was white, and so perfect that many persons, on first entering it, felt as though they had walked by mistake into a setting for a modern comedy.

The effect was really beautiful, though as a background a little trying; so much dazzling white made most people look a trifle dingy. Mr. Withers, for example, looked——

Like something the cat's brought in, thought Julia involuntarily. She suppressed the reflection at once, however; for though it was at least ten years since they had met she recognised the man immediately, and prosperity had made her very tender towards old acquaintances.

"Good morning," said Mr. Withers. "You've done pretty well for yourself."

"Haven't I?" exclaimed Julia, with her usual impulsiveness; and then paused.

There was something in the man's tone and look which she did not like; she began to remember things about him—a lot of things—and all discreditable. He used to hang about the old Playbox Theatre whenever there was a revue on. He used to write in topical jokes and occasionally sold a lyric about home fires; and Louise used to say that the lyrics made you sicker than the jokes.

"Married to a title, too!" continued Mr. Withers, grinning. "Good old Julia! Hubby at home?"

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Heart-Broken Melody

Our new serial

A poignant and human love story by a popular modern writer

Illustrated by VIRGIL

by KATHLEEN NORRIS

Paul Cartwright came across the office and sat beside her desk.

"HONOR, have you fifteen cents?"

A pause. Then Honor's voice, sleepy but cheerful:

"I have fifty cents, if that'll do you any good!"

Adeline put her head in the bedroom door.

"It's a boy with a telegram," she said in staccato italics, "and I want to tip him, and I've nothing but two silver dollars!"

Honor stirred in the half-darkness, reached for her purse.

"Here's a quarter. It's too much, but give him that and say 'Happy birthday!'" she whispered. Adeline's warm hand touched hers for a second; the younger sister disappeared. Honor, sinking back lazily in the pillows, heard the front door close. Presently Adeline returned and sat on the foot of the bed, smiling at Honor. When her adored sister got home Adeline was apt to forget everything else for a moment.

"Who's it for, darling? Tom?"

"Oh, I forgot! It's for you."

"Well, open it and read it. Snap up that light."

"'Happy birthday!'" Adeline was echoing in amused scorn. "As if we knew when his birthday is!" She ripped the envelope, flattened the yellow paper. "I have the Gregory case papers; did not want you to worry. Paul Cartwright," she read. Her face clouded a little; she gave her sister a reproachful glance. "Oh, he's back, is he?" she asked, tone and manner suddenly going flat.

"Yes; he got in to-day," Honor said, a little too carelessly. She locked her hands on the pillow behind her head, smiled lazily at her sister. "I came home early and had a nap," she added, dropping the previous subject.

Her sister was instantly diverted.

"Are you tired?" Adeline asked sympathetically.

> DISCORD
>
> *You are so like a poem,*
> *So full of hinted beauty*
> *unexpressed.*
> *A deep disturbing vagueness*
> *in your wonder.*
> *A dream, a lovely vision*
> *half caressed.*
>
> *I sadly puzzle, do you really*
> *love him?*
> *Or are you tired of waiting all this time?*
> *You are so like a poem in*
> *your beauty,*
> *And oh! he does not*
> *rhyme.*
>
> —Yvonne Webb.

"Oh, no; not a bit. But Hugh and I were late at Aunt Meg's last night, and it seemed a good idea. Is Hugh here yet? What time is it?"

"Nearly six. No, Hugh's not here but Tom's home. Honor, would you like to stay right there and have some supper in bed?"

"Heaven's alive, no, angel. I'm going to get up immediately. It was so rainy and cold and blowy downtown that I didn't go out for lunch; then I had tea, and came home about four and went off like an infant."

"Where'd you have tea?"

Another slight pause.

"At the Fairmount Hotel, as it happens."

"With Paul Cartwright," Adeline stated rather than asked.

"As it happens," Honor said again airily.

She had gotten up now and was at the dressing-table, brushing her hair, creaming her face.

"Is it almost six?" she demanded, very busy with cosmetics and brushes. "Heavens; I must have slept! Did I tell you that Hugh's staying for supper?"

"Honor, do you think you ought to?" Adeline diverged to ask reproachfully.

"Ought to what?" The soft tissue papers had wiped her glowing face clean now. Honor ran a comb through soft, thick, honey-colored hair, pressed it into shape with both palms, coaxing it up into waves and ripples about a broad low forehead. "I ought to rouge," she murmured thoughtfully. "This Russian pallor of mine is all very well——"

"You know very well you oughtn't to have anything to do with Paul Cartwright," Adeline said, courageous but frightened, as the other girl's voice drifted into silence.

"He's my employer, Addy darling."

"Honor, don't put me off with that kind of—of nonsense! You know he likes you."

"For that matter I like him." Honor stood in the middle of the small bedroom, divested herself of her loose cotton kimono, stretched young bare arms. "Let's see—I'm going to a movie with Hugh and Natalie and Kane," she said reflectively. "My blue—I'll wear my old blue, since it's raining. No use getting anything decent drenched."

"Honor, is this Cartwright thing going to begin all over again?"

"D'you know," Honor said, fastening a belt, snapping wrist fasteners, glancing now and then briefly at her sister, "I'm sorry I ever told you anything about me and Mr. Cartwright. You take it too seriously, really you do. What happened? Nothing. He had to go to New York for six weeks, and before he left he broke down like a fool, and he instantly said himself he was a fool to do it, and told me he liked me. That's all. He's thirty-seven and I'm twenty-three; he's extremely rich and popular and I'm one of forty stenographers in the office; he has a rich wife and two small boys—so what of it? What of it?" Honor repeated with sudden impatient emphasis, squeezing an atomiser that sent the fresh sweet scent of violets through the room. "His wife," she went on with dignity, "would be extremely glad—she'd be relieved!—to hear that one of the insignificant office girls had attracted her Paul. She's afraid of Vivian Rousseau; that's what she's worrying about.

"No," Honor went on superbly, as Adeline, with a troubled and unconvinced expression on her pretty face, still seemed to find nothing to say, "don't worry about me and Paul Cartwright. We had this vile Gregory case on our hands; he'd just got in from the plane to-day and had had no lunch; I was starving, and we went and had tea. We talked nothing but business, and if you must know the whole rotten truth, Joe Ferguson was with us. So there you are, darling, with your little scandal wiped out. Washed up! If I were inclined to—to philander with Paul, believe me it wouldn't be with Joe Ferguson mooning away across the table! He looks like some sea creature rising up dripping water—a sea cow, that's Joe."

"After all, you're engaged to Hugh," Adeline said, as if she were thinking aloud.

"I'm engaged to Hugh."

"And Hugh's a darling," Adeline offered hesitantly.

"Hugh's a darling!" Honor was dressed now; she and Adeline went towards the sitting-room together, Adeline's small thumb snapping off the light as they passed the door. Tom had come out of the bathroom in his dressing-gown and was combing his wet hair; Hugh Braintree had arrived and was hanging up a rain-sprinkled hat and coat. The small square entry hall was filled by the four young figures; Adeline put a small affectionate arm about her brother; Honor gave her hand to the other man and he stooped a little to kiss her on the cheek.

"Hello, Honor!"

"Hugh," said Honor sedately.

"Are you drowned?" Adeline asked.

"Not quite. It's holding up a little now. But, Lord, what a storm!" Hugh walked between the two girls to the sitting-room; Tom went back to his dressing. "It's a horrible night!" he said. "I've been thinking since about eleven o'clock this morning how good it would be to get to this room and sit down by the fire!"

"Light the fire, Hugh." Adeline went through the swinging door that opened into the kitchen; Honor sank into a deep leather chair and smiled at the man. Hugh knelt suddenly beside her, caught a hand and held it against his shoulder.

"Do you realise how wonderful it's going to be to get home to you nights, when we have our own little place, Honor?"

She did not answer. She continued to smile mysteriously into his eyes. After a moment he kissed her suddenly again, this time full on her beautiful young mouth, and then got abruptly to his feet and set about rekindling the fire. Honor watched him in silence, her body stretched comfortably in the chair, her eyes half closed.

The old-fashioned room was spacious; its furniture fine in an old-fashioned way. Everything in the room had obviously once belonged to a larger establishment; a dining-room, salon, library had all contributed to this sitting-room's equipment. The effect was one of comfort and homeliness and of the elegance of an earlier day; Hugh Braintree thought it the most satisfying place in the world. But then any place that held Honor was heaven to Hugh.

"What did you do to-day, Honor?"

"Nothing. The same old thing. Oh, and Mr. Cartwright's back."

"Fly?"

"He always flies. It sounded so odd! 'I was having lunch with Gregory in New York yesterday—'"

"What's the latest on the case?"

"It's a freak case. The Boone side claims that the property was on an old Yerba Buena map of San Francisco, and is now on two maps, the Mission Dolores map and the Yerba Buena one, and consequently—well, the ramifications are simply endless!"

HUGH looked at her amusedly, glancing over his shoulder as he knelt at the fireplace handling the tongs.

"You're interested in it, aren't you?"

"I always get interested when they really let me in on a case. Old Judge Cooper is always so cautious and mysterious, but Mr. Cartwright isn't afraid to speak out—well, sometimes, anyway," Honor said lazily, studying the leaping flames with half-closed eyes. "Shall I go out and help Addy and Aunt Lucie or shan't I?" she mused aloud.

"Don't." Hugh had finished now, and had thrown himself into the opposite chair. "Lord, it feels good to get warm!" he said.

Love's Law Confuses

Tom came in, looking fresh and groomed; Aunt Lucie, small and fussy and flushed, returned; they all went into the little dining-room for dinner. There were fine linen d'oyleys on the dark wood of the table; the tall creamy candles were lighted. Hugh settled into his chair with a long sigh of pleasure.

Tom served; he had taken the head of the table since his father's death, and when the soup was finished Honor was waitress, as she was on alternate evenings.

"Well, now I want to tell you some news," Hugh said, when they were loitering over the seven-layer cake and the little cups of coffee. Everyone looked at him quickly; a look almost like faint apprehension suddenly darkened Honor Brownell's beautiful eyes. His tone had been exultant, triumphant. And she had promised to marry him just as soon as his income warranted it. "I think you're entertaining the superintendent of the Walburga," Hugh said.

"Hugh Braintree!" several voices said together.

"Well, my dear—look at that now!" Aunt Lucie murmured.

"Oh, Honor, wedding bells!" Adeline exulted.

"Wedding bells I hope," Hugh echoed seriously. He put out his big, fine hand and laid it over Honor's hand.

She sat there, smiling at them, stirred, tears dazzling in her eyes. Safe and sheltered here in the warmth and snugness of home, with those she loved close about her, and this fine man exulting that he might at last claim her, Honor looked from one familiar face to another, and saw in each one nothing but the affection that she had known all her life.

But even now, in this first moment, the piercing thought came like a touch of fire on her heart: "Ah, if only this had come last year—had come even three months ago! Before Mr. Cartwright—before Mr. Cartwright said those things that afternoon in the office——"

"Hugh, when did they tell you—when do you go?" Adeline was asking eagerly.

"Costa leaves in June; I ought to be up there late in March, or early April maybe, to get the hang of it before he goes."

He was a big man, Hugh, squarely built, not tall, with a suggestion of his Irish blood in his pale blue eyes with their very black, thick lashes, the broad, hard roundness of his face, the disorderly thick black brows and heavy sleek mat of black satin hair. Hugh was known in the great engineering works where he had had his first job four years earlier as a "career man." One distinction, one promotion had followed another; the big men liked him, had noticed him and talked of him from the very beginning.

Honor had known him all her life; he belonged to her large family circle; their mothers had been distant cousins. Hugh's invalid mother had been his sole responsibility until very recently, when she had gone to live with a widowed daughter and grandchildren in New Jersey. Honor's mother had died only a few years earlier; her doctor father shortly following his wife. Then the family had moved from the rambling old Piedmont home and had come to San Francisco; Tom to help support his sisters, the girls to find practical training and paying work for themselves as fast as they could.

And through these years it had been understood among them all that Honor belonged to Hugh, and that Hugh was only waiting to claim her. Now the time had come.

"Will you like living in a mine?" Hugh asked her now, in the course of a happy babel of talk and plans.

"That depends entirely upon you and your behaviour, Mr. Braintree."

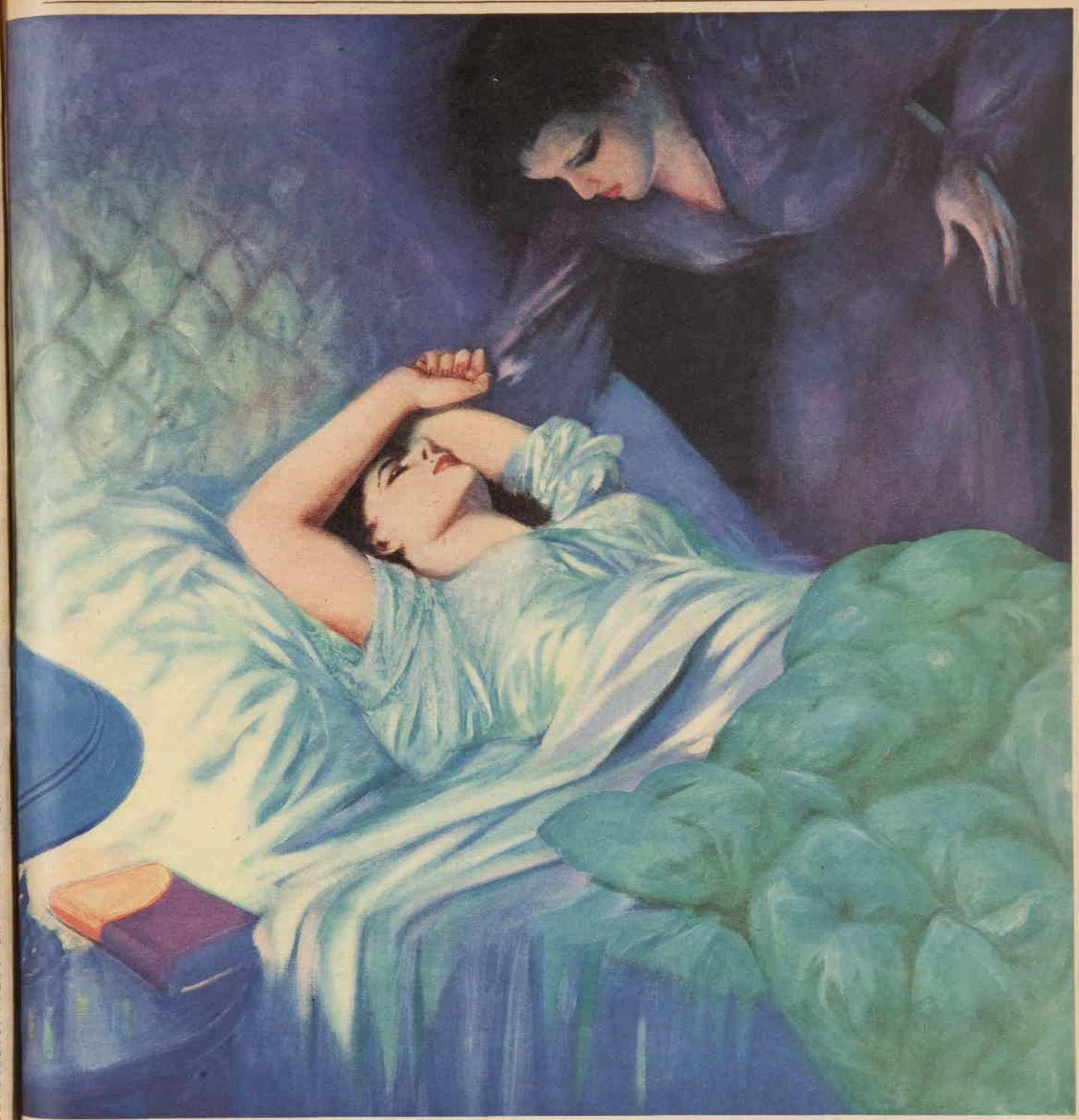
"Ah!" Hugh exclaimed, in a very ecstasy of delight.

"Hugh, you'll have a house?" Adeline asked.

"Oh yes; a company house, no rent, Honor, and only cost price for our groceries from the company store. And three thousand a year after the first year!"

"You've been up there?" Tom put in.

"To the Walburga? Yes, I was up there with Mr. Frost, about three years ago. You go to Oroville, and then you branch off and go north-east into the mountains



Honor locked her hands on the pillow behind her head, smiling lazily at her sister.

for about forty miles, and turn in towards the river and go straight down into a deep canyon, and there you are—about ten cottages, and the company hotel, and some bunk-houses and a cook-house and all that. And, of course, the plant."

"An hotel, Hugh? Who would ever go there?"

"Oh, just company people. Superintendents and their wives, that sort of thing. They put them up for a few days. It's lonely, but it's a grand place, Honor. Redwoods, and the river, and mountains—you'll love it!"

"Wood stoves and lamps?"

"Wood stoves and lamps nothing! The place is bursting with electricity; that's another thing that won't cost us a cent. Radio, lights, stove, irons, everything thrown in."

"Could it be possible, Hugh, that we're at last to have a little luck?"

He laughed joyfully.

"It's more luck than I ever thought we'd have! I thought Macy was slated for this job; he's been horsing around boasting about what they were going to ask him to do. But it seems he goes to Sierra Madre and I get the Walburga! Listen, Honor," Hugh paused to ask suddenly, "are we all going to see that picture to-night? Didn't we have a date with Natalie? If we are, we might get moving. You said you wanted to see it."

"Picture! No picture could be as exciting as this!" she said. "No; let's sit around the fire and talk. I'll telephone Natalie. I'm already beginning to feel that we shan't have too many of these evenings. Superintendent, eh? Hugh, it seems to me extraordinary that you're to be superintendent! I am happy, I am excited." Honor added to herself, "I hope I sound so!"

"I'll go up and visit you, Honor!" Adeline exulted.

"It seems funny," Honor said slowly. Hugh looked at her and loved her with a fresh wave of emotion. She was so unutterably lovely—Honor Brownell, with her shimmering soft hair, and the smooth clean line of her chin, and the purple-blue eyes that held so much eagerness and intelligence and laughter. She was different from everyone else; removed from the other girls by a sort of sweetness and dignity and fineness. Character, he thought, that was what, at twenty-three, Honor had; character such as many a woman of twice her age never attained. She was sure of herself, sure of doing what she had to do in the fine, indeed in the noble, way. She had been born knowing.

"Hugh, what are you thinking about? You're in a dream."

SHE was laughing at him, and they were alone. Through the hour that had followed dinner he had been only vaguely conscious of what had been going on, partly because it had been just exactly the usual and expected routine and partly because he had been wrapped in the absorbing thought of her—the vision of Honor Brownell as his wife, alone with him there in the great silent mountains, with the music of the river singing through pine-scented sun-washed hours and the singing of the wind high over the little cabin roof at night. He came out of his musings with a start.

"Dishes all done?"

"Kanaki is here, he's doing them. He appeared this morning and said that he repented his rebellion. He explained that his uncle was Baron Musati, and that he naturally felt degraded at working as a mere dish-washer. But he's back doing the dishes, and Aunt Lucie's gone to bed, and Tom's taken Adeline to Natalie's. And you said good-bye to them all nicely and acted as if you were awake, and now you're apparently under the influence of some drug."

Hugh laughed his joyous laugh, sat down beside her on the old davenport before the fire and put his arm about her. Honor dropped her head to his shoulder, slid a soft hand into his big hard one, and they remained so for a full minute without speaking.

"I guess I'm just kind of dazzled by the quickness with which all this has come up," Hugh said then. "We've waited so long! Why, it's two years ago, Honor, that we decided we wouldn't talk marriage plans; we'd just take every day for every day, and wait. Mother's illness—so many months when you and I used to go into her room and sit there, talking about movies and books and things, and then her hospital bills which set me back about fifteen hundred——"

"Poor old fellow," she said as he paused, and she rubbed her soft mop of hair against his chin.

"I don't mean that, but it was pretty stiff! And then, while Addy was finishing her library course—well, it just seemed as if our marriage was put off into dim distance! I knew that I was lucky to have you look at me and to be able to come in and out of here as if it was home, and I just had to let it go at that."

"But now——" she said, and paused.

"Now, here's Mother better, and gone off to stay with Martha—and by the way, Martha's husband dying was a break for us, too, for Mother never would have stayed with her otherwise!" Hugh observed.

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Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 9

"IT seems a cold-blooded reflection," Honor protested, with a shocked little laugh. But there was agreement in her voice.

"Well, anyway. And then to have Arnheim come into the office this morning with Foulke—Foulke's the foreman up there at the Walburga, you know—" Her widened eyes were turned to his.

"But I thought you were to be the foreman, Hugh!"

"I'm the superintendent, darling."

"Ah!" She was satisfied; her gaze went back to the fire.

"Arnheim came in," Hugh resumed, "and Mr. Torrey from Los Angeles. Torrey's the big shot, you know; I'd never met him before. We all went into Arnheim's office, and Mr. Torrey asked me what I thought of Macy for the L.A. plant at Sierra Madre. I looked at Arnheim and said, 'Why, I sort of thought he was slated for the Walburga?' and Mr. Torrey said—he's a little fellow, you know, very crisp and quiet in the way he talks, and he said—'No, Braintree. Costa is leaving us in June to go to the General Electric and we're sending you up there. Now, about Macy

"Well, Honor," Hugh said, with a laugh of pure joy, "that was being picked out of the ranks for promotion! I couldn't speak. They talked about Macy for a while, and then Mr. Torrey got up—he was taking the noon plane back—and shook hands with me, and said, 'I hope you'll find everything in shape at the Walburga, Mr. Braintree. Mrs. Torrey and I will be up there some time in July; I'll see you then,' and out he walked, and I looked at Arnheim. 'Sure,' Arnheim said, 'I've known it for a week. You'd better plan on getting up there in March. How about Miss Brownell? Will you get married first?' "

Hugh laughed joyfully, confidently, again. Honor tightened her fingers on his. Her thoughts flashed to Paul Cartwright, were back again, shamed and sobered.

"So now, my dear," Hugh said, "it's plans at last, Honor, we can talk curtains and dining-room table at last! Lord, I love you so!" he added.

He had said it a thousand times, perhaps ten thousand times in the past four years. But never, since the beginning, had he said it with such earnestness.

"When will it be, sweetheart?" he said.

"Well—when do you go up, Hugh? And if you do, how soon would you want me to go? March—do you go up in March? And then come down in June; shall we say June?"

He kissed the top of her hair.

"Shall we say February?" he amended it.

"Oh, maniac! This is January. Next month?"

"Why not? Honeymoon in the old blue car, and wind up at the Walburga."

"Well, why not?" she said dubiously. "I suppose I'll need slacks and sweaters and walking boots—one day's shopping gets those. And I can be married in something summery, to wear on hot days, when the Torreys come up."

Hugh slid from the davenport and was kneeling before her, big arms locked about her, adoring eyes on hers.

"Honor, sweetheart! Do you realise that we're talking of getting married—that you and I are actually going to get into the car and go off together, married?"

SHE drew a delicate finger-tip down his blunt, slightly upturned nose.

"We will certainly not go off in the blue car without getting married," she assured him, with a mother's amused smile.

"When I hear you talking of slacks and sweaters, when I think of the fun we're going to have!" Hugh said. He became suddenly practical. "The cabins are furnished, by the way," he said. "That is, they have beds and chairs and stoves in them. Of course, we can add whatever we want."

"But it'll save us thousands of dollars to have just that much," she said, interested and approving. "Because we don't know what kind of furniture we want to buy, Hugh, and for just a few years they'll do nicely. And I can add red-speckled curtains and pottery bowls——"

"I can't believe it!" he said, as she paused. "You getting me my lunches——"

"Getting you your breakfast, you mean! Probably at three-thirty in the morning, with ice in the water-bucket."

"What water-bucket?"

"The water-bucket I carry down to the frozen stream whenever I want to boil our simple meal of roots and turnips and blueberries."

"I've told you the place is running over with electricity. And I'll breakfast at eight. And probably we'll have a lot of our dinners at the company house. I think they charge a quarter apiece."

"It does sound fun!"

"You'll not be lonely?"

"I'll have you, Mr. Shakespeare and the Colonial Cook Book. And Addy'll be up often. And we'll—No, I'll not be lonely."

"What were you thinking, you were kind of smiling?"

"Never mind what I was thinking. This is the ninth," she went on, "and you should go up in March—late in March. Suppose we say February—well, twenty-second. That's six weeks, seven weeks? Twenty-one and twenty-two are forty-three—that's six weeks. And then we can always remember our anniversary, Hugh, by Washington's birthday. We'll be married in the little chapel and come here for lunch; we can get Mrs. Apron, and have a sort of breakfast party . . ."

MISS LUCY BROWNELL, in a neatly belted wrapper, came in on her way to the kitchen for cat food. Ostensibly this was what brought Aunt Lucie into the sitting-room every evening that Hugh was there, at about eleven o'clock. The gentle little spinster had faithfully maintained the guardianship that her brother and his wife had kept over the girls since very childhood. Girls were girls and men were men and youth was youth, and there was to be no modern recklessness where Honor and Adeline were concerned.

Adeline and Honor accepted these regulations. Indeed, they liked them. They came of a bookish, quiet clan that for many generations had regarded the social excesses of the always-present smart set with calm indifference.

Their friends had been friends for generations; their young people found tremendous amusement among themselves. Tom and Adeline, Honor and Hugh always could go for an evening to some hospitable house of a kinsman where there were games and dancing and the familiar interested chatter of youngsters who knew all about each other's cousins and uncles and aunts and liked to discuss every detail of what concerned them. Sometimes they went to one of the big hotels to dance, but when they did the girls looked with mildly surprised and unaffected eyes at those girls whose every evening was spent in such places. Then they went home to scramble eggs, to laugh and talk in some familiar kitchen, quite unstirred by anything like envy of what anyone else had or was doing.

The rushing, feverish excitement of swing music and petting, of colored orchestras and darkened dance-floors, of cigarettes and cocktails, mink coats and the latest extremes in dress was not their world and they knew it.

They regarded its inhabitants as they might regard exotic animals in a zoo. There were dull folk in their own circle, of course, and girls who were silly, and boys who made their mothers anxious; there was poverty in some places and the discomfort of altered financial standing almost everywhere. But there were companionship and amusement and laughter and safety, too, and Adeline and Tom and Honor had never dreamed of any other environment. Theirs, with the old friends and the old books and the old ways, was the best of all possible worlds.

And when Honor was with Hugh, and especially as they talked together to-night, her heart seemed only too full of gratitude that her lines should have fallen in such pleasant places.

BUT sometimes, just of late, when he had not been present, her thoughts, or rather her senses—and she was quite clever enough to recognise the difference between them—had had a way of wandering, of thrilling to strange chords that had nothing to do with the even pattern of her life's music. There was another man in her life now besides Hugh; the mere thought of him always brought her a strange excitement.

She loved the sensation, and over and over again she drew her feeling deliberately to the memory of that afternoon in late November now six weeks in the past, when Paul Cartwright and she had chanced to be alone in old Judge Cooper's office. It had all started when she had said regretfully, politely, "You're going to New York for Christmas, Mr. Cartwright?"

"I'm going immediately," he had said, in that quick, cultured way of his. He had been looking down at papers, shuffling them with his fine hands. "I'm leaving to-morrow night," he had said.

"Oh? So soon?"

"Yes, my dear." There had been something odd about his tone; irresolute, reluctant. Honor remembered the electric thrill of the moment; remembered staring at him dazedly. "The sooner I get away from the sound of that voice of yours the better for me," he had gone on quietly. "It's—that way—with me, and I've got to get over it."

She had sat at her desk stupefied, unable to take in the significance of the words, much less reply. Paul Cartwright, junior member of the firm, rich, handsome, groomed, thirty-six or seven, married to dashing Marion Kelsey, father of two nice little boys—she had never thought of him as anything but one of the most charming, well-mannered and clever men she had ever known, an interesting superior with whom to work, a man who did not belong in her own personal scheme at all.

So she had not answered him, not being indeed able to answer him, and he had gone away immediately, not to return from New York until to-day.

To-day he had come back. Quite suddenly she had heard his voice in the reception hallway speaking to Judge White, and then he had been in the office, coated and travel-stained, with his hat in his hand, greeting Miss Morrisey, the Judge's secretary, saying a casual, "How do you do, Miss Brownell? Everyone seems to look very fit—I don't seem to be necessary here."

Please turn to Page 12

Housewife?

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The Scapegoat

Continued from Page 6

JACK HARRISON gazed about him, putting together the broken links of recent happenings. Then sat bolt upright.

"What madness is this! Where are you taking me?" he fairly gasped with a premonition of impending tragedy. Fear caught him in its icy grip as he leaned forward to peer closely into Stuart's face . . . A face revealing an expression not pleasant to gaze upon. Harrison spoke suddenly. "Good heavens . . . You're Malcolm Stuart!"

"Yes! Malcolm Stuart . . . Malcolm Stuart, the altruistic ass, who chose to keep his mouth shut rather than involve the good name of the woman he loved. Yes, the Malcolm Stuart who had a dear kind friend, in whom he implicitly trusted his affairs during the heart-breaking, soul-destroying years he worked within prison walls.

"Yes, Malcolm Stuart, who when those prison doors opened and the scapegoat was given his freedom discovered he was a pariah shunned by all who had once sought his friendship and his financial help."

He paused a moment or so, his eyes bent on Harrison with a look of loathing and hatred beyond description, then in a voice of bitter denunciation continued, "And not only a pariah, but the butt of heartless sniggering comment, because it was known that the dear kind and trusted friend had devoted his good intentions, and his good looks, to such purpose that he had won the affections of the woman in the case, married her, and, happily wedded, the pair of them had sought fresh fields and pastures new. They had gone abroad, covering up their tracks with such careful thought that none knew of their whereabouts.

"But," he continued, "it is with infinite surprise and satisfaction I discover my very dear and trusted friend in Papeete! Of all unexpected meetings, I can assure you none could have been more to my desire. And here, beyond the reach of other ears and prying eyes, we two can settle our business without interruption."

Stuart watched the handsome, fear-stricken face before him without pity, and with mocking seriousness remarked: "It is perhaps your wife who occupies your anxious thoughts—it's sad for her! Sad, no doubt. Sad to think she will shortly be sailing over the sea, a widow—sailing over the very spot, perhaps, where your body will soon be resting. Indeed, a most regrettable end to a pleasure voyage!"

"For heaven's sake!" cried Harrison, "cease referring to our presence on that ship as a 'pleasure voyage.'" He had sat up in his seat. His whole demeanor was in striking contrast to the guilty, cowering object he had been up to that point of their war of words. "I make no attempt to palliate my own conduct," he said almost defiantly and paused a moment, then continued, "I could perhaps—but let that pass. Will you suffer me to tell my own story before you commit the deed you contemplate? It is not for myself. I ask . . . you will understand perhaps if you will hear me out?"

Stuart made no answer, but sat in brooding, satanic silence while Harrison, accepting this silence as an assent, continued:

"You remember those two wasters, Crofft and Stricklan: those sleek, well - educated, unconscionable, sponging lounge-lizards who existed by their wits and uncanny luck at cards?" Malcolm nodded slowly, and sat a little more intent on Harrison's words. "Those two rotters were in possession—though God knows how!—of a letter, the contents of which were sufficient to give them the power to blackmail Helen, and they set about it with remorseless persistence. Both she and I were bled white! And only when those two jackals had thoroughly picked the bones of their prey was that damning evidence handed over to me. I destroyed it at once. Poor Helen! By a cycle of undeserved calamities her life had been wrecked. You had suffered enough; we vowed that, come what may, nothing of this should reach your ears. During those months of tribulation we were thrown together daily. Young and beautiful, can you wonder that the ardor of attachment which united us was fed by our isolation; we were avoided and looked askance upon. Is it to be wondered at that we fell in love? Our love grew with the persecution we were subjected to. To spare you, we determined to go abroad—to disappear, leaving no clue by which you could discover us. And as to your monetary affairs, I do not think you can complain of any lack of generosity or honor in my stewardship: Not a penny was wasted, not a penny spent in any direction but to your benefit—as you, doubtless, discovered when winding up your several commercial undertakings. So far as money was concerned, you found yourself far better off than when you entrusted those matters to me. There is little else I need explain, with the exception that one man of all my friends, a man to whom I had rendered unusual services, showed a generous solicitude for my welfare, obtained me a profitable agency. I was sent out to Sydney, Australia. This voyage is taken in connection with that agency"; he paused a moment and, with a tremor in his voice, continued, "We had a child . . . a sweet little girl; she had been sick. I brought my wife and child with me because I hoped the sea voyage would improve her health . . ."

"What do you mean by 'we had a child'?" broke in Stuart.

"She is dead!" he answered gravely. "Yes, dead, and buried at sea . . . you found me sodden with drink—it helps me to forget . . . But not often, I can assure you."

A long pause ensued, the two studying each other's expression in profound thought. Harrison broke this silence, saying bitterly. "And now you know the kind of pleasure voyage we're having; and what pleasure Helen will find during the remainder of her solitary voyage you can visualise. Do you imagine I'm thinking of my own wretched life? I would court death willingly if by so doing I could bring to her sad heart the sunshine of life; you can now complete the series of undeserved calamities that has befallen her . . . what will you do?"

BUT Malcolm Stuart still sat in profound and gloomy meditation, and several moments passed in this tragic silence, while Harrison sat attempting to follow the working of the other's mind.

From the stupor into which Harrison's story had sent him, Stuart suddenly awakened, put the boat about, and set the course for Papeete. Neither spoke a word during the whole of the run home. Daylight spread its majesty over the sunlit sea as the occupants of the boat stepped out onto the tiny jetty, where Stuart secured it, and, with Jack Harrison keeping step beside him, gloomily led the way back to the bungalow. Arrived there, he turned abruptly to Harrison, and, without uttering a word, extended his hand, an expression in his grave eyes more eloquent than words.

Harrison understood that gesture of reconciliation—accepted it with emotion, and, respecting the other man's feelings, without comment.

A few hours later Malcolm Stuart stood on the bungalow verandah watching the fast-receding steamship on which Jack Harrison and his beautiful wife were resuming their voyage. He stood very still, very intently and very gravely watching until the vessel disappeared under the horizon. He passed through the living-room into his study, and, unlocking the cabinet, took from it the packet of letters and the photograph. With these in his hand he slowly retraced his steps, and, stepping from the verandah, unfastened the tape that bound them.

One by one he let them fall until they formed a little heap at his feet. The photograph he kept to the last, gazed upon it for a moment in hesitation, then, stooping, reverently placed it on the top of that miniature pyre, and, striking a match, very deliberately set fire to it.

The flames shot up and burned brightly, licking up the letters and enveloping the photograph, burning into it from the edges. Malcolm stood, dim-eyed, riveting his gaze upon that beautiful face with its Madonna-expression, and its sunny eyes that seemed to return his profound gaze with one of sadness and pity—seemed to look into his own until all that remained was a heap of smouldering ashes!

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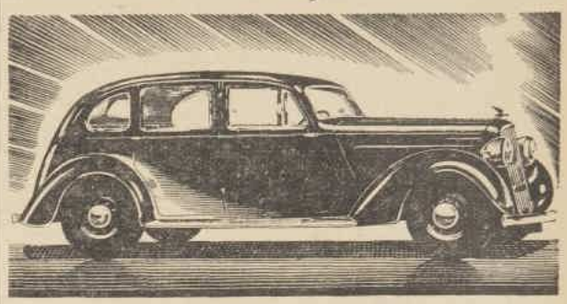

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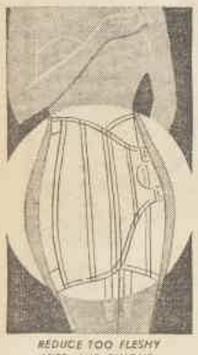

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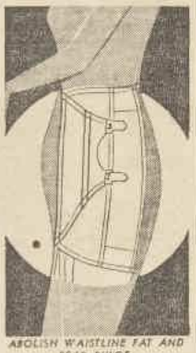

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Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 10

HE had gone out of the room, returned brushed and better groomed, if still a little weary and chilled-looking, and had said at once abstractedly and simply, that he would like to go over some points in the Gregory case. Would Miss Brownell mind if he and Ferguson had a cup of coffee while they discussed it?—he hadn't had anything since breakfast . . .

During the hour in a quiet corner of the Fairmont Hotel's Circus Room, when they had spread papers about and made pencilled notes, he had not given her a glance or said a word, or even signified by the shade of a tone that he remembered the November afternoon when he and she had last been together. And yet, in her heart, she knew that he was thinking of it just as she was; she knew that the quiet room was to him as enchanted a realm for the moment as it was to her. Even thinking about it to-night, in her quiet room, as she slowly and dreamily prepared for bed, made her heart soften with a strange happiness, and her pulse beat faster.

"What sort of a woman are you?" Honor asked herself. "What sort of a woman are you? You're engaged to Hugh—you're engaged to Hugh——"

Her reflection looked back at her with parted red lips and mysterious eyes. Honor laughed in sheer excitement.

"But what sort of a woman are you?" she repeated, half aloud.

Well, she had always been very good as a little girl, and as an older girl, with all the surety of a nature that had liked goodness, liked to be self-disciplined and strong even in childhood. Her mother had said to her once that she had appeared to have the great gifts of the spirit, and had named them to her tenderly, amusedly, proudly: wisdom, understanding, counsel, fortitude, knowledge, piety and fear of the Lord. And Honor, fifteen years old, had listened seriously to her mother, had thought it a great thing to possess the gifts of the spirit.

But where, she asked her smiling, flushed, heavy-eyed replica in the mirror, where was that good little girl now? In her half-lowered lashes, in the smile that tugged at her mouth, there was no suggestion of the gifts of the spirit. There was a wildness hammering in her blood to-night; a lawlessness that she knew was lawless, a thrill that in all her twenty-three years she had never known before.

Adeline came in, rain-spattered and talkative.

"Honor, it's almost midnight! I thought you'd be sound asleep. Oh, we've had such a good time! Aunt Natalie simply couldn't make us go home."

"Was Cousin Mag there? And Margot? How's Margot?"

"Margot's going to have an operation on Tuesday." Adeline was launched on a stream of family gossip. Honor got into bed and listened with apparently interested eyes, with appropriate interjections and questions now and then. But all the time her hand was tight upon a crumpled oblong of yellow paper, and all the time her thoughts were of Monday morning, and herself in the office and a quick familiar step coming through the reception hall and a quick incisive voice saying her name.

"What kind of a woman are you" she asked herself over and over again. And the quiet trickle of the last drops of rain from the roof seemed to echo it with a malicious chuckle: "What kind of a woman are you?"

IN the fresh winter coolness of Monday morning a saner mood took possession of her. Any girl who deluded herself with the fond idea that the boss was mad about her, misunderstood at home, lonely for real companionship, was simply a fool!

Mr. Cartwright was a very fine man—everyone knew that—upright and clever, and quite unspoiled by the accident of inherited wealth. He had a nice wife and two children, he played polo and golf and bridge, and tennis, and he loved fishing and shooting and duck-hunting, and he knew everyone and went everywhere, and—well, altogether, he was hardly the sort of man to enter with any zest upon an office affair with a mere stenographer.

And Honor had a natural gracious dignity as well; she was sure of herself. She had not come into the offices of Cooper and Cartwright as most of the girls had, just a chance, business-school graduate looking for a job. She had been introduced by Judge Cooper himself as the daughter of an old friend, and because of her very advantages, because of the preference she had quite inadvertently been given over the other girls, she had felt herself obliged to live up to a high standard of conduct during these three years. Besides, there was her engagement to consider, to steady her.

Please turn to Page 14

Good Old Julia

Continued from Page 7

"SIR WILLIAM," replied Lady Warring with dignity, "is at his club. And not so much of your good old Julia."

Without waiting for an invitation, Mr. Withers sat down on the beautiful white sofa. His manner was extremely offensive. Julia hated to admit it, but for once it really did seem as though Robson might be right.

"Well?" she said sharply. "What have you come to see me for?"

"Just to talk over old times, my dear. Remember when we first met? You were in a piece called 'Fun in Paris.'"

"I remember," said Julia. "It was a pretty rotten show, but I earned my living in it."

"Using your spare time to console our brave boys on leave," elaborated Withers.

"Get out," said Julia.

Withers stood up, but made no further movement to go. He stood there, still grinning at her, shifting and swaying a little, as though the thick pile of the carpet were agreeable to his feet.

"Get out," said Julia again, "before I have you thrown!"

"And who's to throw me? Your titled husband?"

"He would if he were here!" cried Julia. "I only wish he were!"

"So do I," agreed Mr. Withers smoothly. "It would save me a second call. Because, unless you're going to be reasonable, there's quite a lot he ought to know."

It was only then that Julia thoroughly grasped the situation. She was being blackmailed. But if Withers had expected to see her shrink in fear, he was disappointed. Julia was shocked indeed, but not by the thought of any peril to herself; she was shocked, simply and almost childishly, to find that someone she knew by name was really a wicked person.

"You always were a little rat," she said slowly. "I remember Louise warning me against you when we were both kids. She said you always made her think of a worm. A wonderful judge of character, Louise."

"So am I," retorted Mr. Withers, unmoved. "I've never been mistaken yet. When I heard you were married, my dear, I said to myself, 'Good old Julia! She won't let her husband down! She won't have him worried with things he wouldn't like to hear. Even if it means going a bit short of pin money, she'll see he isn't bothered.' Aren't I right?"

"No," said Julia.

And then all at once her anger left her and she did a most unsuitable thing. She began to laugh. She couldn't help it. She suddenly saw Withers as an unfortunate actor who had got on in the wrong play. He knew his lines all right, but they didn't belong. They belonged to another plot altogether, so there he was, poor Withers, trying to play the menace.

"I took you for a sensible woman," said Withers, for the first time disconcerted.

"That's just what I am!" snapped Julia, recovering herself. "More sensible than you think. I had sense enough to tell my husband everything before he married me. He knows a darn sight more about me than you do, and if you ever come within a mile of him, he'll give you a good hiding!"

She broke off. But her words had been nevertheless effective; there was a short silence, then Withers took a quick step forward and stared into her face.

Please turn to Page 34

TO BE SURE
OF YOUR POPULARITY
KEEP YOUR UNDERARM DRY

Your friends won't tell you and you probably won't detect perspiration odour on yourself. There's only one way to be sure . . . Keep the underarm dry! Odorono does more than merely take the odour out of perspiration . . . It gently checks underarm perspiration . . . a practice used and recommended by physicians . . . and protects your clothing from musty odours and ugly stains.

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She Couldn't Believe the Weighing Machine

When she first weighed herself, a few months after commencing to take Kruschen Salts, this woman could not believe her eyes. She weighed herself on another machine, to make sure there was no mistake! Here is the history of the case, written by the woman herself:—

"I think the enclosed weight cards will interest you very much. You will note that there are two cards for November 9th, the reason being that I did not believe the first machine, so got weighed on another. There is only one reason for such splendid results—no dieting, no exercises—just Kruschen daily. Please return the cards. I am rather proud of them—2 stone 7 lbs. gone in five months!" —E.A.

CARDS.

22nd June	...	13 st.	8 lbs.
9th Nov.	...	11 st.	8 lbs.
23rd Nov.	...	11 st.	4 lbs.
3rd Dec.	...	11 st.	1 lb.

Kruschen contains the six mineral salts, proportionately balanced, which are found in the waters of those famous European Spas used by generations of fat people to reduce weight.

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First Prize

THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

MAID: The dinner gong has gone, ma'am.
GUEST: Well, don't look at me like that, I haven't got it!

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"I'm not saying you're right. But I am saying that if you weren't so dashed big, you'd be dashed wrong."

"This dance floor is certainly slippery!"
"It's not the floor, Miss Pumplewood; I've just had my shoes polished!"

INDIFFERENT GOLFER: What couldn't I do to a bottle of lager?
FED-UP CADDIE: I know, sir. Hit it with a golf club.

ARE you one of those unfortunate or uncaring women who find the admiration in everyone's eyes suddenly change to disgust, when they notice ugly, swollen varicose veins on your legs?

The pain, anguish and disfigurement of varicose veins can be ended — even in long standing cases — with the help of Moone's Emerald Oil. A powerful, penetrating, yet soothing antiseptic, Moone's Emerald Oil consistently strengthens the thin relaxed vein walls, and in a short time the swollen knots and vein bunches will lessen and, with continued treatment, return to normal.

Moone's Emerald Oil is stainless — and pleasant to use.

Get a bottle from your chemist to-day.

MOONE'S EMERALD OIL

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke.

HUSBAND: I thought you knew what kind of hat you wanted before you came in here.
Wife: So I do, but the woman next door is watching me.

BROWN: Where are you rushing to?
Jones: To the doctor. I don't like the look of my wife.
Brown: I'll come with you. I hate the sight of mine.

"I HAD to marry you to find out how stupid you are."
"You ought to have seen that when I proposed to you!"

"WHAT is the name of that last selection your daughter played?" asked the guest.
"That wasn't a selection," replied the host, "it was forced upon us."

HE: I haven't the cheek to kiss you.
She: Use mine!

CONSTABLE: What happened after he ran into your car? Did you have words?
Motorist: Yes, but I didn't get a chance to use them.

"YOU might stay at home a little more," complained the wife. "You're always out playing golf."
"I know, my dear," he replied, "but you know the doctor told me to live on greens as much as possible."

White clothes turn YELLOW

...unless you give them the last rinse in BLUE water

White things that have lost their sparkle and gone greyish-yellow can only be restored to sparkling whiteness with a last rinse in blue water on wash-days. Remember! There can be no pure white without blue.

Reckitt's BLUE

Blue keeps Linen a good Colour!

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR *ended in 3 minutes*

Without Razors, Electric Needles or Smelly Depilatories

The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse ugly stubble which grows back faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away below the skin surface. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet-smelling cream, sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET.' Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New 'VEET.' Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 12

AND now, she reflected, going into the impressive big place, nodding and smiling as she went through the outer offices, hanging up her hat and coat and beginning on the great pile of mail that awaited her, now there was her marriage to consider.

Honor worked along placidly in the warm office. The early morning's bracing winds had brought clouds across the blue winter sky, the day had turned dark, and sullen, and cold. But in here the polished eucalyptus panelling, the heavy carpet, the thick curtains with their dull figures of dull green on dull green, all conspired for comfort and richness and security. Old Judge Cooper came in at about eleven, with his fine, keen, white-whiskered face nipped scarlet from the cold, and sank gratefully into his chair.

Quite suddenly Paul Cartwright was with them, giving his usual friendly smile to each, laying down some papers, extending a hand to the senior partner.

"Good to see you again, Judge. We ran down to Del Monte yesterday to take a look at the finals or I'd have come over. How's Mrs. Cooper? And Dorothy's boy? That's fine. Miss Brownell, I tried to telephone you yesterday but couldn't get you. I was going to ask you if you could get hold of that witness—what was her name? Fiorella? Woman out on Shotwell Street, was it?"

The room stopped revolving. Honor spoke quietly.

"Oh, yes. The damages case. I can get her, I think; she lives in the Mission with her mother. But they haven't a telephone."

They were talking away as naturally as if the calendar had been set back three months; as if no dynamic words had ever lived between their glances and their quiet phrases. And that was as it should be.

Paul Cartwright came across the office and sat lightly against the edge of her desk, and she began to tremble.

"Will you help me out with something?" he said, groping in pockets, bringing forth a rumpled piece of paper. "I've got to give a lunch to-morrow to the Nunnallys—Dick and Dolly Nunnally. We'll be—oh, ten or twelve, I imagine. I've got to seat 'em somehow."

"Isn't this hades!" Paul said then in an undertone, with an impatient laugh; and immediately Honor was working on the names. He was gone again; her face was burning and she dared not look up. It seemed to her her heart never would come down to normal beating. When he came back she said:

"You're short on women. Only four women and seven men?"

"Yes. But I thought maybe you'd come? Marion, my wife, isn't here, and I've no one to sort of take charge of Dolly Nunnally and the other women, run 'em around. Miss Tighe was saying yesterday that she wants to buy some souvenirs and things, and Dolly wants to see Chinatown. I thought perhaps you'd take them down there after lunch—or before lunch would be better, maybe? They sail on Wednesday; they're going up to Victoria to take an Empress boat. You know who Dolly Nunnally is, don't you? She was Dolly Casterbrook, the tin mine Casterbrooks' daughter—one of the richest girls in England. She's only about twenty-two . . ."

Put in this way it sounded harmless enough, the luncheon party, and beyond all dreams thrilling. But Honor, for reasons she did not define, did not mention the prospect at home that night.

But it was with an excited eagerness that the next day Honor telephoned to the hotel and talked to Lady Nunnally, who sounded very young and gay and British. And at half-past ten Lady Nunnally, Miss Tighe and the nice young secretary met at the corner of old Saint Mary's and plunged into the excitements and odors, the colors and shocks of Chinatown.

Dolly Nunnally was smothered in rich dark sables, and even the secretary wore a stunning fur coat. "What of it?" Honor thought. "I'll have 'em someday!"

SAINT MARY'S bells rang for the Angelus—rang the half-hour. Crowds chattered and jostled in the dark narrow streets; fearful luncheon smells came from the black wooden trays and battered old tin pots which were now being rushed in this direction and that over the filled sidewalks.

"Hadn't we better be getting to the club?" Honor suggested. "They said one o'clock."

"Oh, let them wait!" Dolly said. But she was tired and hungry, too; they all were, and glad to get into the big car that had been slowly trailing them. Paul Cartwright and Lord Nunnally and one or two other men were waiting for them at the club; there was a delicious scent of fine food in the air.

Honor instantly loved the club; every fibre of her responded on this first visit to the elegance and ease of it. She was ecstatically happy. "This is such fun!" she had an opportunity to say in an aside to him. "No wonder men love this club!"

"Ah, well, it isn't always like this; this is special!"

"Oh?" Her innocently rounded eyes met his, and instantly her bright color came up with her laugh. "Oh, I see," she said, stammering.

There was a round bunch of violets at her place, with a creamy gardenia in the centre; the combined fragrances swam up at her and added one more note of dreamlike delight to the hour. She was next to Lord Nunnally, a friendly, rather withered-looking man perhaps fifteen years older than his animated little wife. Honor presently gathered that Dolly was the second—perhaps even the third wife. But it didn't matter; they seemed devoted to each other.

"I'd come an awful cropper with my last wife," his lordship said frankly, "but years before that I'd met Dolly, and I said to myself then, 'By George, that kid is going to be a pretty gell some day.'"

Honor looked across the table and studied her. And although they were all being extraordinarily kind to her, and the luncheon went on in unimagined luxury and pleasantness, and although the scent of her flowers was as poignantly sweet as before, she did not recapture the morning's sensations of high adventure and felicity.

Dolly Nunnally was persuading Paul to go down to Pebble Beach with them that night. Please, please; he must! The meal was over and the party scattered before the question was settled. Honor walked four blocks to the office and was at her desk exactly at three.

Mrs. Fiorella was there, the witness for the damage case. Honor rang for Larry Castor, the notary, and the woman made her statement again. She was a very poor woman, hardly out of girlhood, but with a great heavy boy baby in her arms and a fragile little black-eyed girl clinging to her skirt.

Honor, suddenly in a mood of utter depression and weariness, sent them home in a taxi and settled down to late afternoon work grimly and resolutely. The deep draught of wealth and luxury and amusement which she had taken worked in her spirit like a poison; now she was in Chinatown again, seeing Dolly Nunnally's pretty groomed hands fumbling with big bills—fifty-dollar bills, green and crisp; now she was again at the club in that scented soft air through which the sunshine had come in tempered shafts and bars; now she was saying good-bye to them all and Paul Cartwright was helping Dolly into the soft sable coat.

HER heart rose on a great pang of restless protest. Why couldn't she forget them all?—they were nothing to her. Ministers and maharajahs and yachts and Roman festivals were nothing to her. Aunt Lucie had asked her to bring home some apple cake from the Woman's Exchange — about thirty cents' worth——

To-night they were all going down to Pebble Beach. They'd reach the lodge cold and breathless and ready for laughter and cocktails about a great fireplace. They'd go to big warm rooms and dress, and afterwards meet at a dinner-table.

"Thanks for saving my party," Paul Cartwright said, stopping at her desk.

She had not heard him come in.

"I thought you'd gone to Pebble Beach."

"Oh, heavens, no! I've done my duty. And you did yeoman service at lunch, getting them all talking, keeping it going. Dolly says you had a swell time in Chinatown, too. Did she buy the place up?"

"Pretty nearly. She wanted everything. She's nice," Honor said, laughing, the world all right again.

"She's harmless." He sat down, laying a handful of papers on her desk. The Judge and Miss Morrissey both chanced to be absent from the office now, so he and Honor were alone.

"That is what I was thinking," he said. "What are you doing on Sunday?"

"Nothing special."

"Then—my wife gets home on Monday, but the small boys are there. Would you come down to Burlinghame and lunch with me and see the tennis? And your sister, of course, if she'd come, and anyone else you'd like to bring. It ought to be very good tennis, if you like it at all. Ever play it?"

Once again it all seemed simple and natural enough.

"I love tennis. I used to play quite well when I was small, so I could at least watch it intelligently. And Hugh Braintree—the man I am engaged to—played for U.C. for two years. He'd simply love it."

But even this—much as it cost her—was not quite frank, although she had brought in Hugh's name with conscious determinedness. Something more should have been said: something about Hugh. She did not say it. She was not looking at Paul as she spoke, but had stooped to take something from a drawer.

"I see," the man said slowly. "The man you are engaged to, eh?"

"Yes." Honor looked at him now, red spots suddenly in her cheeks. "He's a sort of a cousin-in-law," she explained, unnecessarily. "That is, my mother's cousin Sarah Chamberlain's husband is his uncle, if you can work that out!"

"I didn't know," Paul said dryly, and paused, looking away.

To Be Continued

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Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Pen-names are not permitted. Readers made this rule for themselves by ballot.

LEARN BY ERROR

IT is the hardest thing in the world for a conscientious, loving parent to stand aside and let her child make mistakes. Yearning to protect him from life's adversities the parent will try to guide his steps, to prevent his making mistakes and committing follies.

Yet there are times when it is unwise to interfere. Have we not ourselves discovered in our youth that we learn by our mistakes?

We wish our children success, but in trying to guide them may prevent their achieving it.

Browning has said: "Most failure, most success." And Wells: "Waste is not waste, and failure is not failure, if it clears away illusion and lights a road to a place."

£1 for this letter to Mrs. C. G. Donnelly, Geeveston, Tas.

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CULINARY ART

WHAT a number of mediocre cooks there are in the world! So long as they serve up meat, vegetables, and sweets most women are satisfied.

Is it the monotony of life that makes women careless? Do they not realise that we eat for pleasure as well as from necessity, and that a well-cooked, appetising meal creates a sense of well-being?

Miss E. A. P. Irons, 21 Bond St., Chilwell, Geelong, Vic.

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AGE UNIMPORTANT

"HOW old is she?" That question is perpetually on the tongues of curious mortals. What does it matter how old a woman is?

Only if it brings hardness, pettiness, and narrowness of outlook is age to be feared. But if it brings warmth, tolerance, understanding, and a sense of humor, then age should be welcome.

Susie Wilmington, Lands Department, Bundaberg, Qld.

Use of Familiar Terms in Business

I HAVE been a telephonist for some years, and can assure Mr. A. Harris (25/2/'39) that very few girls would choose such a phrase to answer a client on the phone as, "Wait a minute, sweetheart!"

Telephonists are trained to be courteous and polite, as well as to give service, and it is unlikely that they will alter standard phrases just because they hear a man at the other end. Our jobs are too important to us to risk losing them by such frivolous remarks.

Miss T. M. Williams, Spalding, S.A.

Curt, But Never Familiar

MR. HARRIS' statement is far too sweeping when he claims that telephonists are disrespectful when answering the phone.

I have found them polite or perhaps curt, but never familiar.

Perhaps, Mr. Harris, the girl who addressed you as "sweetheart" is still worried every time she thinks of the slip she made in answering your call.

Mrs. B. V. Lierse, Plenty P.O., Vic.

Tact and Good Temper

YOU were unfortunate in your switch girl, Mr. Harris.

I have used the telephone many times, but have always found the attendants most courteous and helpful.

Their tact and good temper are amazing when you consider how very trying their job must be.

Mrs. J. Bury, 29 Asling St., Preston N18, Vic.

Office Manners

NOT only on the telephone does one hear such familiarity as Mr. Harris complains of.

I have heard young girls speaking not only to one another, but to strangers and clients, in a disrespectful manner, using such terms as "love" and "dear."

L. Lewis-Jewell, Welcome St., Parkes, N.S.W.

Exception, Not Rule

MR. HARRIS is quite right to deplore the attitude of the telephonist who spoke to him in such a familiar way.

He adds that switchgirls should be required to show respect to callers. I think they do. The girl he refers to is an exception.

Mrs. H. H. Toynton, Bonnie Brae, Geurie, N.S.W.

Always Polite

I DO not think Mr. Harris would encounter much incivility from women telephonists of the kind of which he complains. I have found

No time to be rude.

without exception that they endeavor to be courteous and businesslike — indeed, in the larger offices they have no time to be other than businesslike.

Miss J. Henry, Box 233B, P.O., Newcastle, N.S.W.

Overlook It

COME, Mr. Harris, where's your sense of humor? The switchgirl who called you "Sweetheart" is, after all, an exception.

If we girls lodged a complaint every time some business man whom we don't know called us "Beautiful," "Sweetheart," "Honey," "Blondie," and other terms of familiarity, life would be one big grouch.

Miss Kay Frances Hearfield, 16 Norman St., Fivedock.

Is Education Overrated To-day?

MRS. RICHARDS wonders whether we are overrating education, and cites the opinion of a successful business man who says that shrewdness and common sense are better than higher education in this competitive world (25/2/'39).

Education is never lost, Mrs Richards. It is true that by exercising common sense many who have had little education have risen high in business, political, and other spheres, but they would certainly have made better progress if they had had a better education.

A good education gives one poise and assurance. One can mix with ease in any class of society.

Mrs. Ivy F. Vaudin, Norman Terrace, Enoggera NW3, Qld.

Practical Value

SHREWDNESS and common sense are certainly assets in the business world, but it is essential if one wants to make progress to have a good education as well.

A boy with a good school record can obtain a position far more readily than one without. Business men cannot afford to employ an uneducated boy on the off chance that he may prove of value by his shrewdness.

The learning we obtain at school trains us to meet any sort of problem. It also teaches us to speak and write our language well—

Is Literary Taste Deteriorating?

NEVER were facilities for reading easier. Books are cheap to buy and easily procurable from libraries. But is public taste in reading improving?

With more books to read, less discrimination is being shown.

Recently, in one of the libraries, I overheard two adults discussing the books. "There's a book here I can recommend," said one. "Nice big print and a good margin—you'll read it in no time."

This is the first time I have heard that the quality of a book is commensurate with the time required to read it!

Mrs. S. F. Hubbard, 84 Rathdown St., Carlton N3, Vic.

necessary qualifications even in the commercial world.

Let us give common sense its due praise, and remember that a trained mind is a shrewd one.

Miss A. Willis, 125 Unwin's Bridge Rd., Tempe, N.S.W.

Discovers Talents

I DO not think that education is a waste of time. It does provide a medium through which we can and do discover our own special talents to be exploited later in our hobbies and career.

By studying, no matter what subject, we learn concentration and perseverance.

Mrs. J. Gravestock, 6 Woodville Ave., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

Pleasures Limited

LIKE Mrs. John Richards, I think the opinion of her business friend is rank heresy.

He may be a good business man, but can he appreciate art, music and good literature, which provide some of the keenest pleasures in life?

Joan Mohr, Plymouth St., Alderley NW2, Brisbane.

Mental Stimulation

HIGHER education in itself gives mental stimulation, Mrs. John Richards, so the person who continues studying and training himself shows his shrewdness and common sense in a keen, competitive world.

F. G. K. Brennand, 104 Warrane Rd., Willoughby, N.S.W.

Listening-In as Rival to Conversation

YES, C. A. Beveridge (25/2/'39) wireless is tending to destroy the art of conversation.

So many hostesses turn the wireless on so loudly that no one in the room has a chance of being heard.

On the other hand, a little soft

Too much competition!

music while one is talking can be very pleasant.

Miss Elma L. Martin, 101 Holmes Rd., Moonee Ponds W4, Vic.

Follow Programmes

MOST wireless enthusiasts watch the programmes and enjoy occasionally breaking off their conversation to listen-in.

Wireless often stimulates conversation, and it can provide topics when conversation is lagging.

D. E. Willan, Delania, Warral, Tamworth, N.S.W.

Switch It Off

IT is distinctly unsociable, even rude, to have the wireless playing when entertaining visitors. People visit their friends to have conversation. If they wanted to listen-in they could do so at home.

There are some who like the radio music in the background, but to many this is distracting, and it is a gracious act to switch it off when guests arrive.

J. G. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn E3, Vic.

Can't Enjoy Conversation

WHATEVER the reason, it is true that the art of conversation is rapidly dying out. I am inclined to think that our devotion to listening-in is not the cause, but has come about because we of this generation have lost the ability to enjoy quiet, stimulating conversation.

When visitors are coming the hostess has to think hard what she will "do with them." Usually the evening is devoted to bridge or poker or, as C. A. Beveridge points out, to listening-in to the radio.

Mrs. Thomson, Hay St., Perth.

Prefers Listening-in

I SUPPOSE wireless does tend to make one unsociable.

I would rather miss an outing than miss an episode of some thrilling serial which I am following, and I know many of my friends feel the same.

Mrs. A. Lind, Stafford St., Windsor N3, Brisbane.

Boon for Hostess

FAR from making us unsociable, I consider the wireless a boon—both from the visitor's and the hostess' points of view.

As a visitor it is far more pleasant to relax and listen to good music well played than make forced conversation. Often, too, when the hostess has to leave the room to prepare afternoon tea or dinner it is very comforting to her if she is able to switch on the radio as entertainment for her visitors.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 20 Cobden St., Belmore, N.S.W.

Acts as Background

I DISAGREE with C. A. Beveridge that, instead of the radio superseding conversation, it acts as a background to it. Besides this, it is one of the best sources of entertainment.

Although the radio may tend to make one lazy, in that one may prefer to stay at home instead of going out, it does not interfere with social activities in the home.

Miss N. J. Pretty, 82 Melbourne St., North Adelaide.

MAN SUPREME

IT amazes me to find even in these days so many homes in which man reigns supreme.

Everything centres round Father. Outings are arranged only if he approves; the wireless is switched on and off at his pleasure; meals are arranged only to suit his taste. Nobody is allowed to voice an opinion that is likely to disturb his equanimity.

Admittedly the man is head of his house, but surely that does not mean the rest of his family is to receive no consideration?

Mrs. May Harris, Rendezvous, Robinson Ave., Coorparoo, Qld.

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NO TIME FOR HOME

YOUNG people to-day seem to regard their homes merely as places in which to sleep and breakfast. Spending an evening with the family is practically unheard of. Even to have dinner at home is a bore.

And anyone who possesses a flat of his own is considered extremely lucky.

Young people are so strenuously trying to have a good time that they miss the quiet joy of an evening at home, talking with the family, or attending to hobbies.

Pursuing transient pleasure they are missing the opportunity of building up interests that will keep them happy for the rest of their lives.

Mrs. R. Whitaker, 42 Moynihan St., Ascot, N.S.W.

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"MODERN" FASHION

IN turning back the pages of the family snapshot album the modern young Miss is wont to smile at the fashions of her grandmother's and great-grandmother's debutante days.

But if Miss 1939 will stop to ponder for a while she will discover that fashions to-day are being modelled more and more on those which she thought were so humorously old-fashioned. Edwardian hair-styles, street hats, and early-Victorian dance frocks are some examples.

I wonder whether she thinks these styles are so humorous to-day, or does she notice how very becoming they are on our young moderns?

Miss J. McAuliffe, 5 Sully St., Randwick, N.S.W.

An awful thing to happen to any woman! Perhaps the worst of all! Just starting to live, yet showing signs of old age! Hopes, ambition, everything seems crushed by the ever present thought of grey hair!

It is awful . . . but a very common thing in modern times when the hair is subjected to the effects of artificial waving and curling as well as outdoor life. The result is a dry scalp with its inevitable effect on the glands provided by nature to lubricate the hair and preserve its colour.

How to avoid this condition and its disastrous consequences? It is very simple . . . by massaging the scalp regularly with Barry's Tri-coph-erous to stimulate the action of the roots, and by being careful to use it every time you curl your hair.

This is how a sensible woman protects and improves the beauty of her hair.

Be sensible too . . . A little care today will save you many a heartache tomorrow.

Do not wait for tomorrow! Start today using

BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth
Sold by all Chemists and Stores at 3/- per bottle.

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Growing Deaf with Head Noises? Try This

If you are growing hard of hearing and fear Catarrhal Deafness or if you have roaring, rumbling, hissing noises in your ears go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength), and add to it ¼ pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who is threatened with Catarrhal Deafness or who has head noises should give this prescription a trial.***

OLD-WORLD ELEGANCE inspires this romantic dance frock of white moire with flattering off-the-shoulder neckline and a spectacular crinoline skirt.

Colorful scenes at first Court

NANCY BIRD TELLS

By Beam Wireless from Mary St. Claire, our Special Representative in England.

"I was overwhelmed by the majesty of the Court. The beauty of the scene is almost indescribable."

So said the Australian airwoman, Nancy Bird, after she had been presented at the first Royal Court of the season.

AUSTRALIA'S "bird-girl," Nancy Bird, who exchanged flying rig-out for Court dress last week.

ANOTHER beautiful crinoline model by Madame Handley Seymour, approved for Court presentations.

MISS BIRD was one of a number of Australians who were presented to the King and Queen.

"The diplomatic uniforms," she said, "were dazzling, and I have never seen so much delicate beauty as the rainbow of pastels in the gowns.

"I was deeply impressed by the beauty and radiance of the Queen. The Queen seems to have a fresh smile for everyone, and, though I was most nervous when I curtsied before the two thrones, her smile and the King's direct, kindly look banished my fears.

"The Duchess of Kent looked regal and lovely. She is most charming, and seems to retain something of the shyness of her girlhood, which mixes prettily with her regal air.

"I was very pleased indeed to meet Lady Game, wife of the former Governor of New South Wales, who was presenting her daughter, Rosemary. She went out of her way to speak to all the Australian debs., knowing we were all nervous."

In view of the visit of the King and Queen to Canada and America in May this year, the dates of the Courts were altered.

The first two Courts are being held more than two months earlier than usual, and an additional two Courts will be held when the King and Queen return to England in the late summer.

Delicate Colors

THE colorings of the dresses worn at the first Court were as delicate as the rays of the spectrum.

Younger debutantes favored white. Others who were presented chose pastel shades, in deference to the Queen's fondness for them.

Mist-blue, palest cyclamen, lily-leaf green, delicate pinks, and orchid tones, in rich brocades, satins, moires, or dull-surfaced materials made the most delicate and varied shades ever seen at a Royal Court.

Those fond of rich, colorful gowns achieved brilliant effects with magnificently bejewelled yokes and waist adornments in vividly colored semi-precious stones and gold and silver thread embroidery.

The earliness of the season made lavish ermine and fur-trimmed wraps and ostrich feather capes a feature of the Court.

New Fashions

NEW fashion trends were shown in double chiffon gloves and sandals embroidered in diamente or crystal to match gowns.

The Queen's approval of crinolines for Court wear made the scene more picturesquely lavish than any within memory.

Court officials say that this year's changes in dress regulations are the most important since 1925, when Queen Mary permitted the then fashionable short skirts to be worn at Court.

Colors are being permitted for this year's Courts, provided they are in pastel shades, and do not clash with the colors of dress uniforms.

Instead of hooped skirts, which would be unmanageable in such a vast throng, the crinolines are worn with underskirts of stiff fabrics. Some are made of as much as twenty yards of material to provide the bouffant effect.

Fichus and wide shoulder straps replace sleeves in Court gowns. Narrow straps and very bare backs are taboo.

Mrs. Henry, wife of Squadron-Leader Henry, who was another Australian presented, said:—

"I was thrilled to be actually standing before their Majesties in the Throne Room of historic Buckingham Palace.

"The actual presentation seemed to be over in a second, and it already seems like a dream to me. I have only a confused idea of the great panorama of magnificence with its background of soft music mingled with the rustle of gowns.

"I could not help admiring the beautiful national costume worn by the Hungarian Minister's wife, Madame Barcza. It was the only dark note in a sea of delicate gowns.

"I was told it was her wedding gown, which the Queen gave her as a special gift."

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FISHER'S WAX *is sheer* MAGIC *on your floors . . .*

THE GRIP-TEST MACHINE—which proves conclusively the greater 'grip' of Fisher's Wax. In the laboratory, research work such as this, has perfected Fisher's Wax.

Only FISHER'S WAX gives you the blend of five hard polishing waxes, which covers so much more floor space. The results of Fisher's Wax will delight you . . . the floor surface is brilliant — with a hard shine that does not mark or show dust. The large amount of Brazilian Carnauba Wax and pure Beeswax in Fisher's Wax, and the freedom from greasy waxes, gives grip not slip to your floors . . . Fisher's Wax contains valuable hygienic properties and is used by many leading hospitals, and more than a million housewives in Australia.

The Gun Room illustrated shows a popular Tayside Pattern. The Tayside Linoleum manufacturers are one of the largest in the world. These products are specially adapted and coloured for the Australian climate and conditions. When such a vast company recommend Fisher's Wax—you can be sure it's right.

TAYSIDE FLOORCLOTH COMPANY LTD.

The largest makers of linoleum in the world (The Tayside Floorcloth Company Ltd., of Scotland) say of Fisher's Wax . . . "In our opinion Fisher's Wax is ideal for the cleaning and preservation of all linoleum covered floors." Actually Fisher's Wax will prolong the life and colour of linoleum, it is—when used sparingly—the only non-slip polishing wax, and definitely produces a brilliant long-lasting polish that does not collect dust. Use only Fisher's Wax on your linoleum. Being composed of waxes of vegetable origin, Fisher's Wax is ideal for use on polished wood floors. One trade polisher says "There is no wax to compare with Fisher's for wood floor polishing either by hand or machine. Its brilliant hard polish lasts longer and the surface is not slippery."

For all your polished wood flooring and linos use only Fisher's Wax. Obtainable everywhere.

Trial size tin 3½d. . . . Medium size tin 6½d. . . . Large tin 10½d. Giant 1lb. tin 1/1. . . . Large jars 1/1. Country prices slightly higher than city

All sizes are the maximum value for money.

FISHER'S POLISHING WAX

★ AND AFTER USING FISHER'S WAX, YOUR FLOORS WILL BE NON-SLIPPING AND HYGIENIC

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MOVING STORY OF WAGNER AND DAUGHTER OF LISZT

TEN TEMPESTUOUS years in life of brilliant woman

Ten tempestuous years in the life of Cosima von Bulow, brilliant daughter of Liszt, are movingly re-created by Henry Handel Richardson in her latest novel, "The Young Cosima."

OPENING on the eve of Cosima's marriage to the devoted disciple of the great Richard Wagner, the story closes with Cosima's decision to leave her husband and devote her life to Wagner.

Cosima was clever, witty, brilliantly musical, golden haired and endowed with great strength of character.

She married Von Bulow from motives of sympathy and duty rather than love. In an age when self-sacrifice was considered one of woman's greatest attributes, such motives for marriage were regarded as highly meritorious.

A BOOK TO READ

"Papa does not need me, but poor Hans does," she explains to her sister. "If I can help him, and through him the greatest of all causes—why, it seems to me a chance I dare not miss."

For years she tried patiently to make a success of her marriage. She resented Wagner's influence over her husband and was jealous of his musical success. At first, she resented, also, the mesmerism of Wagner's personality, his brilliant mind and his moods of devastating despair or infectious gaiety.

But with growing disillusion in her own marriage she gradually sees him differently—as a man of warm understanding and impulsive kindness in spite of his exacting genius. Although he is 27 years older than she is, she tells him, "You are younger than any of us."

The attraction between them ripened into love, and the author sympathetically portrays the emotional conflict between Cosima's high ideals and sense of duty, and her passion for her husband's dearest friend.

Not only selfish motives actuated her in keeping this from her husband. She dreaded to break the strong friendship between the two men.

Wagner became the father of her third child. The first performance of his opera, "Tristan and Isolde," so profoundly affected her that she decided to clear her life of dishonesty and deceit.

"The self-contempt, the loathing for her present life, stirred up in her by the divine sincerity of great music, was insupportable: she felt contaminated by such feelings, she who had carried her head so high . . . She had come to a crossways. On the one side honor bade her stamp out, reduce to ashes, the wild love that possessed her, give up every hope of personal happiness. On the other, there lay a bliss so perfect that she dared not picture it."

Hans' grief when he learns, accidentally, of Wagner's love for his wife is horrifying. Wagner summons him to a mountain retreat for a "conference" between the three of them.

There is a heart-rending scene between husband and wife, when Hans tells her in a frenzy of grief that Wagner's love for her will not last.

"Forgive me. I should have known better . . . than to say such things to you. But, you see, for so long my life has turned solely round you and him. To part from you will be like hacking off a live limb. For it's no use trying to deceive myself: of you the Master will not tire. And in him you will at last find one worthy of your devotion . . ."

Henry Handel Richardson presents Wagner as a very human being, an enchanting mixture of faults and virtues, humor and pathos.

Cosima's quiet departure to meet him in Triebschen is in strange contrast to the stormy drama of the events leading to it.

"Now, there was nothing to detain her. And at dusk one November afternoon she threw a last look round the familiar rooms, kissed her elder children good-bye, making light of it, though well she knew she might never see them again; and, with the two little ones (both of them Wagner's), crept out like a thief on her journey.

"Pale, trembling, exhausted, but unshrinking. For she had heard what she believed to be a 'call'; had found her life-work. And whether she went towards it in joy or in pain was not hers to decide."

"The Young Cosima." By Henry Handel Richardson (Heinemann). Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

WAGNER'S house at Triebschen.

Wagner and Cosima. An old painting.

Where is Helen these days? All her friends wondered why she had dropped out of things—yet there was a time when you were lucky to date Helen a week in advance! *(But no man likes a dull, dingy, unattractive smile!)*

"Your smile used to be so pretty," said little Rita—and then Helen learned the truth. *(She learned more when Sis showed her how they massaged their gums in school to help guard against "pink tooth brush.")*

Now it's plenty of dates, but with a certain young man—for wedding bells will ring for Helen in another month. She's learned how to have an irresistible smile—a smile lovely to look at—a smile that wins hearts! *(Ipana with massage is especially designed to help keep gums healthier, teeth sparkling—smiles more winning!)*

Keep Your Smile brighter with IPANA!

Ipana and massage is a modern way to help keep your gums firm and your teeth sparkling!

DON'T risk your smile! ***Just a little tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.*** It doesn't look serious! It doesn't seem important! But neglected, what a penalty it can take of your beauty and charm—health and happiness.

When you see "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist!* He can give you proper advice. You may not be in for serious trouble—but let him decide. Usually, however, the story is the modern one of gums robbed of work by to-day's soft foods—gums that need more exercise—gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana with massage is designed not only to keep your teeth brilliant and sparkling, but also to help tone and strengthen your gums. So why not begin at once to help safeguard the health of your teeth and gums, in this simple, easy way? Massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the lazy gum tissues—gums tend to become firmer, stronger—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your chemist to-day. Make Ipana and massage your regular dental health routine. Let it help you to have firmer gums and brighter teeth—a winning, attractive smile that will bring you admiration and happiness.

• • •

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.

CHANGE TO IPANA AND GUM MASSAGE

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QUIT worrying about underarm odour. Avoid it with Mum. A bath is not enough for underarms, but Mum prevents all danger of offending others even on the hottest day or evening. Thirty seconds for Mum and you stop all odour, *without* stopping perspiration. And Mum is harmless to skin and clothing.

MUM *takes the odour out of perspiration*

Actress Gives Recipe For Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress—whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of Water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Orlex Compound and ½ ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."****

For beautiful Silver

Nothing can outshine Silver cleaned with 'Silvo.' Quickly and easily it imparts a glittering polish which shows up the full beauty of the metal. It contains no acid or mercury and you can safely use it to keep all your Silver shining and beautiful.

SILVO LIQUID SILVER POLISH

A RECKITT'S PRODUCT MADE IN AUSTRALIA

Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vaculoid has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of Pile Sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vaculoid with this guarantee.***

Sir Reginald John Barnewall, 12th Baronet of Crickstown Castle, County of Meath, Ireland, and his son and heir, Reginald Robert, at present at Xavier College, Melbourne, and Lady Barnewall. At left is the Barnewall insignia.

Melbourne Family's Link with William the Conqueror

How many Australians can trace their ancestry back to the days of William the Conqueror—almost 900 years?

A 14-year-old Melbourne schoolboy, Reginald Robert de Barnewall, is one of the few who can.

HE is a third generation of Australian-born successors to one of the most ancient baronetcies in the British peerages. It ranks number 50 in the baronetcy list.

Reginald Robert de Barnewall is at school at Xavier College, Melbourne, and eventually he will be the 13th Baronet of his ancient family.

The great Anglo-Norman family of de Barnewall, or, as it is written in the earliest records, de Barneval, was one of the most powerful of the English Pale, and has been settled in Ireland since the time of its invasions by Strongbow.

Sir Michael de Barnewall, according to historians, really landed in Ireland before Strongbow, and was the direct descendant of Alanus de Barneval, the companion-in-arms of William the Conqueror, who bestowed upon Alanus the Manor of Newton and various other lands.

Of the three principal lines of the family the Baronets of Crickstown are the eldest, then coming the branch of the Lord Trimleston, whose peerage was created in 1461. Youngest of the three branches is that of the Viscount Kingsland of Turvey.

Family's Close Call

THE records of the College of Heralds are rich in references to the influence of the Barnewall family down through the centuries.

Many of the castles held in ancient times by the members of the family crumbled away, but others such as Roebuck Castle, in the County of Dublin, and Drimnagh Castle and the Mansion of Turvey are among those still standing, and at present occupied.

The baronetcy nearly ended early, as at the close of the 12th century, by conspiracy, the family was wiped out with only one exception, who escaped and to whom a son was born shortly afterwards. The estates were restored by King John in 1215.

In 1836 Sir Aylmer John Barnewall, 9th Baronet, succeeded to the title while a lieutenant in the 35th Regiment. He fought at the Battle of Waterloo.

The family first became linked with Australia through John Aylmer Barnewall who settled in Victoria in 1840, and whose son, John Robert, became 11th Baronet. It may be said that the representatives of this famous old house have made their permanent domicile in Australia.

Sir John died in September, 1936, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Reginald John, Baronet, whose son Reginald was born on October 1, 1924, in Alexandra.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

WEDNESDAY, March 15.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Beauty Talk with Janet.

THURSDAY, March 16.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars, with June Marsden.

FRIDAY, March 17.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Australian Women's Weekly Afternoon Tea Party.

SATURDAY, March 18.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Hit Highlights.

SUNDAY, March 19.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: June Marsden, Astrologer, and Music of the Stars.

MONDAY, March 20.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Fashion Talk with Rene.

TUESDAY, March 21.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: June Marsden and Music of the Stars.

With business interests in Melbourne and the country, Sir Reginald and Lady Barnewall and their son live in Elwood, Melbourne.

Sir Reginald Barnewall looks on the timber country near the Upper Goulburn River district, Victoria, as more his home than the city areas.

He was born in Thornton, the little town between Alexandra and the Eildon Weir, and lived there until just recently.

In the recent bushfires in the Rubicon district, near Alexandra, timber mills owned by Sir Reginald Barnewall were destroyed, and at present he is busy making plans for the rebuilding of the mills.

When their only child was seven years old, Sir Reginald and Lady Barnewall took him to England and Ireland, where they visited the family properties.

They met many members of the different branches of the family, including Lord Trimleston, who lives in London.

Tall and thin, Sir Reginald looks like a typical Australian. His country property and timber mills have occupied most of his time, but football has been his main recreation.

"I played till I had to give it up," he said. "But now I take an interest in the administrative side of the game. My son is keen on all sports, especially rowing."

Sir Reginald and Lady Barnewall had decided to make another trip to England this year, but have cancelled the tour until schooldays are ended for Reginald Robert, future 13th Baronet of the Barnewall dynasty.

ANDREWS IS FAR MORE THAN JUST A SALINE!

All that a healthy outdoor life can do for you is more than offset by the evils that come from neglecting **inner cleanliness.** To correct a digestive system disordered by wrong eating, neglect of bodily duties or the lazy functioning of liver and bowels you need the natural, **safe** assistance given by Andrews Liver Salt.

The refreshing effervescing bubbles of Andrews soothe the lining membranes of the bowels and intestines, its mild stimulus to the liver aids digestion, its gentle laxative action ensures the inner cleanliness that is so vital.

By OSMOSIS—one important way in which Andrews works

Andrews Liver Salt has a **fourfold** action, mildly stimulating or gently soothing each organ in the digestive system as the need may be. As a result, the whole of your body is toned up, and the vim and vigour of youth are maintained.

(1) Andrews corrects stomach acidity without causing excessive alkalinity. Its minute bubbles of carbon-dioxide soothe the inflamed linings of stomach and bowels.

(2) Andrews eliminates waste **by osmosis,** or the flow of fluid through the bowel walls from surrounding tissue. This flow cleanses without harming the delicate bowel lining.

(3) Andrews has a **moderate** stimulating effect on the bowels—neither the drastic purging of harsh purgatives, nor the irritation of rough patent foods.

(4) Andrews has also a **directly beneficial action on the liver,** increasing the flow of bile necessary for digestion. Andrews is far, far more than just a saline, as results prove.

It must be remembered that Andrews is pleasant to take, refreshing to the palate with its bright sparkling effervescence. In order to achieve the most good, Andrews is made to effervesce **slowly,** its action being gentle and thorough and safe. It is the ideal laxative for all ages—children like it, and it has no griping or unpleasant after-effects, nor does it form habits.

So many doctors endorse Andrews Liver Salt, which has the largest sale of any effervescing salt in the world — a popularity that has constantly grown during a period of nearly **50 years.**

Take Andrews Liver Salt if you suffer from

Constipation **Biliousness**
Dyspepsia **Rheumatism**
Flatulence **Headaches**

4 oz. tin, 1/6; 8 oz. tin, 2/6

All Chemists and Stores.

Australian Agents: Salmond & Spraggon (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth.

9.23.20

ANDREWS
LIVER SALT
The Ideal Tonic Laxative

EFFERVESCING – PLEASANT-TASTING – THOROUGH

LARGEST SALE OF ANY EFFERVESCING SALT IN THE WORLD

PAIN that kept her in bed

Terrible, dragging, Spasms so Bad She Missed a Day from Work Every Month.

Discover for yourself the different—quicker, more complete and more lasting relief of period pain that you can get with a couple of little MYZONE tablets.

When your poor back feels as though it is being drawn to the front—when you want to sit down and cry with the pain and that terrible feeling of weakness . . . let MYZONE's marvellous *antevin* (anti-spasm) *compound* bring you blessed comfort, and a pleasant, quick, complete relief such as you've never known with anything else.

Just take a couple of MYZONE tablets with water or a cup of tea. Try MYZONE with your very next "pain." Notice how there is no doping effect.

2/- box. All Chemists.

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An Editorial

MARCH 18, 1939.

THE CALL TO DUTY

WHILE the word "War" tolls a sad bell in their hearts women to-day are realists enough to understand the full measure of preparedness we must make for national defence.

So they accept the Federal Government's National Register for Women in no sense of panic of impending war, but as another step in the logical measures for national defence.

That such a move can be made for the organisation of women in peace time for a possible future national emergency is a tribute to the new status of women.

To-day, when our front gardens may be our frontiers in case of war, woman is not given a purely sentimental place in national affairs. She is a partner, and is fully informed on questions of national and international importance.

With women's new place in the world the national register becomes a matter of co-operating feminine brains and loyalty to the tasks that best suit them. There is no preparation for war about it—merely the completing of the cycle of defence—incomplete without the aid of our women.

Nursing, voluntary aid work, mercy duties among the civilian population, work in production and employment to replace man-power; special work for highly qualified women doctors, chemists, scientists and artists are some of the jobs women may be called upon to undertake.

Before the great war such a calling together of women would have been impossible. There were few women in industry and no organisations to speak on behalf of the women of the country.

To-day, all this machinery is ready and women become part of the civilian side of national defence by the simple expedient of calling a few meetings and the setting of thousands of willing hands to work for greater national security.

—THE EDITOR.

Harem-like life for women of Morocco

"LAND OF THE SUNSET" is the romantic native name for Morocco, where women still go about with veiled faces and live in harem-like luxury.

The land from which Moorish soldiers were recruited to take part in the Spanish War is vividly described by an Australian, Miss Dorothy Ellison Bray, who has recently returned from there.

"Though Moroccan life has become Westernised in many respects, the Moorish women are always heavily veiled in public," she said. "In fact, the higher-class Moorish women never appear out of doors at all.

"They are picturesque figures draped in sheet-like garments, their hennaed heels peeping out from their red morocco leather slippers as they walk.

"The Berber women—descendants of the original Barbary race—dress quite differently. They wear huge straw hats and gay red-and-white striped petticoats, and do not cover their faces.

"In their homes the higher-class Moorish women live in harem-like luxury and seclusion, often sharing their homes with several other wives. Their indoor dress is a long coat of richly-embroidered satin.

"One of the most important women in Tangier—capital of the international section of Morocco—is an Englishwoman, the Shareefa de Wazzan.

"When she was 20 she married the Shareef, religious head of the Moslems. She is now a widow.

English Drawing-room

"THOUGH she still lives in Oriental splendor she has introduced many Western ideas, and one room in her house is an English drawing-room where she entertains the few European guests she consents to see.

"Like all ancient cities, the Moorish cities all have a big market. The Tangier market is the Gran Socco, a vivid, noisy place where the story-teller still tells fantastic tales for anyone who will listen.

"The Berber women sell their gaily-colored baskets and hand-woven carpets, and Moors and Arabs peddle jewellery and carvings.

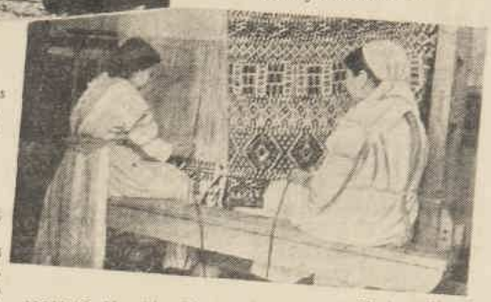
"One of the most fabulous sights I saw might have been a scene from the "Arabian Nights" or a Hollywood spectacle.

"It was the Sultan proceeding in State to his devotions in the mosque. He drove in a gold-topped carriage with red-lacquered body and wide plate-glass windows.

"His native guards surrounded him on horseback, wearing bright red uniforms with baggy red trousers, black turbans, and a silver ring hanging from the right ear.

BERBERS and Moors in the Gran Socco market in Tangier.

MISS DOROTHY ELLISON BRAY, an Australian, who returned recently from Morocco.



YOUNG Moorish girls weaving carpets. Their coiffure is unique. Their long black hair is bound into a long braid with closely-wound cloth.

☆

"Their stirrups were of solid gold. As the procession went along the road lesser rulers rode out on young Arab horses to present gifts of dates and honey.

"Following the procession were the Sultan's two little sons with their French governess in a tiny governess cart drawn by black-and-white ponies with red leather harness, and driven by a young officer of the French Foreign Legion.

"The French administration is reviving the half-forgotten arts and crafts of Morocco—pottery, weaving, carving, wood painting, and mosaic. The women practise most of these crafts, both the Moorish and the Berber women being particularly gifted at carpet weaving.

"Morocco's arts make the towns and houses very colorful. The fountains where all go for their water supply are beautifully decorated with mosaics, and nearly every door is covered entirely in minutely-patterned wood painting.

"Though Morocco's mode of living is very archaic in some respects, it can compete with the modern world in one direction. At Azrou, in the Middle Atlas Mountains, there is a magnificent winter sports ground.

Few Hours from War

"DURING some months of the year the country beyond the coast of Morocco looks like the rolling paddocks of Australia's pastoral country, but in the spring it is covered in a carpet of wildflowers.

"Poppies and daisies and anchusa (like a giant forget-me-not) spread over the fields, the ditches are filled with blue lupins and larkspurs, and yellow lupins grow near the streams.

"There is another riot of color in Rabat, the capital of French Morocco on the Atlantic coast, where the white houses with their green or blue shutters are covered in huge clouds of bougainvillea creeper.

"Though we were only a few hours journey from the Spanish war, it did not affect our life at all, except that we had to obtain special passports from General Franco to enter the Spanish zone."

The Sultan of Morocco accepted French protection in 1912, and the Sultan lives in the French zone, which has a population of five million.

The Spanish zone, from which General Franco has recruited his Moorish soldiers, is on the Mediterranean coast. Next to it is Tangier, the international zone which is permanently neutralised and demilitarised.

Of the 12,000 Europeans in Tangier only 500 are British subjects.

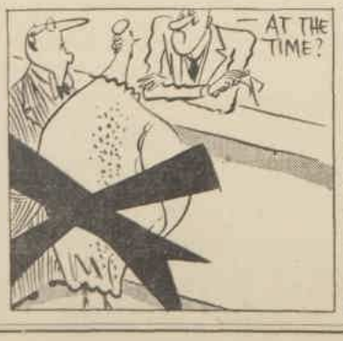
In Tangier Miss Bray was the guest of Mrs. de Righi, who wrote "Holiday in Morocco." Mrs. de Righi is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Gordon, of Gragin, Warialda, N.S.W.

Miss Bray said that living in Morocco is cheap for Australians. The exchange is 180 francs to the £ sterling, and is even more favorable for Australian money.

Hotel tariff ranges from 15 francs to 30 francs a day.

The French people have brought their genius for fine cooking and gay restaurant atmosphere to the protectorate.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*



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"I want to sit on the beach munching dugong and watching the tide come in," says L. W. Lower.

OH, for the loneliness of a *lone Pacific isle!*

"Paw-Paw" Lower wants a chance to live a Robinson Crusoe life

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

I'm sick of this life. I read the other day something about a man leasing an island on the Barrier Reef.

That's what I want. An island.

I WANT to sit on the beach munching dugong and watching the tide come in. After that I would like to gather little shells and place them in my hair and then sit on the beach and watch the tide go out.

Although it is easy for me to go into a trance just watching the tide go in and out or up and down or whatever it is, I realise that this would not suit everybody.

Nobody seems to be able to relax properly in this present age. I was born relaxed and permanently tired, so it would be easy for me.

I had an island once. Just a small one with oysters all around the fringes and bananas and coconuts and paw-paws scattered here and there and hot springs to boil eggs in, and a lagoon.

I've always liked lagoons. They sound so nice. Often I've felt tempted when with my friends and they call for pints and flagons, to say "Mine's a lagoon." (That sentence is dead against all the grammar I ever learnt. Hooray!)

Poor Lennie. No island. And to think that I used to be called Paw-Paw Lennie.

People may sneer and say, "Huh! Just a beach-comber. White cargo. Disgrace to the Empire. Dammit, sir, why doesn't he get his hair cut? Hobnobbing with the natives, what!" Well, let 'em.

If I knew a decent island

"Where there ain't no Ten Commandments
And the something something some"
(Kipling).

At least the first bit is Kipling's. The other half is mine.

As I was saying, if I knew of a decent island I would go there now.

One thing I would not have on my island would be dusky maidens playing ukuleles. For one thing I don't like ukuleles, and for another thing it's hard to see dusky maidens in the dark.

As regards the cultural aspect, I would not neglect this side of affairs. I would learn to play the tom-tom.

The tom-tom is one of the greatest instruments of all time. You can make a bigger and more monotonous din with it than anything else I have ever met up with. I ought to know because I've got one, but I'm not allowed to practise on it.

My wife is a bit narrow-minded in some respects. No ear for music.

How to Make a Canoe

MIND you, I would not always be idling about enjoying myself. I would make a canoe.

I know how this is done. You take a large log and light a fire on top of it. When the fire has burnt into the log sufficiently deep to make it look like a canoe, it's a canoe.

Another method is to slice the side off a hollow log and plug the ends with beeswax. But that's a loafer's trick. Apart from that, you might be short of bees.

In order to keep your log stable in the water (listen to this. It might come in handy some day), you attach to one side an outrigger. That doesn't mean that you've got to drag along the local dressmaker. It's a kind of a thing that sticks out on one side of the canoe and it prevents the canoe from capsizing when it's sinking. Something like a catameran. Anyhow, that's what it's like.

In one's catamaran (another thing about catamarans is that you can spell them any way you like. At least, I can) one can put forth to sea with a fishing line made out of plaited coconut fibre and catch no fish just the same as other people do with modern tackle.

Thus one is abreast, so to speak, with the outside world so far as fishing is concerned.

Of course one gets to talking to oneself when alone for long. But I don't mind this. Perhaps the conversation might become a little monotonous and based on past experience, but that wouldn't matter.

I could say to myself, "Old chap. Could I lend me five shillings till Friday? I'm a bit short."

"I owe me five shillings from last week!" I could reply in indignant tones. "What do I think I am! No, I won't lend me five shillings!"

"I thought I was a friend of mine."

Then I would have a look at my sundial, say I had an appointment, and leave myself.

That's an idea that nobody seems to have thought of except me. Wristlet sundials. No winding necessary. Luminous sundials for night time.

I'm wasting my time learning to spell. I should have been an inventor.

I hesitate to call for a public subscription to buy me a remote island because the rush of subscribers might upset the new Commonwealth Loan.

But a drink is as good as a noggin to a blind hawk. Or whatever it is. You know what I mean.

SHE'S a picture of health and fitness, she's happy at work or play and enjoys every minute of her life. She attributes her splendid health and vitality to Bile Beans—just one or two at bedtime.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the digestion, purify the blood and gently but thoroughly clear from the system all food residue daily.

Men and women of all ages can become really fit and well, full of energy and vitality if they rely on Bile Beans.

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"I could not enjoy my leisure or put the best into my work. But since taking Bile Beans I have experienced a grand feeling of fitness and energy. I recently gained promotion and was congratulated on the extra effort I put into my work."—Mr. E. C. Willmott.

"I never enjoyed such wonderful health as at present. I sleep well, get up early every morning and feel merry and bright all day long. It's all due to Bile Beans which have made me feel quite ten years younger."—Mrs. A. Butler.

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with Pears Tonic Action

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Betty's "Racey" Narratives

I dreamt of Con Devon who paid a dividend of £114

By BETTY GEE in Melbourne

I'm not staying for Caulfield next Saturday because of a dream. Indeed, the way the bookies skinned it off us in the last two days, I'm sorry that I came at all.

Flemington was all right until horses with unknown names began winning. And the worst of it was that I knew all about Con Devon, the horse who paid the £114 dividend, and this is what happened to me and my dream.

ON the Wednesday morning I awoke out of a racing scene in which the judge's numbers had been just hoisted.

They were 6, 7, and 10, and being races next day I hopped out of bed to grasp a bridge pencil and jot them down.

"These are the numbers for me today," I declared. Then dozed off again, and I was amazed I didn't dream the numbers for the rest of the programme.

There were only three races on that day I could operate my dream. It was that silly programme with two walk-overs for Ajax and High Caste, and fields were less than ten.

When it came to the third race there were 23 starters, all two-year-olds, but none of my numbers so much as gained a place. In the Elms it was the same. Not a place, mark you, and I had backed each of them on the tote for a win and place, and my purse was gradually bleeding dry.

What should I do when it came to the last? What could I do? I simply ignored the tote. Turned my back on it, in fact, and denounced all racing dreams as the stuff that poverty's made of. Cut right on the cross in fact.

And up bobbed Con Devon, No. 10, with his £114 dividend for a win (£1 invested e.o.), and No. 5, Grecian Princess, was second and paid £5. Can you beat that?

I didn't stop crying until it was time to go to the races the next Saturday. In fact, my tears have not thoroughly dried up yet.

Of course, on Saturday I shouldn't have gone at all after such a vile experience, but I did, and things improved slightly, but there were no more dream numbers from that nether world, and, of course, it serves me right. I was left to battle for myself.

Still, I took courage in both hands and went, as punters always do; and my choice in the first race was unimpeachable. I had £6 to £1 Amable and £5 to £1 Tetreen, and it was great fun to see them fighting out the race, to finish first and second.

BOOTS' tip for Caulfield is Harina in the Two-Year-Old.

I did a foolish thing, though, in the second race.

I sneaked to the betting ring and had £20 to £1 El Golea.

Hadn't he won the Newmarket, and wasn't he supposed to be the best horse in Victoria, barring Ajax, I argued.

He might be too, for all we know. But the starter just let Ajax go, and the other two runners, El Golea and Judean, were left knitting a sock or engaging in some other slow methodical hobby while Ajax got 50 lengths in front.

Of course that settled my £1, but the way El Golea made up ground to get within 3½ lengths of Ajax, I'm perfectly certain that he would have won with an even start.

* * *

I patched up my quarrel with the tote and had 10/- each way on Gashill for the steeplechase, and he was beaten only a length. Just imagine that after 2½ miles of great big jumps.

Did I tell you I had a leg in for a double with Ortelle's Star for the Australian Cup? I took it only the day before the Newmarket, and had Ortelle's Star running for £20 after El Golea won the Newmarket.

But just to save, I had 10/ each way on the Adelaide mare, Grecian Princess.

Ortelle's Star had the race won when she reached the front, half a furlong from home, but the judge doesn't sit just there, unfortunately, and when eventually they did reach the winning post, she was only third, and Pageant won.

Ajax's owner, Mr. E. L. Baillieu, whispered to me about Wilson for the Gibson Carmichael.

He's in the same stable as Ajax. I gathered my pleats about me, and making all haste for the ring, got 4's to 1 for my £1 before the rush set in.

Backed Crojick

The strong tip in the last was Micawber.

I had £9 to £2, hoping to get enough to stay on for Caulfield. Just at the last moment I espied Mr. Eric Connolly putting it on Crojick in great bundles, so I groped down into my bag and had £5 to 10/- on Crojick.

Micawber faded like a touched camellia just when we all thought he couldn't lose the race, but Crojick bolted for the post and just get there in time to win it by a head from Baryta.

I'm not staying for Caulfield, as I told you, but I have a few very good tips I shall invest on locally.

Boots of our hotel gave me Harina for the Orrong two-year-old, which he says he had right from a friend who goes out with one of the stable lads from Bill Burke's where she's trained.

Altchengee's only got to have a wet day, and he can't lose the St. Kilda Handicap, I was informed by my milliner.

And wet or fine he'll win it just the same she assured me because she had it from somebody who knows one of the Manning family which owns him.

Jolly Boy has been saved up for the steeplechase. He's SUCH a beautiful jumper.

Leaps like a stag, and is as fast as a sprinter on the flat. They're the sort for me.

Well, here's hoping I have some luck at Caulfield, because I'm going to Rosehill Saturday, and, Heaven knows, it's hard enough to pick winners there, but I'm told to be sure and have something on Petruchio in the Westmead Handicap.

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C2			
C3			
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F5			

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The Movie World

March 18, 1939 — The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement — Page One

1 **BARRY K. BARNES,** reporter, is sacked by his irate editor.

2 **BARNES** and his gay young wife, Valerie Hobson, celebrate his joblessness and plan a tipsy joke on the offending editor.

3 **EDITOR ALASTAIR SIM** receives a call from Barnes announcing a murder.

4 **DETECTIVES** arrest Barnes because his phone call to the newspaper office was made before the murder.

5 **BARNES** and his wife are horrified to find their drunken story published as genuine.

6 **VALERIE** is rescued after being bound and gagged by the gang.

Moviedom Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, from New York and Hollywood

Meet the Sheriff

HOLLYWOOD is still chuckling over the novel party recently given by Ray Noble, orchestra leader, returning from a trip to England. Noble and his wife rented a furnished house in Beverly Hills. Shortly after they moved in, the owner of the house became involved in a dispute with a furniture company over payments, or lack of them, on the furniture, and a deputy sheriff was despatched to stand guard over the house and furniture until the trouble was settled.

Instead of complaining about the unexpected visitor, the Nobles gave an elaborate party in his honor, inviting most of Hollywood's rather dignified British colony to "meet the sheriff."

P.S.: Two days later the furniture company won the argument and started removing all the household fittings. The Nobles have now moved into a house where the furniture is paid for.

◆ ◆ ◆

Gag Gagged

FOR a scene in "Broadway Cavalier," script-writers inserted a little gag calling for May Robson to remove false teeth. When the scene came before the cameras, May asked the director what he intended to use for the necessary teeth.

The 74-year-old chuckled: "Let me tell you, young man, every tooth in my head is my own—always took good care of 'em, and I expect to be using 'em for many a year!"

With profuse apologies to May, the director ordered the gag removed from the script.

Hollywood Saga

THE story of Hollywood, from the earliest pioneering days up to present-day talkies and technicolor, will now be told in complete detail. The saga of the magic city is being written, and Alice Faye is set to play the star role as soon as she finishes "Rose of Washington Square."

◆ ◆ ◆

Diamond Diet!

SOUNDS like the good old days—"movie star feeds her dog real diamonds"—but it actually applies to Alice Brady! Alice was feeding one of her many pets the other evening when a diamond dropped out of a ring she was wearing. It landed in the dish of food and the dog gulped it down before she could grab his feed-bowl.

◆ ◆ ◆

Talking of Dogs

CANINE guests at the Los Angeles city dog pound had luxurious meals for a few days recently. For scenes in "Fast and Loose," Bob Montgomery and Rosalind Russell were shown treating black eyes with the traditional slabs of steak. Real steaks were used, and as each one wilted under the hot lights it was packed in ice and sent to the dog pound.

◆ ◆ ◆

Answer's a Lemon

JEAN PARKER likes to top off meals with a lemon, an ordinary sour lemon, peeled and eaten like an orange. To startled friends she insists it's not a diet trick—she just likes lemons.

Brisk Murder Thriller

• *In "This Man is News," a Paramount British release, Barry K. Barnes plays a reporter who, when tipsy, telephones a story of a murder to his editor as a gag, and is horrified to find it printed next morning. The murder, however, really happens about an hour after his phone call and he is arrested when a "planted" revolver is found in his flat. He and his wife are then involved in many hectic adventures.*

• *Barnes has Valerie Hobson playing opposite as his wife, and Alastair Sim, the noted English character actor, plays the irate editor, MacGregor. The cast also includes Australian John Warwick, who is doing well in films in England.*

New Twosome

ON the set of "Hound of the Baskervilles" recently, you could notice the fairly evident between-scenes attachment of Richard Greene and Wendy Barrie.

◆ ◆ ◆

Something New

RUDY VALLEE usually takes his father along when he has dates with girl friends.

Gloria Youngblood and Adrienne Ames seem to be equally popular with the handsome crooner.

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Madeleine Carroll has a big year ahead

ENGLISH BEAUTY CHOSEN TO PLAY QUEEN GUINEVERE

By JOAN McLEOD from Hollywood

MADELEINE CARROLL, England's perfect beauty, will play England's most romantic queen, Guinevere, who inspired the Knights of the Round Table.

England's perfect beauty, by the way, has a French mother and an Irish father, but why bring that up? She is more truly the English rose than anyone else on the screen.

The role of Guinevere is just one of many good parts lined up for Madeleine under her Paramount contract.

And this is the woman who retired "permanently" from films after her marriage in 1931! Fortunately, she's feminine, and so free to change her mind. Her biggest successes have come since then.

Charm Analysis

WHEN you think about Madeleine Carroll and try to take her charm to pieces to see what makes it tick so sweetly, you come up against contradictions.

Poised, sophisticated, glamorous—the stock words are applicable, but inexact.

They are terms suggestive of a brittle, synthetic charm that springs from super grooming and the assiduous acquisition of polish.

Madeleine Carroll's charm gives an impression of being a birthday gift, a first birthday gift. It is a soft, easy charm, as natural as the blue in her eyes. (For the gold in her hair, no responsibility taken).

Personality of the genuinely gracious kind is the source, of course, of this natural charm. Madeleine is an educated woman with a private life in English society.

If you inquire at her Mayfair flat for Miss Carroll, the butler blandly corrects you with a faintly reproving "Mrs. Astley is at home."

Her husband is Captain Philip Astley, a former officer of the Life Guards, and a friend of the Duke of Windsor. His circle is a distinguished one; his wife moves easily within it.

Her private and public personalities never clash. Among film people she makes no play as the English society lady; among her private friends she never acts the star.

Which is a refreshing change from the attitude of some actresses similarly placed!

MADELEINE is very satisfied with life.

She was asked recently if she still owned a castle in Spain, and answered that she had no idea. Her castle was near Barcelona, where the bombs were dropping.

"Anyway, I'm not worrying about it," Madeleine said. "When life has given you so much, it seems like tempting providence to go grabbing for more. If the Spanish property is gone, it's gone, and I wouldn't try to do anything about it."

Madeleine wasn't always so lucky. After taking an Arts degree at Birmingham University—where she was a crack hockey player—she took a job as a teacher just long enough to save her fare to London to try her success on the stage.

She had previously been noticed in an amateur production, and that had awakened ambition. She lived on fish and chips in London for weeks before she found work.

She was rehearsing for a West End stage production with Robert Lorraine when she was given a screen test and chosen from 150 applicants.

● Madeleine Carroll, as she appears in her next film, Paramount's "Cafe Society."

The immediate result was a leading role for the young player who had never faced a camera, or visited a studio lot.

Then she was starred by Gaumont-British in several pictures until her marriage was romantically celebrated on the shores of Lake Como, Italy, where Captain Astley owns a villa.

Radio Success

AT the moment, Madeleine Carroll is enjoying a big radio success as well as adding further to her screen laurels.

She told her own story of this in an interview:

"Two years ago," she said. "They were going to broadcast 'Cavalcade' in America, and wanted an English actress for the feminine lead opposite Herbert Marshall; and as I had an enterprising agent I got the part.

"Well, anyone who can't do well in 'Cavalcade' couldn't do well in anything. It's that kind of a part. I hoped to 'get by,' but I certainly didn't expect what did happen.

"When a broadcast is a great success, it's the custom for the sponsors to send the performer an orchid to mark the occasion. And for that one, my very first broadcast, I received an orchid!"

"You must have been good," someone said.

"Noel Coward was good," she returned quickly. "He wrote the play. Some day when I meet him I'm going to give him an orchid, because it was really he who earned it.

"I played the part in the broadcast of 'Romance' that Garbo played in the film, and I had an orchid for that.

"Recently Bing Crosby invited me to go on his hour, which, of course, was a great honor indeed for a beginner like me.

"The problem was, what were we to do? I can't sing or croon or anything like that, which would fit in with Bing's usual programme; so we finally decided to do the Mad Hatter's tea-party from 'Alice in Wonderland,' with Bing as the Dormouse, me as Alice, and Mischa Auer as the Mad Hatter."

Madeleine returned to Hollywood from a holiday in England and France last month.

The film she had completed before her trip was "Cafe Society," with Fred MacMurray opposite, and they are to be together again in another, "Are Husbands Necessary?"

Then will come "Knights of the Round Table," about which she is really excited. Doug. Fairbanks, jun., will play Sir Lancelot to her Guinevere, and the producer, Albert Lewin, is doing research in England and in Scandinavia to help him provide worthy backgrounds for a lovely lady.

Hollywood's Happy Marrieds

VIRGINIA BRUCE owes her new confidence with horses to the sympathetic thoughtfulness of her husband, J. Walter Ruben. She had been scared ever since being thrown as a child, but Ruben has several horses in the stables of their new house. He cunningly persuaded Virginia just to visit the stables daily with him until she gradually overcame her fear and dared to mount. Result — she rides in one scene in her new film, "Song of the West." Which just shows what true love can do for a girl.

THE BOB MONTGOMERY pair have a tricky way of keeping themselves from becoming too smug about their present comfortable position. Bob gives his wife a one shilling handkerchief on her birthday. That's all he could afford when they were engaged. Touching . . . ?

DOROTHY LAMOUR, whose marriage has been an odd long-distance affair, is highly excited because her husband, Herbie Kaye, will soon be starting a long engagement with his band in a San Francisco hotel. That's a mere four hundred miles from her, but he was in New York

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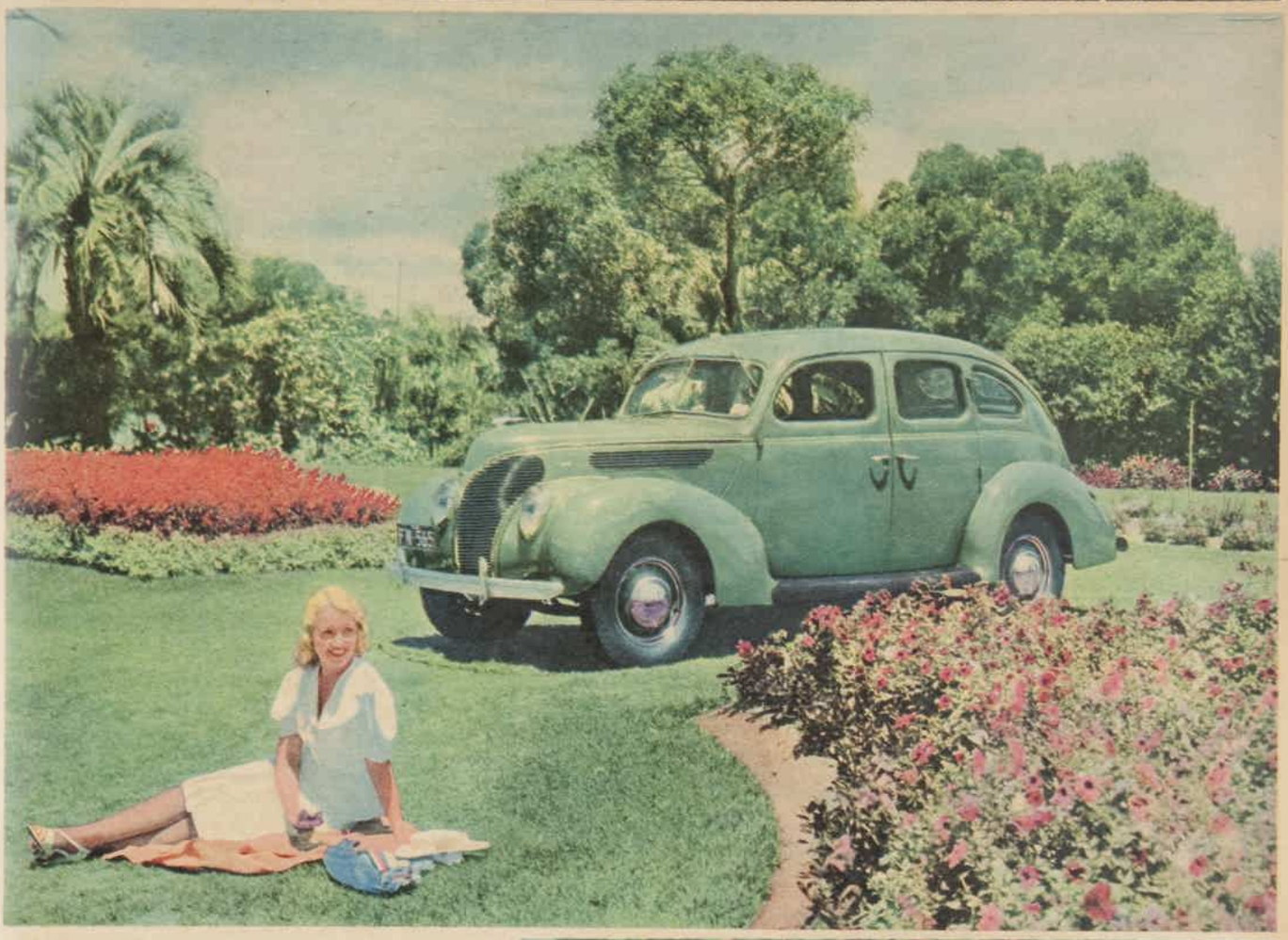

● GARDEN SETTING for Lois Green, the young actress from Melbourne, who is playing the feminine lead in Cinesound's new production, "Gone to the Dogs."

She is sorry for modern men

LOIS GREEN SAYS GRANDFATHER WAS LUCKIER IN LOVE

LEADING lady for Cinesound's new film, Lois Green, has a kind heart. She is genuinely sorry for young men in love to-day. Their fathers, she believes, had an easier time when they came wooing.

"You must admit," she argued between "takes" on the set, "that other generations of women were more eager for marriage. They were prettily and frankly grateful to the kind gentlemen willing to love and cherish them.

"But, nowadays, we look a young man firmly in the eye and ask him to prove he can make marriage worth our while.

"The poor darling may be positively dripping with love and chivalry, but from new and dizzy heights of independence we have learned to be insufferably patronising.

"Sometimes I wonder we are ever asked for our ungrateful hands."

Lois isn't that way herself. She is all for getting married and having a family. She already knows the meaning of success in her job.

Her career is a perfect answer to those snooty young Australian stage aspirants who bemoan the lack of opportunities here and so go abroad before they've learned not to fall into the footlights.

Lois hasn't thought so much about opportunities. She has just gone on amiably landing parts. She has made a good job of them all and developed a rich chuckle, a serene humor and a delectable page-boy bob as she went.

She has been kept awfully busy these last several years.

She hasn't an air about her, but she has plenty of graces.

She calls herself a "bitza" actress —"bit of dancing, bit of singing, plenty of comedy, and some straight stuff"—and she dislikes flattery.

"I do a job" is how she puts it.

This youngster of twenty-four, with quite an imposing record of success on J. C. Williamson stages, is now working in the leading feminine role of Cinesound's "Gone to the Dogs."

It is her first screen role because stage contracts have prevented her accepting earlier offers, and she has attacked it with the calm efficiency for which she is noted.

THE significant truth about Lois Green is that she has achieved stage success without ever being stage-crazy.

She has never thought of any other job but stage work; she loves every sniff of the grease-paint and a new role to work out is the most stimulating thing that can happen to her.

But her personal attitude is a down-to-earth sort of common sense that is unusual in the show business.

"I'm not really an ambitious person," she said. "But I'd like to go as far as I can while I'm in the game.

"Frankly, I think the great thing about the show business is to know when to get out of it. Old players with their wistful reminiscences are a byword for boredom, and I don't want that.

"I am willing to get out when I decide to marry, and nothing makes me madder than the silly women who say 'Surely you wouldn't give up all you have worked to get just for that.'

"Nonsense. What have I got? The public is fickle and has a right to be; it pays for entertainment and when you cease to provide just that you must be forgotten. Which leaves you with precisely nothing."

LOIS is planning to go abroad when her present film job is completed. She is still young and feels she should try for honors farther afield before she considers the trip to the altar that is the best ending she can think of for her career. ("Let's keep my private life out of this," is her answer to inquisitive queries about her particular matrimonial intentions, if any).

Abroad she hopes for a chance to specialise, and so consolidate her efficiency in some particular line.

● ANOTHER STUDY of Lois Green, who is now making her first film after a successful stage career.

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● Roland Young with Constance Bennett in a scene from his next film, "Topper Takes a Trip."

Roland Young earns Easy money

ENGLISH COMEDY ACTOR HAS NO WARDROBE OR MAKE-UP WORRIES

From Barbara Bourchier, in Hollywood

ROLAND YOUNG has played in more than forty pictures in the last ten years, and not once has he required the attentions of any member of the studio staff beyond the director, and, of course, the clerk in the front office who hands over his weekly cheque.

There's no other star in the industry—male or female—whose work before the cameras is as easy.

Roland's movie career isn't much bother to anyone else, either. When he reported for work at the Hal Roach Studios for "Topper Takes a Trip," the sequel to his earlier comedy success, "Topper," all the department heads made a point of seeking him out to say hello.

They're always delighted to see him; he never gives them any work.

He has always worn his own clothes on the screen, so the wardrobe department doesn't have to worry about costumes. At the same time, Roland avoids the tedious hours of measurements and fittings that are the lot of every other actor.

He never wears a vestige of make-up, so the powder-and-paint department rarely see him in the early hours of the morning when they are busily preparing the rest of the cast to withstand the camera's critical eye.

When Roland has a studio call for nine o'clock in the morning, he simply turns up at 8.59 ready for the day. And when the whistle blows at six in the evening he walks off the set and climbs into his car, homeward bound.

No Hair Aids

MOST actors with thinning hair require a "front piece" to hide their offending nakedness, and this often presents a painstaking problem for the hairdressing department.

But Roland never worries them. The picture-going public has long been accustomed to his sparsely-covered skull, and, besides, he likes it that way. No trouble at all to comb his few locks, and they're too scant and dispirited to get out of place during the day.

When he first started in the movies he would have indulged in the same tricks of make-up and hair-dresses if anyone had told him to. But the natural Roland Young seemed to be entirely satisfactory, and now he says that if anyone tried to change him he'd never survive the shock.

Penguins Please Him

HE declares that his favorite pastime is drawing penguins. As a matter of fact, penguins are his pet hobby—to the extent of having a complete collection of them in wood, jade, copper, brass, cement, and marble.

He is a clever caricaturist, and a recent book of his verses and illustrations, "Not For Children," enjoyed a great success.

He owns a house in Malibu, two rooms of which are still unfurnished. He explains: "I can't relax with furniture."

When he isn't drawing penguins and writing verse, Roland is usually riding a horse. He thinks more people should ride horses—he doesn't say why.

Five feet six inches tall, he weighs only ten stone, and has dark brown hair (what there is of it) and blue eyes.

Like so many faces of Englishmen—particularly the type of sahib who understands Hindustani and Malay—Roland's looks as if it's made of parchment and may crack if he grins.

This may be the reason why his grins always have that quaintly suppressed look. One feels that if he really let the mouth widen out into a full grin there would be a loud, tearing noise, followed by a dull explosion. The advantage of this is that it creates suspense, like the drum in "The Drum."

● Roland Young, chuckle-maker in the English manner.

JOAN McLEOD discusses . . .

☆ How long can screen fame last?

LEADERS of the screen industry are discussing a "star famine" at the moment.

The year 1938 was considered one in which the rise of really startling new talent was conspicuous only by its absence.

America's noted entertainment newspaper, "Variety," said in a recent issue: "As the star lists of the various studios stand now, with too many retained whom exhibitors feel have outlived their vogue, some of the major lots are being referred to as 'Homes for the Aged and Infirm.'"

Fighting words those.

They were discussing it the other day in the Paramount lunch room. Some thought 20 pictures covered the careers of most players. Others thought the figure too low, while yet another school of thought put it as too high.

"How many pictures did you make before 'Zaza'?" Claudete Colbert, the only major star present, was asked.

"I'm afraid you've got me," she confessed. "I really can't remember." Nor could anyone else.

It took the record book to show that since winning the Academy Award in 1934 for "It Happened One Night" she has been starred in 15 pictures. Prior to that she had been starred or featured in 16 others.

Investigation revealed the following figures:

Gary Cooper, 27.
Greta Garbo, 20.
Janet Gaynor, 26.
Eddie Cantor, 10.
Bing Crosby, 15.
Sylvia Sidney, 20.
Marlene Dietrich, 15.

The all-time champion, of course, is Mary Pickford. The records list 52 titles for her during her long reign and that omits a dozen or more of her early triumphs.

Among the moderns, Kay Francis leads. No fewer than 49 starring vehicles are chalked up against her name.

At the other extreme, Mae West's stock suffered a slump after only seven pictures.

SILVERGLO positively prevents rust and decay. It is washable and heat-proof—and its glowing silver finish withstands years of wear and use. *SILVERGLO*, for metal or wood, is sold by all good paint and hardware stores. *Made by*

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SCREEN ODDITIES ☆ By CHARLES BRUNO

News from studios

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood

HEDY LAMARR was married the other day at Mexicali, Mexico, to Gene Markey, associate producer for Twentieth Century-Fox. Markey is a former husband of Joan Bennett, who staggered Hollywood recently when she donned a black wig for her role in "Trade Winds," and looked so astonishingly like Hedy that close friends could not tell them apart. Hollywood thinks it a grand jest.

* * *

"HOUND of the Baskervilles" is still in production, but the results so far have been so promising that Fox is considering making a series of the Sherlock Holmes stories. The plan will probably go through if Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce agree to continue in the roles of Sherlock and Watson.

* * *

STUDIO RKO has purchased "The Flying Yorkshireman" as a starring vehicle for the ever-popular Eddie Cantor. The picture will not be a musical, and Cantor will be seen in a straight comedy role. The fantastic story concerns a man who learns to fly without the aid of any mechanical devices.

* * *

ONE of the most thrilling scenes in "Jesse James" shows Tyrone Power and Henry Fonda riding their horses off the edge of a cliff and crashing into a lake seventy feet below. The stunt man who did the jump was paid over three hundred pounds for it, and luckily emerged without a scratch.

SALLY EILERS' four-year-old son, familiarly known as "Poochie," has developed histrionic talents, and is making his screen debut in an important role in his mamma's current picture, "They Made Her a Spy." RKO is paying "Poochie" two guineas a day, but his parents are giving the money to their pet charity—a children's clinic.

* * *

CLARK GABLE is now free to marry Carole Lombard, for Mrs. Rhea Gable was granted her divorce at Nevada last week. Carole told interviewers that she and Clark are both busy at their studios, and will probably arrange the ceremony as soon as they are free.

* * *

NORMA SHEARER gets the cream of the crop when it comes to choice of plays. Following "Idiot's Delight" and "The Women," both sensational Broadway stage successes, Norma is now acquiring for her next starring vehicle, "Susan and God," which Gertrude Lawrence did so brilliantly on Broadway.

For the first time since her husband's death Norma is enjoying herself at parties and theatres. Her perfect, sculptured beauty is more dazzling than ever.

* * *

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW'S speech is so full of American slang that an Oxford graduate has been hired to whip his accent back to its original British.

Hedy Lamarr commits her lines to memory by listening to her dramatic coach read them to her.

Paul Muni is a talented violinist.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer.

★★ THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL

(Week's Best Release.)

John Garfield, "Dead End Kids," May Robson. (Warners.)

THERE can be quality in all things. John Garfield brings quality into the crime cycle in "They Made Me a Criminal." This young actor from the Broadway stage gives a superb performance as a champion boxer in flight from a murder charge.

His fear-ridden tramp across the American continent, his eternal vigilance against revealing himself by using the fighting stance he made famous, and his slow change from a hard citizen, double-dyed in tough cynicism, to a man of common feeling all become achingly real behind his fine dark eyes.

This is a film of violence, larded with only occasional spurts of humor as an outlet of tense feeling. The laughs are introduced by the "Dead End Kids" as a group of East Side youngsters being regenerated by a spell on the date farm kept by Mother Rafferty, played grandly by May Robson.

To this farm comes the fleeing boxer. The police believe him guilty and dead in a car smash.

One detective, derated because of one mistake that sent the wrong man to the electric chair, doubts the death of the boxer, and he alone menaces the fugitive's safety.

Nothing very new to all this, but it moves so swiftly and is directed with such crisp economy that it provides gripping entertainment of the toughly melodramatic kind, and it has the rare advantage in a crime film of being convincing.

Claude Rains takes a bow for his study of the embittered detective haunted by his one terrible mistake. His contribution to the end of the film is a little gem of characterisation.

Gloria Dickson is the unnecessary romantic interest.—Plaza; showing.

Shows Still Running

- ★★★ **Pygmalion.** Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller in brilliant G. B. Shaw comedy. Victory, 13th week.
- ★★ **The Great Waltz.** Musical biography. Liberty, 13th week.
- ★★ **Man's Castle.** Spencer Tracy, Loretta Young in idyll of unemployed camp. Embassy, 3rd week.
- ★★ **The Young in Heart.** Brilliant cast in witty and original comedy drama. Century, 5th week.
- ★★ **Suez.** Tyrone Power, Loretta Young, in unhistorical spectacle of the building of the Suez Canal. Regent, 2nd week.
- ★ **Ambush.** Gladys Swarthout, Lloyd Nolan in unusual crime melodrama. State, 2nd week.

★★ WINGS OF THE NAVY

John Payne, Olivia de Havilland. (Warner Bros.)

GOOD entertainment of the thrill type, "Wings of the Navy" gets right away from the service-films we have seen so often in the past.

To begin with, it takes the audience right through the spine-chilling business of learning to fly.

John Payne, comedian Frank McHugh and others become cadets in the U.S. Naval Aviation service. Their struggles and their crashes make eye-filling and amusing fare.

Then Payne is transferred to the "big boats," giant bombers termed by the old-timers "aerial trucks." Here, in what McHugh describes as "submarines with wings," they learn a different kind of manoeuvre altogether.

This angle of the film is, of course, the background for a dramatic triangle involving Payne, his elder brother George Brent, and his brother's fiancee, Olivia de Havilland. But the outcome to this romantic suspense is, for once, a surprise.

Highlight in the film's thrills comes when Payne does a power-dive in testing out a plane.

Photographically, "Wings of the Navy" gets a new, beautiful and precise slant upon planes in flight.

John Payne, listed by Warners as its new star hope, is a lanky, likeable lad, with a flashing smile.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.
★ One star—average entertainment
★★ Two stars—above average
★★★ Three stars—excellent

★ CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU

Sidney Toler. (Fox.)

SIDNEY TOLER'S initial effort to replace the late Warner Oland as Charlie Chan, the bland Chinese detective, is seen in "Charlie Chan in Honolulu."

It's a good impersonation—but it is still an impersonation. Toler doesn't achieve quite such an air of superlative cunning as did Oland, nor does his humility sit so naturally upon him. However, it must be admitted that Oland had been building up that character for years; Toler has every right to expect a little more time.

This time Charlie Chan is called on to solve a murder on a freighter just after he has left for the maternity hospital to welcome his first grandchild. Murder and maternity remain mixed throughout the thriller.

The freighter carries an entertaining cargo including a mad scientist who claims to be keeping a human brain alive in a weird contraption, an amiable pet lion and its bibulous keeper and two mysterious ladies, the nice one being Phyllis Brooks.

Charlie sheets home the murder with his implacable accuracy to the least obvious character.

Purely average murder entertainment.—Plaza; showing.

ON THE GREAT WHITE TRAIL

James Newill. (Atlas.)

THE Canadian Mounted Policeman gets his man after melodramatic tussles in canoes, sledges, cabins, and just plain snow.

Featuring James Newill, "On the Great White Trail" carries on the independent film series which featured a hero known as Renfrew of the Royal Mounted.

Poorly produced, and crammed with action to the beautiful disregard of continuity, the film gives Mr. Newill plenty of opportunities to lift a fine baritone voice, as well as pile all the villains in a heap.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

We dedicate this week's column of *M-G-M* news to one of the greatest and grandest actors the screen has ever known—*Spencer Tracy*.

* * *

The cables have brought us the news that *Spencer Tracy* has won the *1939 Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Award for "Best Actor"* as a result of his masterly portrayal of Father Flanagan in M-G-M's "Boys Town".

* * *

Spencer Tracy is the first man ever to have won this coveted *Academy Award* twice . . . and he achieved this distinction in consecutive years! (Last year he earned the *Academy's Award* for his part in *M-G-M's* "Captains Courageous.")

* * *

He is one of only two artists ever to have won the *Award* twice in consecutive years. Last year (when *Spencer Tracy* won his first award) Luise Rainer was voted "Best Actress" by the Academy for her work in M-G-M's "The Good Earth," and that was only twelve months after this same marvellous actress had won the Award for her part in "The Great Ziegfeld".

* * *

The fact that this unique distinction should fall upon two stars, both under contract to *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*, may or may not be co-incidence; but the fact certainly reflects praise upon the productions of the vast *M-G-M* Studios—the films which have given these fine artists the opportunities which they have grasped with such history-making ability.

* * *

We have reason, in congratulating *Spencer Tracy* for his superlative achievement, to feel a bit proud of *M-G-M*; for he is one of that large roster of excellent and popular stars who are known to the world through *M-G-M* pictures—*M-G-M Stars!*

* * *

Yours for the *Best* in Entertainment,

LEO of M-G-M.

THEATRE ROYAL
Nightly at 8. Matinees, Wed., Sat., at 2.
The Most Discussed Play of the Decade.
"THE WOMEN"
With New York's Distinguished Actress, Irene Purcell, and a cast of 40 women.

FRANK NEIL'S 1939 SURPRISE—12 WORLD FAMOUS HEADLINE ACTS
ADA BROWNE • RADCLIFFE/RODGERS • MEDLEY DUPREY & CO. • PINKEY LEE & CO. • TED CLAIRE • JIMMY HADREAS ••• FOX/EVANS • BORELLO/MIMI • MARG KELLY • LILY MOORE • 2 AUSTRALS • KEITH ROSENTHAL • TIVOLI FAMOUS BALLET
BIG FUN SHOW
60 STARS
TIVOLI
TWICE DAILY 2-30 & 8
PLANS—TIVOLI (M6839)
PROP.—GEORGE MARLOW LESSEES—TIVOLI THEATRES LTD.

LOSE UGLY FAT LIKE SHE DID

"I feel so pleased with YOUTH-O-FORM that I must write and thank you," says Miss D.E.C., in her letter. "My legs and bust were terribly fat and a bulge under my chin made my face look fat and ugly. I was envying the nice rounded figure of a friend of mine, and she laughed and told me how fat she used to be until she took YOUTH-O-FORM. She praised it so much that I determined to try it myself, and it is all she claimed for it—and lots more. The ugly fat has disappeared from my thighs and chest, and people are telling me how much better I look. I am delighted with the change YOUTH-O-FORM has made to me."
Don't suffer the discomfort of obesity. Reduce by this simple, pleasant, natural way. A capsule of famous YOUTH-O-FORM at bedtime banishes ugly fat. No nasty salts, no starvation diet.
DOCTORS AND ALL GOOD CHEMISTS RECOMMEND
Full 6 weeks' Treatment 20/-
16-day Carton 5/6
YOUTH-O-FORM

Strengthen Bladder

STOP Strain of "frequent-Night-rising"

Certain Relief in 24 hours.

Dr. Southworth declares that it is now not true that bladder weakness—frequent, burning spasms—headache—pains in back and legs, cannot be helped . . . and this world-famous specialist offers a simple home test to quickly prove it!
Its remarkable triple-action starts at once: One—to quickly stop "burning" of excessive acid. . . . Two—to flush kidneys of poisons, and thoroughly clean out the bladder . . . and Three—to soothe and heal urinary tract.

"This last 6 months, I could hardly bear the pain, I tried all sorts of medicine. After the second dose of Urodyne I began to get relief."
Mrs. E. Evans.

Urodyne must bring you great relief in 24 hours, and a definite improvement in 18 days—or its cost willingly refunded. Don't delay. Ask, today, for Urodyne tablets. They have brought new life, new youthfulness, and restful nights to thousands of men and women all over the world.

URODYNE

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Do You Know?

Sea waves spoil hair waves, but Dampette puts them back in 2 minutes.

It's out of fashion to say "O yes"— and "Too right" — Smart girls say "I use Dampette."

A perm grows out quickly. Dampette makes your perm more permanent.

Add C to surf and you get scurf. Dampette prevents dandruff.

Dampette makes the dullest hair gloss.

There's 3 months of natural waves in every 2/- bottle of Dampette.

You can get DAMPETTE at all Chemists and Stores, price 2/-. Contains Vitamin P.***

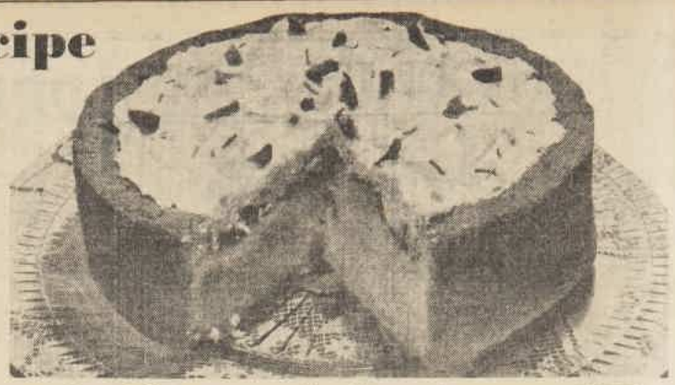
MAKE BABY'S HAIR CURLY

Mrs. Roach, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet. She says:—"Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. She now has strong, soft curls in place of the lank, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Roach."

Brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy curls. Get a 3/6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today. Be sure to get GENUINE CURLYPET

Is your best recipe worth £500?

A moment's task may win you enough cash to make your dreams come true!



Your favorite cake recipe—the one that makes baking day a red-letter day for the family—may be worth £500.

Have you sent it in yet for The Australian Women's Weekly £1000 best recipe competition?

RECIPES for desserts, puddings, sweets dishes, jams, jellies, and preserves have an equal chance of winning the grand first prize of £500.

Two prizes of £100 each, one of £50, and 250 consolation prizes of £1 make up the balance of the prize list.

Perhaps your special recipe for jam in those neatly-labelled jars on your pantry shelf may win the grand champion prize, or the recipe for that magnificent pie "like mother used to make" may carry off a big prize.

The only work involved takes no more than a few minutes. All you have to do is write out the recipe, adding your name and address, attach a coupon for the right section and fulfil the simple conditions.

Remember that it must be the right coupon, and that a coupon must be attached to every recipe you send in.

You must use these Coupons—attach one to every entry!

1. BEST CAKE RECIPE
Is this your own recipe?..... State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
18/3/'39.

2. DESSERTS, PUDDINGS, SWEETS, PASTRIES
Is this your own recipe?..... State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
18/3/'39.

3. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVED FRUITS
Is this your own recipe?..... State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
18/3/'39.

PRIZE LIST

GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE, £500

This prize will be awarded to the best recipe submitted in any of the three sections of the competition.

It can be a recipe for a cake, pudding, or sweets dish, or for jam, jelly or preserves. The recipe which wins this prize is not eligible for any of the other prizes listed below.

1. BEST CAKE RECIPE
First Prize £100

100 Consolation Prizes of £1 Each.
Recipes may be submitted for any type of cake—plain or fancy. Cost of ingredients should not exceed 5/- for a 2lb cake.

2. DESSERTS — PUDDING, SWEETS DISH or PASTRIES
First Prize £100

100 Consolation Prizes of £1 Each.
The recipe for this dish should be sufficient for a family of four. Any type of pudding, sweets dish or pastry is eligible.

3. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVES
First Prize £50

50 Consolation Prizes of £1 Each.
Recipes may be submitted for any type of jam or jelly or preserved fruits.

Kitchenware, Too

In addition, the prize list has been augmented by goods, donated by the Strongite Aluminium Co. Ltd., as follows:—

Kitchen Set of 21 pieces, value £10/-/- to main prize-winner.

Kitchen Set of 17 pieces, value £7/10/-, to winner of Cake Section.

Kitchen Set of 17 pieces, value £7/10/-, to winner Dessert Section.

Kitchen Set of 8 pieces, value £5/-/-, to winner of Jams Section.

The Conditions

ONLY those entries which are submitted according to the rules are eligible.

All who enter must be regular readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Recipes entered in any other current cooking competition will not be eligible for this competition.

Readers may send in as many recipes as they like, but each must be accompanied by one of the coupons printed on this page. Three coupons will be printed each week until the competition closes at Easter.

There is no objection to readers submitting, for example, two or more cake recipes, but a No. 1 coupon must be attached to each extra entry. The same procedure applies to extra entries in other sections.

Readers may save their coupons and submit all their entries at a later stage in the competition.

Entries submitted now, however, are eligible for consideration in the weekly prize awards.

Write your recipe clearly on one side of paper only—in ink or typed, not in pencil.

Sign name and address CLEARLY on each recipe.

List ingredients accurately in the order in which they are used. State whether measurements are level or heaped spoonfuls, etc. Give weights exactly.

If recipes are taken from books or current magazines and newspapers please make this clear, giving name of publication.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical, and economical.

Entries are sent at readers' own risk and The Australian Women's Weekly cannot accept responsibility in the event of loss.

The decision of the Editor will be final. No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes.

All recipes submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to print or publish any of them on payment of 2/6 per recipe.

Remember.—Your full name and address must be written on each recipe. A coupon must be attached to each entry. Address entries: £1000 Recipe Competition, The Australian Women's Weekly. See full address at top of Page 3.

You'll wonder why you were satisfied with anything else when you see PERSIL whiteness, for you only realise the true standard of whiteness in washing when you've used Persil. Persil is quite different from anything you've tried before. Its oxygen-charged suds thoroughly cleanse the closest weave and get rid of grime and stains completely. You see, Persil's *bound* to make things so much whiter because it gets them so much cleaner. If *you* want the best results with all your washing, use Persil.

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Lady Gifford is number 15,134!

Joins well-known Australians listed in English aristocracy

Lady Gifford, whose romantic marriage to Baron Gifford, former A.D.C. to Sir Philip Game, stirred Sydney social circles last week, is the latest Australian to acquire a number in English aristocracy.

She ranks Number 15,134 in the order of precedence among English peeresses.

THE story of Lady Gifford's marriage is one of the most romantic among the many love stories of titled Englishmen and Australian brides.

Lady Mandeville, formerly Nell Stead, of Melbourne, who ranks highest (4,019) among the twenty-odd Australians married to peers and baronets, met her husband in a swimming pool in Colombo, when they collided under the water while diving.

The 20-year-old Lady St. Davids, Doreen Jowett, of Melbourne, whose rank number is 11,099, met her husband in the hunting field.

Lady Gifford's love story has been conducted by long distance telephone between London and Sydney.

Her bridegroom arrived by plane from England for their wedding in Brisbane.

The Baron and Baroness are spending part of their honeymoon in a house of romantic associations. They will stay at Moonbarra, Port Hacking, the seaside home owned by the bride's father, Mr. Arthur Allen, a wealthy legal man.

Moonbarra is a beautiful home, built facing the sea, and its grounds run down to the water's edge. Mr. Allen and his daughter have entertained hundreds of celebrities there, including the Duke of Windsor when he visited Australia as the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Allen has collected hundreds of photographs as a record of these visits.

The house has been loaned to twenty honeymoon couples, including Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard.

LADY GIFFORD will be able to continue her hobbies in England. A polo enthusiast, she will be able to attend matches at Ranelagh and Hurlingham, both within easy distance of Dolphin Square, the huge block of flats on the Thames Embankment, where her husband's flat is.

Her husband's barony is in Devon, where no doubt she will be able to hunt. Lady Gifford is also a well-known dog-breeder. Dalmatians being her favorites, and is a modeller and sculptor of animal figures.

In London society she will probably meet many Australians married to or sisters of members of the peerage and baronetage. Their rank numbers vary according to whether they are countesses, baronesses, or wives of baronets, and according to the antiquity of their husbands' titles.

Following are the Australians who have married titled Englishmen with the numbers denoting their ranking:

Lady Mandeville (formerly Nell Stead, of Melbourne), whose husband is the eldest son of the Duke of Manchester, 4019.

Lady Florence Darnley, D.B.E., Florence Morphy, of Beechworth, Victoria, widow of the cricketer who took the first "Ashes" to England, after she had presented the burnt stumps to him as a joke, 6099.

Lady Ducie, formerly Marie Bryant, of Maryborough, Queensland, whose husband was born in Australia, his father, the late Earl Ducie, having also married a Queensland girl, 6180.

Lady Portarlington, the former Winifred Yulle, of Melbourne, 6119.

Lady Bective, Sir Rupert Clarke's widow, who was Elsie Tucker, of Melbourne, before her marriage to Sir Rupert, 8015.

Lady Furness, formerly Eleanor Forster, of Mount Brown, Adelaide, 11,097.

Lady St. Davids, formerly Doreen Jowett, of Melbourne, whose husband's family is of great antiquity in Wales, 11,099.

Lady Doverdale, who was Audrey Pointing, of Sydney, 15,446.

Lady Palk Carew, Phyllis Mayman, of Sydney, before her marriage, 22,129.

Lady Pyers Mostyn, another Sydney girl, Margery Marks, 22,159.

Lady Grey Egerton, Melbourne's famous beauty, Aimee Cumming, whose first husband was Sir Rupert Clarke, 27,010.

Lady Milbanke, formerly Sheila Chisholm, of Sydney, 27,130.

Lady Horlick, who was Betty Stuart Murray, of Sydney, 28,212.

CHILDREN of these Australian-British marriages have brought new personalities to the British peerage.

Among them are:

The Earl of Lincoln, whose mother, the wife of the 8th Earl, was the late Olive Thompson, of Melbourne; his rank numbers 4020.

The Earl of Darnley, 5099.

Viscount Carlow, son of Lady Portarlington, 10,119.

Lady Caroline Child Villiers, the little daughter of the former Countess of Jersey, Patricia Richards, now Mrs. Robin Filmer Wilson, 13,022.

The Hon. Jestyn Phillips, infant son of Lady St. Davids, 15,099.

Sir Christoper Furness, Lady Furness' son, 23,197.

Richard Barnewall, a 14-year-old schoolboy who lives in Victoria with his father, Sir Reginald Barnewall, ranks 94,027.

LADY GIFFORD, formerly Margaret Allen, of Sydney, with one of the Dalmatians she has bred at her kennels. Inset, Baron Gifford, who flew to Australia for his marriage in Brisbane.

Tested and proved

Fleasoap is the outcome of years of research. For destroying fleas and lice, and as a healer of skin disease, it stands as the best dog soap obtainable anywhere.
At all chemists.

Prepared by John Stewart & Son for
THE BIOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AUSTRALASIA LIMITED,
Rushcutter's Bay and Randwick, Sydney.

How to Prevent Hair Falling and Cleanse Dandruff

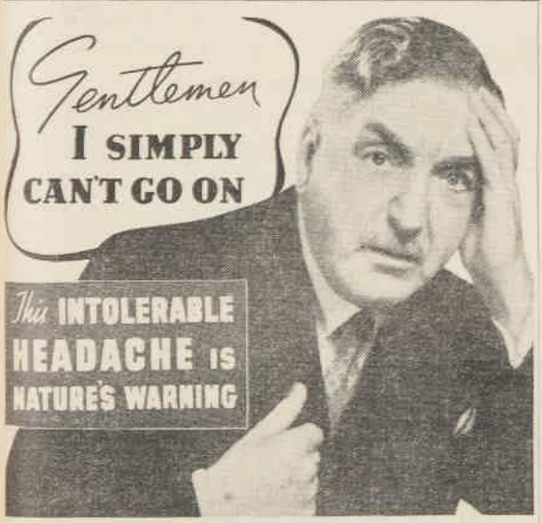
At this season of the year the hair needs special attention and nourishment.

The most effective method of achieving this is by using Egonia.

This wonderful hair wash, containing egg yolk and pure olive oil, will definitely prevent the hair falling and cleanse every scrap of dandruff from the head. Egonia makes a rich lather, lasts a considerable time, and costs only 1/6.

Obtainable from all chemists throughout N.S.W.

ELLIOTT'S & AUS. DRUG PTY., LTD., DIST.



STOP PAIN with BAYER'S ASPIRIN

Don't gamble with your health! Realise that a nagging head, a wracking pain, simple enough though it may seem, may lead to serious ill-health unless it is checked. Pain is nature's warning of serious ill-health to come.

BAYER'S ASPIRIN GIVES SAFE, QUICK RELIEF

Bayer originated Aspirin, for the relief of pain. Doctors and nurses throughout the world recognise Bayer's Aspirin as a safe and rapid relief.

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Is SWING really music *or just a painful noise?*

"Tin-Ears" and "Jitterbugs" battle over wild bars and scales

Swingites and anti-swingites have swung into a wordy battle about the musical qualifications of swing.

It's an all-in battle of bars and scales, crotchets and quavers, saxophones and violins, jitterbugs, alligators and tin-ears.

"SWING ADDICT"—who is a real "jitterbug" or swing fan—started it in The Australian Women's Weekly on March 4, with her raptures about swing.

Now all the people who don't like swing—"the tin-ears"—are writing to tell us about it.

"Even musicians of the most highbrow type agree that swing is music," wrote "Swing Addict" originally. "It has a rhythm that compares favorably with Chopin's waltzes . . ."

Well, here's what anti-swing people say.

Mr. E. Maxwell Smith, of Kirribilli Ave., Kirribilli, is the first. He writes:

"Having read with interest an article entitled, 'Why I Like Swing,' I feel it my duty to take up the cudgels on behalf of all lovers of good music in Australia.

"Your correspondent is incorrect in her various assertions that swing (otherwise glorified jazz) has an emotional message comparative with a sonata or symphony.

"Your correspondent begins her real argument by saying, 'Swing has a rhythm that compares favorably with Chopin's waltzes, Dvorak's "New World Symphony," Ravel's "Bolero," and Sibelius' "Finlandia."'

"Surprising as it may seem to many music-lovers, this statement is perfectly correct—technically.

"To anyone possessing an elementary knowledge of musical theory, it is well known that it is impossible to sing (or play) a melodic sequence without the use of cadences at certain points, and a perfect cadence at the end.

"It is the 'spacing' of these cadences that determines the rhythm. Because of this, one will readily see that 'swing' possesses rhythm to the same degree as composition of a higher order.

"As to the quality of the 'swing rhythm,' I think the less said the better.

"The next point dealt with by 'Swing Addict' is the emotional content of swing compared with classical forms of music, and it is mainly in opposition to this that I wish to comment.

"WHAT Emotions?"

"TO begin with, may I ask exactly WHAT emotions are aroused by listening to swing?

"Having heard an average of half a dozen 'modern numbers' every day for the past six years or so, I find my only mental reactions to be:

"(1) Extreme boredom.

"(2) Irritation, both mental and physical, owing to the blatant and discordant sounds being produced from mongrel instruments unscientifically combined, and played by half-crazed, and, seemingly, mentally-deficient individuals.

"(3) Pity for those who cannot elevate themselves to the appreciation of something higher.

"In stating my reactions I feel sure I am expressing the view of 95 per cent. of music-lovers.

"On the other hand, a Beethoven symphony or sonata, if listened to intelligently, is capable at times of producing in the mind of the listener a state of ecstasy, impossible to describe.

"Wars, business worries, domestic problems are cast into oblivion. For an all too brief period, a glimpse of a heavenly order, Utopian in its conception and almost painful in the unreality of its joyfulness, is created.

"At other times, the same composition may give rise to a series of moods, ranging between exquisite happiness and almost unbearable sorrow. It depends upon the state of mind of the individual at the time, but they are always there in some form or other."

A reader from Yenda writes:

"I am glad I am 'not a swing addict,' if the sketch along with the article by 'Swing Addict' is anything like I would appear if I went on the modern ballroom floor and did 'swing.'

"I haven't been to dances these last two years at least, so no doubt would be considered 'creaky' and 'short-winded,' and while 'swing' is in the air' I hope to remain so.

"Let 'swing addicts' take their swing music and tie it up with nice blue ribbon and put it somewhere where it won't be found for a thousand years."

THE HOT rhythm of swing—

—AND THE rhythm of the classics, as portrayed by Dr. Malcolm Sargent.

And "Anti-Swing," a young man of 19, writes this from Canley Vale:

"I cannot see how anyone can use the expression, 'lovely notes,' in reference to any part of swing music. The piercing crescendo of lovely notes, as mentioned, to me is just a piercing, screeching, nerve-racking row.

"What persons of any intelligence at all want the speed, worry and toil of the day thumped, hammered and screeched into their ears during their hours of relaxation. I cannot see how swing music beautifies anything.

"What rhythm is greater than the quiet restful beat of a waltz? One who can waltz always desires to do so when a good waltz is played. Then there is the rich, full theme of a symphony, which can lift one's heart joyously to the heavens, giving that glorious feeling that there is something far more marvellous than just living. Nothing is more beautiful when tired and depressed than to hear such music."

So, choose for yourself—swing or symphony?

Nonsense! her figure is lovely-but

she can't have "line" till she wears Kestos

If intuition doesn't tell you to wear Kestos, then say good-bye to intuition.

Look at the *reason* for Kestos. Its unique cut gives uplift . . . control. Alone among brassieres it ensures the high breastline that fashion demands . . . and guards against physical and mental strain.

It is designed for day or evening wear. Above all — it flatters. Flatters you — flatters your clothes. Gives you the delightful knowledge that you have "line."

For everyday wear, most women choose standard dual-purpose Kestos, priced at 3/11.

For evening wear, just adjust the straps. Or choose, perhaps, a Kestos Decollete Brassiere at 4/11.

The gift of some new flimsies often calls for a special Kestos to match—in crepe de chine or satin at 9/11.

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YOUR INDIGESTION

IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD

This seems an amazing statement to make. But you who suffer the pangs and nagging torture of gastritis and dyspepsia know that nothing that happens in the world is so important to you as to get relief from that dreadful pain.

When your food is not properly digested and assimilated, all sorts of complications arise. First of all, you have flatulence, heartburn and acidity—those symptoms you call "slight indigestion." Later you begin to hate your meal times, because you know that immediately afterwards you will have distressing pain. Continued neglect often leads to chronic agony and the danger of gastritis and even more serious trouble.

The quickest, surest way of ending the danger of indigestion is to start taking De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day, the remedy that gives relief from the very first dose.

This Remedy Gives Instant Relief

Mr. S. Vickers, of 55 Lennox Street, Richmond, Victoria, says :—"I felt I must let you know what De Witt's Antacid Powder has done for me. I have suffered terribly for the last twelve years and even though I tried all kinds of treatment, got no relief. I could only do light work. I was at Foster, and read in 'The Truth' of your Antacid Powder, and sent home for a tin. I was a changed man after taking two or three teaspoons of the Powder. Now I can eat anything and am putting on weight."

EAT AND ENJOY ALL YOUR FOOD

There is a five-fold reason why De Witt's Antacid Powder conquers digestive trouble quickly and permanently. This unique product at once neutralises the sour, acid condition of your stomach. Its colloidal kaolin content soothes and protects the stomach lining. Then this fine remedy stimulates and strengthens the stomach itself. It also actually digests a portion of your food, and then it cleanses the system of harmful germ-laden fermenting matter which, entering the blood stream, often cause spots, pimples, blotches, and frequently, painful boils.

Start with De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day. Eat what you like, enjoy it and know that your food is doing you good and keeping you fit and healthy. No matter how long you have suffered or how serious your digestive disorder, De Witt's Antacid Powder will give you quick and permanent relief. It is the quickest acting and most economical remedy you can have. Ask for and see that you get—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Palpitation and Gastritis.

Of all chemists, in the famous sky-blue canisters, price 2/6

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Condemns "bedside manner" of doctors

Out-of-date methods, wrong drugs—and guesswork!

By Air Mail from Our London Office

The doctor who develops "a bedside manner" at the expense of his patients is sweepingly condemned by a new critic of the medical profession—himself a doctor.

Known as "Dr. Futuer" because medical etiquette governs disclosure of his real name, this critic argues that there exist methods and apparatus for diagnosing and curing every disease—but the public do not get the benefit of them.

THE ordinary doctor finds such apparatus too expensive, he is too harried to specialise—and he goes on, says Dr. Futuer, killing or curing his patients by out-of-date methods, ineffective and wrongly prescribed drugs—and guesswork.

His criticisms have caused as great a stir in England as did Dr. Cronin in "The Citadel."

Here are some of his striking statements. While they refer to English conditions, they deal with aspects of medicine in which everyone is interested:

"I assert, with one qualification, that, given the proper equipment, there is no disease, if we except senility, that cannot be prevented or cured to-day.

"But this equipment is not in use.

"What would an observer see if he went to a surgery in a working-class district?

"Crowds of unfortunate beings waiting for their bottles of medicine and certificates. These they would get, but how many would be requiring the scientific investigation that only mechanical equipment can give?"

Dr. Futuer explains how terrible is the harm wrought by the lack of well-qualified practitioners:

"I had seen for myself those scourges of mankind, tuberculosis and cancer, eating away the very vitals of my countrymen until in desperation I wrote this book.

Treating Cancer

"CANCER is mankind's greatest enemy, and since I have seen so many human beings pass away in a lingering and dreadful death, I am first going to give a few details of the only way to tackle this problem until its cause is found.

"Cancer of the stomach can be cured if the doctor's eyes can see it before the disease has progressed beyond treatment.

"In X-rays the doctor is provided mechanically with eyes for the diagnosis of internal cancer. Hence the essential and important superiority of mechanical over clinical medicine.

"In its early stages the only discomfort suffered is akin to the symptoms of ordinary indigestion and, alas, it is every day being treated with olive oil and alkaline powders.

"Without X-rays the patient will continue to be so treated for indigestion until clinical medicine shows that something further is wrong.

"General practitioners who have the advantage of X-rays must learn the technique of these appliances of their own accord, for, tragic to say, they have not been taught radiology in hospital, and, on leaving, their practical knowledge of this subject is comparatively nil.

"It seems a sad misuse of a scientific blessing that deep X-ray therapy should be confined to the medical hierarchy of a few specialists.

"What a boon it would be for the cancer patient if readily accessible centres were available for that treatment, to obviate his having to travel many miles to procure it.

"Again, how crudely is oxygen therapy—of most vital importance in the treatment of heart and lung—employed in general practice. The old funnel is still operated and catheter poked up the nose, without any possibility whatever of ensuring that the correct percentage of oxygen reaches the lungs.

"Now in hospitals and among the very wealthy the only scientific method, the oxygen tent, is used.

"A system of clinical medicine which tolerates such unreliable methods must be accused of criminal negligence when there are available the instruments for telling with exactitude the kind and amount of anaemia, and X-rays to show the size and condition of the heart, and electro-cardiographs to give a precise record of its working.

"It is time that the poor and middle-class man should be able to obtain what the wealthy and great already receive at the hands of eminent doctors, and the pauper gets if he stays in hospital."

In great part he blames the National Health system.

"It sounds incredible, but it is the sad and sober truth that in the present day no modern facilities for diagnosis are provided by the National Health Insurance, not even an X-ray film, not even a blood examination."

His observations are of special interest in view of the possible fate of National Insurance in Australia.

"I do not hesitate to say," says Dr. Futuer, "that if the practitioners of this country were able to employ the appliances which are worked by nurses and technicians in the large hospitals the number of drug addicts and patients in asylums would very soon show a marked decrease."

This Man Says:—

"IT is time the poor and middle classes should be able to obtain what the wealthy and great already receive at the hands of eminent doctors . . . and the pauper gets if he stays in hospital."

* * *

"All is not well with the general practitioner. The mere holding of pulses and tapping of chests, the speaking of kind words, and agreeing with the ups and downs of unbalanced minds will get him nowhere."

"DR. FUTUER" says patients are at mercy of "guesswork methods."
—Paramount-British Sound News Picture.

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MALVERN STAR BICYCLE WORTH £7 : 19 : 6

HUBERT OPPERMAN, the record breaking, world famed, cycling ace writes:—

"Give me Breakfast D-Light every time. Ever since I first tasted it, long before I ever rode a bicycle, I have reckoned it to be the best breakfast food.

In Autumn and Winter this hot cereal breakfast provides a grand start for the day, and every boy and girl who wants a wholesome nourishing food for health and stamina could not do better than select Breakfast D-Light."

SEND THIS CUT-OUT SEE CONDITION 2

45 BOYS' AND GIRLS' MALVERN STAR BICYCLES

To be given away free!

To Winners of the BREAKFAST D-LIGHT 25 Word COMPETITION

EASY TO ENTER . . . THIS IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO.

Write to us and explain in not more than 25 words, why you like BREAKFAST D-LIGHT. The judges will choose explanations which are, in their opinion, the best, and award to the successful competitors 45 "Malvern Star" boys and girls' bicycles during the term of the Competition—(i.e., 12th March to 31st August, 1939). Winners' names will be published in the "Women's Weekly" on the following dates—April 29, May 27, June 24, July 29, August 26, September 2.

Read these facts about Breakfast D-Light, which will assist you: Breakfast D-Light is delicious in flavour, easily digested, non-heating and is the ideal "all year round breakfast." Breakfast D-Light builds bone and muscle yet it is served to babies and invalids in all leading hospitals.

Breakfast D-Light can be quickly prepared for breakfast in **five minutes**. It also makes lovely scones and can be used in many delightful ways other than as a breakfast cereal (see recipes on packet).

Typical Competitor's Entry (Not to be used in Competition).

"Breakfast D-Light is our favourite breakfast. Baby enjoys it as well as Grandpa. Mother uses it to make delicious Scones and Custards."

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS.

1. Write your 25 words clearly on a sheet of paper, giving your full name and address. Pin it to a cut-out from the side of a packet (see condition No. 2).
2. Cut from the side panel of a packet of Breakfast D-Light the printed words "How to Prepare," and attach to each entry. You may make as many attempts as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by a cut-out from the packet as mentioned above.
3. This competition will close on the 31st August, 1939, and the prizes will be awarded by the judges at various periods during the term of the competition.
   The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into regarding the competition.
4. Employees of Messrs. W. C. Douglass Pty. Limited, Manufacturers of Breakfast D-Light, and J. B. Percival Pty. Limited, advertising agency, are not permitted to enter the competition.
5. The envelope containing each entry must be marked "COMPETITION" and addressed to—

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Box 12, Haymarket P.O.
SYDNEY.

Breakfast D-Light

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BEAUTY—and HITLER!

HITLER'S interest in stage and screen beauties in Germany has again set tongues wagging. If he is seeking a Frau Hitler will she be chosen from one of these lovely girls? See story on Page 4.

KRISTINA SODERBAUM, whose Swedish charm on the screen has won Germany's heart. She is one of many imported beauties.

PAULA WESSELEY, only German among six leading stars in the country.

ZARAH LEANDER, hailed as Germany's Garbo was also brought from Sweden.

OLGA TSCHECHOVA, most popular of all screen stars in Germany. She is a Russian—and a romantic link between dictator countries.

LA JANA, German dancer, who brings an exotic touch to the stage. Marion Daniels, shown on page 4, is the latest dancer to win Hitler's interest.

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—Norman Parkinson photo.

Lovely Margaret Vyner

HAPPY new study of Australia's Margaret Vyner, recently described in London as the "loveliest mannequin in the world." Margaret Vyner, who will be in charge of the Queen's Canadian trousseau, chose this lovely Matita new diamond-weave topcoat and under it dark grey jersey suit with matching tipped tie fastenings as ideal for out-door wear on sports occasions.

Here she is exercising four greyhounds in Richmond Park. Miss Vyner's ensemble, the sleek coats of the dogs and the misty spring morning all tone into a symphony in black and grey.

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Weak, Sad, Nervy Woman

Thousands of weak, discouraged women suffer from starved nerve force, and fail to realise it. They sleep poorly; are tortured with throbbing headaches. The least thing tires them out. They are constantly filled with vague fears and anxieties, and are always half-sick with "nervous stomach."

But what a change takes place once they start building new nerve-force with Phosphorated Iron! This wonderful combination seems to act directly on the nerve cells, bringing new strength. Sleep becomes sound and refreshing; that "old" look seems to disappear.

The whole goodness of Phosphorated Iron is concentrated in easy-to-take tablets. Get yourself some Phosphorated Iron at your chemists and take two with each meal for a couple of weeks. It has restored nerve-force, mental vigour and physical energy to thousands of men and women.***

Good Old Julia

Continued from Page 12

WHAT he saw there was convincing. No woman had ever looked less afraid.

Withers sat down again—this time not insolently, not confidently, but rather as though his legs had suddenly given way. Julia took one look at him, then seized his head and thrust it down between his knees.

"Here, don't you faint in my drawing-room!" she cried urgently. "You've been enough nuisance already!"

Mr. Withers raised his head. All the fight, all the life almost, had gone out of him.

"I'm ill," he stated.

Julia tried to tell herself that he was shamming, but no one could have faked that ghastly pallor.

"I'm ill," repeated Mr. Withers, with something like dignity. "That's why I did it. I've got to live. And my wife's ill, too."

He got painfully to his feet and waited; it was as though he lacked the initiative to get himself out of the room without being dismissed. But Julia, for the moment, was not thinking of him. She was remembering his wife — Belle Sanderson, who for a short while was in the Playbox chorus—a pretty, dark little thing with a soft heart, and a soft head, too, or she would never have married Withers. Julia had been out of touch with her when it happened, and only heard of the wedding afterwards, when both she and Louise had agreed that no good could come of it.

She looked round her beautiful room, and thought of Sir William and of all the loving security with which her own life was filled. Her bag was in her hand. Quickly, impulsively, Julia pushed back the clasp and took out a five-pound note.

"Here," she said, "I don't want to be hard-hearted. I've had luck, and you haven't. But next time you go blackmailing, you'd better get your facts right first."

It seemed to her a very proper, dignified speech, and Mr. Withers had no objection to it. He took the money and went.

For the rest of the morning Julia was rather pensive; the plight of Belle Sanderson worried her, and she wished she had asked for Withers' address. Then she thought of Louise—of Louise who kept in touch with everyone she had ever known—and cheered up again, so that by the time Sir William returned for lunch, her spirits were once more at their normal pitch. Indeed, since he seemed rather put out over Germany, Julia was quite pleased to have such an interesting piece of news ready for his distraction.

"Who do you think I had here this morning, William?" she asked, as they sat down.

"Two snake charmers and a mayor," replied her husband promptly.

"No, seriously!"

"I am serious," affirmed Sir William. "I shouldn't be surprised if you'd had three snake charmers and two mayors. Who was it?"

"A blackmailer!" said Julia proudly.

The effect was not quite such as she had hoped to produce. Sir William's brow at once darkened; and though in a way Julia enjoyed seeing him like that—so stern and protective!—she also loved him too well to prolong his uneasiness.

"But you needn't worry, darling," she continued hastily, "because I turned him out in two shakes. Let's have another piece of melon."

IT was of no use. Her husband's attention, only too successfully diverted from foreign affairs, was not now to be rediverted by a cantaloupe.

"Who was he, and what did he threaten you with?" demanded Sir William categorically.

"A man called Withers—an awful little rat who used to hang about the old Playbox when I was there with Louise. And he threatened me with my past, of course. That's why he was such a flop. He thought I wouldn't want you to know about it, so when I said you did know already, the poor thing hadn't a leg to stand on."

Then Sir William put down his fork and gave his wife a lecture. Blackmailers, he explained, were never poor things—at least not in Julia's sense; from a legal, social and moral point of view they were poor things indeed. They were the lowest of criminals, because the most cowardly.

Julia listened attentively. Sir William spoke so well that it was a pleasure to listen to him, and she never admired him so much as when he was laying down the law. He made her feel quite awed and solemn, as though she were in a really high church.

"Go on, darling!" she urged, as he showed signs of coming to an end.

"I've done," said Sir William, taking up his fork again. "I'm sorry to lecture you, my dear."

"I don't mind," Julia assured him sincerely. "I know I need it, and you do say it all so beautifully. And you're right about Withers; he's the most awful little skunk that ever crawled. I told him so. I told him some of the things Louise used to say about him. She said——"

"I hope," interposed Sir William, frowning, "that you didn't have a conversation with the fellow."

"Of course not, dear. He just told me a bit about himself, and then I gave him a fiver."

The cutlery rattled as Sir William slammed down his glass. "You what?"

"Gave him a fiver," repeated Julia, on a slightly less confident note. "He looked so dreadfully ill, and both his boots were cracked, but I thought that was enough."

"Enough!" roared Sir William. "Enough! Don't you realise what you've done?"

For the first time, dimly, Julia did. She saw that she might have laid herself open to misconstruction.

"You mean he'll think I'm really afraid of him?"

"Of course he will. It's obvious! He comes here, threatens you, and you give him money to go away!"

"BUT I didn't! He was going anyway!"

"How do you know?" inquired Sir William pertinently. "However, that's beside the point. We shall have to prosecute. When he comes again——"

"But he won't! Why should he?"

"To get another fiver, of course. You don't suppose he'll be content with one? He'll probably ask for a hundred next time. And as we don't know when that will be, I suppose we'd better have the police permanently on the premises. They'll be a great nuisance, but there it is."

Julia looked at her husband with dismay. A lifelong habit of self-control kept Sir William in his seat, but she knew that in spirit he was striding up and down the room. With a great effort—the effort of a perfect lady—Julia embarked on a description of a new hat. But her heart was not in it, and as soon as the waiter had gone she stopped in the middle.

"William!"

"Well?"

"I don't want Withers to be prosecuted."

Sir William appeared to be struck by a new thought. It necessitated a question—and a question which, he could not but feel, should never have had to be put to a Lady Warring. He had to ask, in fact, whether his wife were by any chance what is technically known as "wanted." "There's nothing else, is there? Nothing in that past of yours he could go to the police about?"

"Only gas meters," said Lady Warring miserably. "You know, dear; putting in dud shillings and then clearing out before the man comes round. Anyway, I don't suppose he'd know about it."

Sir William looked relieved. "No one would bother with that now. If necessary, we can go straight ahead. He'll get hard labor."

"But I don't want him to get hard labor!" protested Julia. "It would kill him! And besides, William, though blackmail's everything you say, and I agree with every word, we don't know how he's been driven to it. I mean, there may be some excuse."

"Not for blackmail. You've got altogether too soft a heart."

"It's not that," said Julia seriously. "It's just that I know about some things that you don't. You've never been hungry."

"If I were starving," retorted her husband, with vehemence, "I wouldn't get my bread by blackmail."

JULIA had no reply. For it was perfectly true. Sir William would starve to death rather than deviate by a hair's breadth from his honorable code.

"I'm sorry," she said inadequately.

"So am I," retorted Sir William.

Completely crushed, Julia finished her lunch in silence. The food nearly choked her, but at least she saved Sir William the annoyance of a fuss in front of the servants.

"I suppose they can eat downstairs in the restaurant?" she said wearily, when coffee was at last taken away.

"Who can?"

"Those policemen, dear. When they're on the premises."

With an inarticulate growl, Sir William got up and left the room. For some minutes Julia heard him moving about the flat, evidently preparing to go out again. She knew what he was going to do; as always when anything really disturbed him, he was going to walk very fast round Hyde Park. Julia sighed. Even if she went with him, she would never be able to keep up. Nor would he want her company; probably, at that moment, he felt as though he would never want her company again.

Please turn to Page 36

Modern, fast-cooking, money-saving Electric Ranges on Bargain Terms

2/10 PER WEEK No Deposit

The Sydney County Council will allow you FIVE YEARS in which to pay for any approved electric range purchased from the Council's Showrooms. FIVE YEARS . . . *and you need not pay a penny deposit!* Terms are as low as 2/10d. a week! And this includes all installation costs! Remember, also, that ALL secondary units of electricity are supplied at REDUCED RATES to homes where an approved electric range is installed. *Can you beat that for a bargain?* No need to disturb your savings. Instalments so low that you'll never miss the money . . . in fact, you'll be SAVING money every time you cook in the easy, time-saving electrical way. Call at The Sydney County Council Showrooms WITHOUT DELAY!

BETTER LIGHT—BETTER SIGHT

The Sydney County Council offers you still ANOTHER bargain in the very latest sight-preserving, eye-protecting BETTER SIGHT LAMPS on remarkably easy terms. Floor Standard Models and Table types can be purchased for a few pence per week—WITHOUT DEPOSIT.

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SY-7-8

First Time In Secures Lottery Win

Mr. J. T. Silver, of Glebe, was one of the "Just for Fun" Syndicate which won the first prize of £5000 in the 566th Lottery, with ticket No. 22247. It was his first venture. Another member who had subscribed for months dropped out—and lost.

Some people would call this luck, but there is actually a law of luck just as there is a law that controls the tides and the moon and the sun. Names play a big part in this law of luck. You did not get your name just by chance.

Your name means much and may play a big part in helping you to good luck in lotteries and other things.

For details about your name according to the science of astrological numerology, send it written in full (block letters), with your date of birth, attached to this paragraph, with a postal note for 1/- and a stamped addressed envelope to Professor Onerios, Dept. AWW1, Box One Hundred, G.P.O., Hobart, Tasmania.

Within 14 days you will receive the meaning of your name and certain information which may help bring you luck in life and lotteries.

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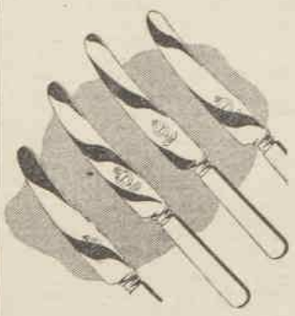

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Continuing Good Old Julia

from Page 34

I EXPECT he's sorry he ever married me, thought Julia, in despair.

Then the door opened and Sir William returned to kiss her before he went out. He did not, as Julia half anticipated, bring any policemen back with him, but later that day he gave her some very precise instructions. If Withers came again, she was to show nervousness, promise money, and make a further appointment, at which the fellow could be caught red-handed and arrested without delay.

"But that's—setting a trap!" cried Julia.

"I'm sorry, my dear, but it has to be done. We've got to get this business cleared up. He's certain to be back within a few days."

"Suppose he isn't? We're going down to the country!"

"I think we'll put the country off for a week or so," said Sir William.

Julia knew what that meant. He was afraid of Withers' turning up at Cockstead, where everything would be so much more conspicuous. It was dreadful! But she made no attempt to argue, for she had already learned to respect her husband's social conscience. The product of a pre-war education, he never had any doubt as to what was his duty; and he always did it.

"Very well, dear," said Julia submissively.

Three days later, on Saturday, Sir William was justified. Withers came again, missing Sir William, who had just gone out, so very neatly that it seemed as though he must have watched the flat. Julia was in the drawing-room when Robson opened the door and reported Mr. Withers in the hall.

"Send him in at once!" said Julia, stoutly. She sat down on the sofa and prepared to behave according to instructions. She felt unpleasantly like the cheese in a rat trap, but, as Sir William said, these things had to be done.

Withers came in, looking worse than ever. He looked so bad that in that moment Julia's own social conscience, never very reliable, threw up the sponge and retired from duty.

"Good afternoon," said Mr. Withers. "I'm glad to see you. That fiver came in very handy, but it didn't go far."

Julia stood up and took a deep breath. She was going to disobey her husband, she would probably have to lie to him as well, but she couldn't help it.

"Look here," she said, "I'm going to give you a fair warning. I've told Sir William everything. If you bother me any more, you'll be arrested. Now clear out."

As once before, Withers stared into her face. Then he glanced quickly round the room.

"No," said Julia, "they're not here yet. But if you come again, they'll be behind those curtains. And if you try to meet me anywhere else, they'll be following in plain clothes. This is your last chance."

Withers nodded slowly. "All right," he said. "You win. You won't hear of me again. Unless there's a piece in the paper when they fish me out of the Thames."

But Julia had learned her lesson. She knew that on no account must she give him any more money.

"Why don't you try to earn something honestly?" she demanded.

Withers nodded again. His hand went to his pocket and came away with what looked like a picture postcard.

"I'm going to, my dear. I'm going to earn an honest penny this very afternoon. Just take a look at that."

It was a piece cut out of a larger Press photograph, and it showed Julia herself in one of her costumes for the second act of "Fun in Paris." She wore tights and a feather boa, and on her head was a small model of the Eiffel Tower.

"I've got a lot more," continued Mr. Withers. "I bought 'em—bought and paid for 'em—when the show came off. I've the one of you in the bath, and the one where you were a mermaid, and a whole lot more in tights. I think they're the best."

Julia looked at the photograph again. The tights weren't even the worst part; the whole thing looked ridiculous. Artistic, they'd thought it at the time, but now it just made you want to giggle.

"Ever see a paper called the Peepshow?" asked Mr. Withers suddenly.

"No," lied Julia.

"They'll give me a guinea apiece for these," proceeded Mr. Withers. "And you needn't worry; there'll be nothing underneath except your name—Lady Warring and who your husband is. Nice to think I'm going straight at last, isn't it?"

"Straight!" exploded Julia. "Why, that's blackmail just the same!"

"Oh, no, it isn't, my dear. I'm not asking you for money, am I? I'm not saying: 'Give me fifty quid, and you can have the lot.' Of course, if you did give me the fifty, I'd probably be so grateful I'd burn the things anyway; but that's a different matter. It's not blackmail."

To Julia's ingenuous mind, the reasoning seemed good; and so well had she learned her lesson that the idea of handing over the money never entered her head. As she saw it, there was simply nothing to be done. Withers had paid for the photographs, so they were his to do what he liked with; and if he liked to sell them to the Peepshow, he could. Her next words were prompted solely by an instinct to gain time.

"Give me a day," she said. "Leave your address, and I'll come and see you to-morrow."

"With plainclothes men in attendance?" sneered Withers. "You forget you've warned me."

"Without a soul," promised Julia.

There was that in her eyes, as they rested on the photograph, that made him take her word.

. . .

"Well, has he been?" asked Sir William that evening.

"No," said Julia.

It was the first time she had ever told him a downright lie, but she had to do it. There was not, so far as she could see, any legal way by which Withers could be prevented from selling those pictures, and though fully prepared for illegality herself, she shrank from involving Sir William.

To do so would be disastrous—and scarcely less disastrous the effect on him should the Peepshow ever publish a portrait of Lady Warring in tights. It was the sort of paper which no one ever admitted looking at, but which a surprising number of people had always chanced to see; and there was small hope that the bouncing Julia of 1921 would fail to be brought to his notice.

The following day, after nearly twenty-four hours of fruitless cerebration, she went to see Louise. She had no idea how Louise could help, but sought simply the relief of confiding in someone who would take the same point of view as herself. Time was running very short; her appointment with Withers was for five o'clock, and when she entered the tiny restaurant of which Louise was now proprietress, it was already ten to four.

"The little swine!" exclaimed Louise forcefully, as Julia finished her tale; in youth she had had red hair, and her temperament was red-haired still.

"Can't you turn him straight over to your husband, dear, and let Sir William thrash the life out of him?"

At some length, Julia explained why this was not possible, and Louise nodded. She had a great regard for Sir William, who always treated her with immense politeness, but she also knew his peculiarities.

"I bet he's a grand hand with a horsewhip, all the same," she said regretfully. "You made an awful mistake when you parted with that fiver."

"Don't I know it!" wailed Julia. "It was only his wife being ill that made me."

Louise opened her eyes. "That's a lie anyway. Belle's as fit as a flea. And if she weren't, he wouldn't know, because they've been living apart for years and years, and Belle's on tour this minute in 'Happy Nights.' Here, I'll show you."

They were sitting in the little room behind the restaurant. Louise reached up to the mantelpiece and switched down a photograph of the type with which Julia was only too familiar.

"There you are, dear. End of Act One. Worn well, hasn't she? Still kicks her partner's hat off and everything. We ought to go and give her a hand."

"Where is she now?" asked Julia, momentarily distracted from her own troubles.

"Being Sunday, probably in the train, but I know they open to-morrow somewhere in the suburbs. I believe it's the Hammersmith Comedy."

Julia turned the photograph in her fingers. "I'll take this along with me," she said, "and prove he's a liar anyway. Though what good that does, I'm sure I don't know."

"Hardly news, is it?" agreed Louise. "But if I were you, dear, I believe I'd just lay in to him and hope for the best. Just slang him, you know. Don't let him get a word in edgeways. I've often noticed that if a woman just talks and talks, men will do anything to get rid of her. I believe if you went for him like that for a couple of hours—all in one breath, so to speak—you'd have him properly licked."

"I'll try," said Julia.

But she did not feel very hopeful. There was a great deal in what Louise said, and no one knew better than Julia the power of the female tongue; but it was a weapon for isolated encounters rather than for a prolonged war, and though Withers might be thus subdued once, he would not be put permanently out of action. Julia left the restaurant and went on to her next appointment with more courage than hope.

The address given by Mr. Withers was that of a small dairy off the Marylebone Road, and Julia, before ringing at the side door, stepped back across the street to look at the windows above. Their curtains were quite fresh, and the whole place looked less poverty-stricken than she had anticipated.

Mr. Withers opened the door. He still looked very ill, but his clothes were in better order. They were quite good. He's so sure of me, thought Julia, he isn't even bothering to put up a show. The thought annoyed her. Without a word of reply to his greeting she followed him up the stairs into a small but comfortably furnished room. There Mr. Withers turned, and his grin was insolent.

"So you've come," he said. "I thought you would."

"I've come to tell you you're a liar!" retorted Julia hardily. She had not yet made up her mind whether to follow the advice of Louise, but she knew that her only slender hope lay in showing a bold front. "Your wife's no more ill than I am!"

It was then that Withers made his mistake. As Julia had perceived, he was no longer troubling to keep up his original role of pauper, but circumstances, as he thought, were so playing into his hands that he could not resist taking advantage of them to score a minor point. Success had made him incautious.

"Oh, isn't she?" he snarled. "She's in bed this minute, in the next room!"

Please turn to Page 37

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Good Old Julia

Continued from Page 36

FOR a moment Julia was so taken aback by this audacity that she could neither move nor speak. Then her wits returned, and with one swift movement she crossed the room and flung open the second door. The apartment beyond it was a bedroom, and in the bed, asleep, lay a large, big-boned woman with a strong face and grey hair.

"Influenza," explained Mr. Withers triumphantly. "It's an odd thing, but she went down with it the very day I called. Quite a coincidence, wasn't it?"

Julia took one more look and closed the door. Withers watched her closely, but her next words were not what he expected.

"Does she own the milk shop?" asked Julia.

For some reason, the irrelevance seemed to put him once more on his guard. "Why do you want to know?"

"That means she does," snapped Julia, "and that means you've married her. But I can easily find out. In the meantime, you take a look at this!"

She whipped out the picture of Belle Sanderson and thrust it under his nose. Withers flung up his hands as though expecting a personal attack; then, as he saw what she held, as he recognised the likeness, his hands slowly dropped again till they hung limp by his sides. His attitude was pitiable, but he got no pity from Julia.

"There you are!" she cried. "There's your real wife! Belle Sanderson, and I know her, and Louise knows her, and she'll be in London to-morrow. Heaven knows why she never divorced you, but she didn't. You're a bigamist, that's what you are!"

Mr. Withers moistened his lips. "If you'd only wait a minute——" he began.

"I can't wait," retorted Julia. "I've got too many things to do. I've got to go and tell the police, and then go and tell Belle, and I suppose I'd better begin by telling that poor woman next door. I've no doubt it'll be a shock for her, but she looks as though she could stand it. She looks to me the sort that'll have you out of her dairy in double-quick time. But that won't worry you, because you'll be in prison."

There was this at least to be said for Mr. Withers: he could face facts. Without another word, he went over to the bureau, unlocked a drawer and brought out a small bundle of photographs. Without a word, he put them into Julia's hands.

"Thank you," she said. "I won't trouble to see if you've any left. Because I warn you that if ever there's anything in print that I don't like, or if ever I see you or hear from you again, you're going to get it in the neck."

"I'm not a fool," said Withers bitterly. "Is there anything else you want?"

"Yes," said Julia. She was not particularly clear-headed, but she had grasped one outstanding fact: that for some reason or other, in a transaction of this kind, it was very important that cash should change hands. "I want some money as well."

"How much?"

Julia hesitated. After all, the day was hers, and she did not want to be too hard on him.

"Half a crown will do," said Julia.

She received the coin and departed. It was still in her hand when she reached the street, and before slipping it into her bag, she stood a moment, thoughtful.

Scraps of Sir William's lecture still haunted her memory, and now sent a belated message to her conscience.

But Julia's conscience, as usual, took its own line.

"I'm not a blackmailer!" thought Lady Warring comfortably. "I'm just doing my best for William."

She had what most men, and her husband among them, would have termed an essentially feminine mind.

There now remained but one difficulty: How was Sir William to be convinced that the danger was over, that it would never recur, and that he might go down to Cockstead without delay and with an easy heart? Julia felt almost sure that some of her recent proceedings, though excellent in result, would not appeal to him; and there was no sense in restoring a man's peace of mind with one hand, so to speak, while upsetting it with the other. She brooded on the question all night, and the next morning, while walking with Sir William in Piccadilly, had a most happy inspiration.

"William, dear, you remember that man Withers?"

"Remember him!" ejaculated Sir William. "I think of nothing else. Are you trying to tell me he's been again?"

"I'm trying to tell you," said Julia, in a solemn voice, "that he'll never worry us any more. He's dead!"

Sir William stopped where he stood. He looked so astonished—and naturally enough—that Julia hastened to supply corroborative details:

"I didn't tell you, dear; but I got Louise to keep an eye on him; and she rang up this morning. He'd been dreadfully ill for months—I said he looked ghastly, didn't I?—and last night his landlady heard an awful sort of groan, and she ran upstairs and found him sitting up in bed, trying to feed a stray dog." Here Julia's good nature came to the fore. Having polished Mr. Withers off, she felt bound to do her best for his memory, and Sir William was very fond of animals. "And just as she got there—what an awful shock for her, too!—poor Withers passed out!"

"Upon my soul!" said Sir William.

Julia nodded. The picture she had drawn was so harrowing that she was quite affected by it herself. She thought of a convincing final touch:

"And if you don't mind, William, I—I want to send some flowers."

It was just like Sir William to insist on accompanying her to the florist's, and Julia loved him for it, but his presence put her into rather a quandary. She was very resourceful, however; after studying the display in silence for a moment, she selected a large bunch of Madonna lilies—thus pleasantly surprising Sir William by the purity of her taste—and despatched him to buy violets at the other end of the shop.

The lily is a noncommittal flower. It looks well at a funeral, and well also behind footlights.

"To Miss Belle Sanderson," instructed Julia hastily, "at the Hammersmith Comedy, to-night."

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• A MANLY knitted overcoat to make junior look very smart and tailored—even in blustering westerlies. Made of sports wool, all purl stitch with a plain edge.

• FOLLOWING father's footsteps in a sleeveless pullover of wide rib purl and skin with that sensation of grown-upishness that young things admire.

• VERY YOUNG and frivolous, with a storybook charm —a snug, knitted cape with a peaked elfin hood.

• THREE-AND-A-HALF and very fashion conscious, so she wears a citron-yellow bolero and beanie in diamond-stitch with dots and flowers embroidered in peasant colors.

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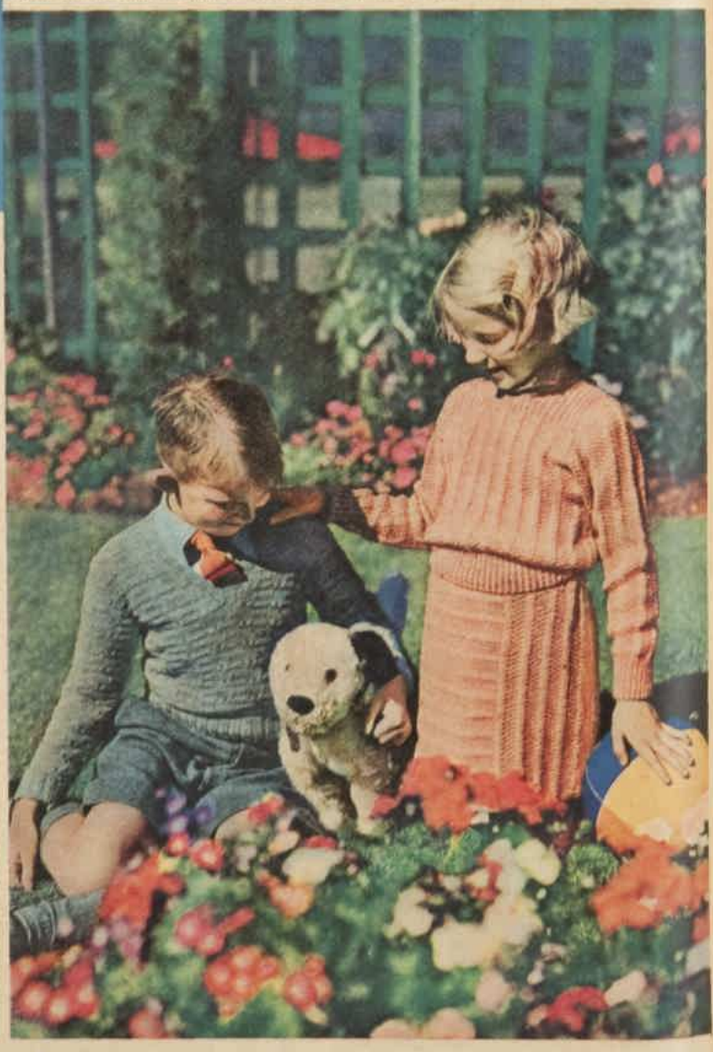
Adorable little suits . . . .

● BRUCE looks very sporty in a long-sleeved marl cardigan, while MARJORIE, in a white jumper checked with royal-blue, admires the kitten.

● JOY (the charming table-sitter) wears a white cardigan with colored peasant embroidery. IRENE, her young playmate, has a cosy blue cardigan with turned down collar.

FOR FULL directions to make these attractive outfits, see the Knitting Supplement included in this issue.

● ROSALIE looks very happy about her leginette set in pale blue wool. The set includes jacket, leginettes, and meeky-looking beret.



● KEITH plays in the garden in a sturdy grey pullover. CORAL is a dainty little figure in her dusty-pink jumper and skirt.

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. . . for spirited youngsters

● PENELOPE—a charming knitted frock for any fashionable seven-to-eight-years. The contrasting bands and extended shoulders are new notes.

● WENDY—an engaging, long-sleeved jumper, tying snugly up to the neck.

● PETER—a dear little romper suit designed for the very young. Knitted in blue and white, but equally charming in other shades.

● JACK AND JILL—any young brother and sister would eat their spinach for one of these twin sailor sets. Very gay in blue, red, and white.

[FOR FULL DIRECTIONS to make these attractive outfits, see the Knitting Supplement included in this issue.]

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Paris Snapshots

By Air Mail
from
MARY ST. CLAIRE

Sketched by
PETROV

1 RUSTLING taffeta petticoats get more and more elaborate. They are very full for wear with both short and long frocks, and are either slotted with wide soft satin ribbons in contrasting shades or have the hem, and about a foot above it, covered with tiny frills in a different color. A pink petticoat will have primrose, blue or green frills, while a green under-slip will be decorated with rose, turquoise or lavender frills which, with movement, give the appearance of "shot" silk.

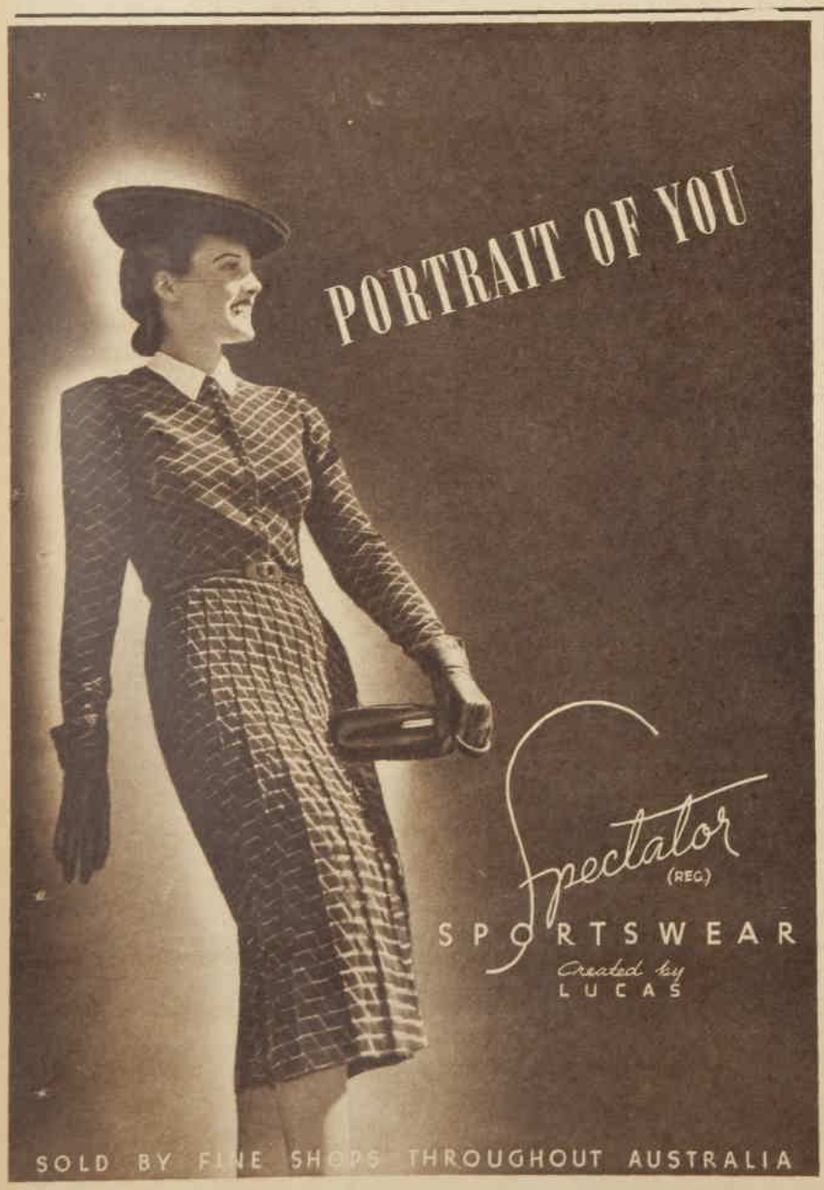
\+ +

2 SILVER swallows in flight are the newest decoration for plain black afternoon or evening frocks. They appear at the neck instead of clips or brooches, or the cuffs instead of buttons and dotted here and there on full skirts. They are worn as earrings, too, and attached to black velvet ribbons in the hair.

\+ +

3 SCHIAPARELLI is noted for her daring presentation of vivid color. This is her harlequin jacket of ruby velvet with sleeves completely a patchwork of velvet diamonds in shocking-pink, yellow, and violet.

It is worn over a severely plain black frock, the ensemble being completed by ruby velvet gloves laced with black and yellow satin bootees.



For bright Sunshine

POND'S "GLARE-PROOF" FACE POWDER

AUSTRALIAN sunshine is notoriously hard and glary . . . that's why Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder is especially good for the Australian climate. Pond's "Glare-Proof" powder shades are blended scientifically to shut out all but the softest rays of light from your face. Never shows up hard and powdery. Always alluring. And Pond's "Glare-Proof" powder has special expensive ingredients to make it cling—for hours! 1/6 or 2/6 a box at all stores and chemists. Change to Pond's to-day!

POND'S Face Powder

FREE OFFER: *Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder. I enclose two 1d. stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing.*
Pond's Dept. (X61.), Box 1131J, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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OUR PATTERN SERVICE

WW2810. — Afternoon two-piece. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2yds. for skirt, and 2yds. for coat, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2811. — Tailored with peplum. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4¼ to 4¾ yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2812.—Coat for girl 10-12 years of age. Material required: 1½ to 2¼yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

WW2813.—Daytime mode. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4 to 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2814. — For smart matrons. 38 to 44 bust. Material required: 4½ to 5yds., and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2815.—Chic pyjama suit. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 5 to 5½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2816. — Hooded evening cape. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 5¾ to 6½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should ☆ Write your name and full address in block letters. ☆ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ☆ State size required. ☆ For children, state age of child. ☆ Use box numbers given on concession coupon. ☆ For concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

Special Concession Pattern

THREE SMART FROCKS FOR THE LITTLE TOT 4-10 years of age. Sizes, 4-6, 6-8, and 8-10 years. No. 1 requires 2¼ to 3½yds., 36ins. wide: No. 2 requires 2½ to 3½yds., 36ins. wide; No. 3 requires 2½ to 3½yds., 36ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

Box 368A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 499F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may call for patterns at office address appearing on Page 3.

Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.Z.: Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Use money orders only.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....

STREET.....

TOWN.....

STATE.....

SIZE..... Pattern Coupon, 18/2/39.

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When FEET feel THROTTLED!

When feet feel choked, throttled, ready to burst right out of your shoes—blame the stale Foot Acid that collects in the skin pores. Your feet have more pores than any other part of your body—3000 to every square inch of skin! These are the valves through which your feet perspire. If they get choked up the stale perspiration turns acid. Then this acid piles up in the muscles and o-o-oh! your feet ache and burn! Soon corns and callouses form. **You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering!**

The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. This supercharges the water with oxygen, which cleans out the clogged pores, lets the crippling acid get away. Swellings go down. Tired, burning, acid feet are cooled and comforted.

Radox is obtainable of all Chemists, price 2/6 and 3/9 per packet.

RADOX

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Contributors and Artists: Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

Michel
The King of Lipsticks

Cosmetic expert to tell beauty secrets

Interesting talks in business girls' radio session

A two-lipstick make-up is advocated by Miss Anna Bojen, a cosmetic expert who is giving a series of talks on beauty culture in the 2GB business girls' session.

"Make-up should match your own coloring as well as tone with your frock," she says.

"THE fashionable autumn colors—plum and wine—demand cyclamen make-up. These are lovely colors if used properly, but the effect can be horrible if cyclamen does not tone with your natural coloring.

"This is how to make it tone. You might be wearing a plum-colored frock, and want your lipstick to match. Use, first of all, a dark lipstick that matches as naturally as possible your own coloring. Then cover it with a thin layer of cyclamen.

"This produces a lovely shade of make-up which tones with the plum-colored frock, yet looks less artificial on your face than cyclamen used by itself.

"Eye-shadow should be used sparingly with a cyclamen make-up, and it should be mauve.

"You can be more lavish with your eye-shadow and mascara at night time in artificial light.

"But if you wear a crinoline evening frock the final effect of your make-up must be a delicate fragility. Lipstick will depend on the color of your frock and your own coloring. Use the matching rouge sparingly, just enough to give that porcelain china effect.

"The different shades of blue and bluey-green should be used in eye-shadow and mascara.

"Nail lacquer, of course, should match your lipstick with daytime or evening clothes."

Miss Bojen's talks will include advice on care of the skin.

"Australian women have beautiful complexions," she says, "especially when one considers the amount of scorching in the sun and contact with salt water they are subjected to in the summer.

"Suntanning should, I think, be taken more carefully. A tissue cream should always be used. It preserves the softness and fineness of the skin and helps to give a good clear tan.

"Australian women do not worry enough about guarding the texture of their skin.

"Hot, steamy weather produces enlarged pores, a blemish that mars many lovely complexions. Regular use of a good pore cream would prevent this."

New "Thriller" Serial

AUSTRALIA is to hear a radio serial which has been acclaimed in America as an outstanding "thriller"—"The Shadow of Fu Manchu."

Months of preparation went into its production. A company of well-known English actors in Hollywood provided the cast.

Arrangements have been made for its radio presentation from 2GB, and a chain of stations embracing four States.

Since Sax Rohmer, more than 20 years ago, created the arch-villain, Dr. Fu Manchu, his exploits have made a score of best-sellers, two films, several stage productions, and innumerable magazine stories.

The action of the new story, which is set in London, centres on the efforts of another of Sax Rohmer's famous characters, Detective-Inspector Neylon-Smith, to outwit and capture Dr. Fu Manchu, and so end a movement which is seeking the overthrow of Western civilisation.

MISS ANNA BOJEN (right), cosmetic expert, demonstrating the two-lipstick make-up.

Teaching undergrads how to be HAPPILY MARRIED

Young American college students these days can take lectures in preparation for marriage along with their Latin and Greek.

So far Australian Universities have not taken such a step, but, if, as is said, only one marriage in three is an unqualified success, it may not be such a bad idea.

EVEN the conservative American Universities are beginning to sit up and take notice of their more progressive sister institutions.

In some Universities the course is extra-curricular. In others the course counts towards a degree, and the fair graduate may write her major thesis on "The Technique of Harmony in Modern Marriage."

Subjects dealt with under the heading of "preparation for marriage" include sex and emotional adjustments in marriage, financing a new home, and coping with the mother-in-law problem.

One modern American college requires all juniors to take a comprehensive marriage-and-home course including sociology, biology, home economics, fine arts and physical education.

Spontaneously, hundreds of American girl and boy students have demanded some instruction concerning marriage. They want the subject dealt with openly, in the scientific air of the classroom, rather than furtively.

In many cases they arranged their own lectures. A year or so ago a very plain-spoken course of lectures was given at Vassar under faculty auspices by a group including a psychiatrist, a psychologist, a gynaecologist, a physiologist, a sociologist, a home economist, and a child-study expert.

Normal Outlook

PROFESSORS state that although the students may at first be interested chiefly in sex problems—because of the traditional silence on the subject—they soon relegate the matter to a normal place.

Young people often harbor mistaken notions, but once these are corrected their interest turns to more general emotional problems.

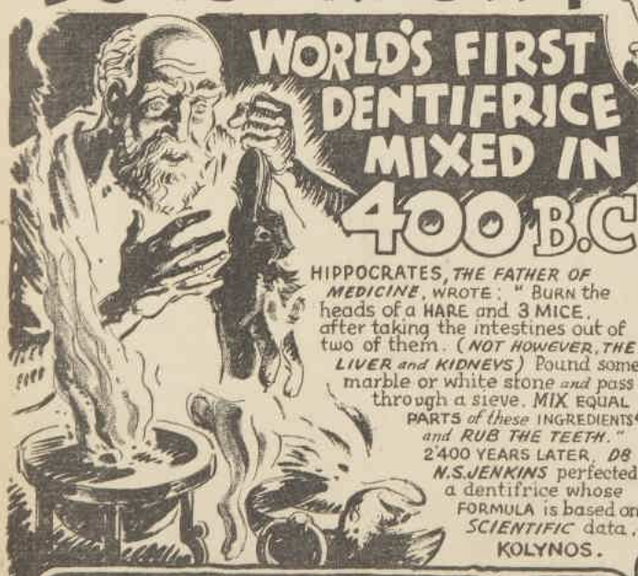
"The older girl," says one doctor, "is apt to be most concerned with the mother-in-law problem.

"The main trouble as these young people see it to-day is not between the husband and the wife's mother, but between the wife and her husband's mother."

"Don't be afraid to break off an engagement if you feel your choice is wrong," says another.

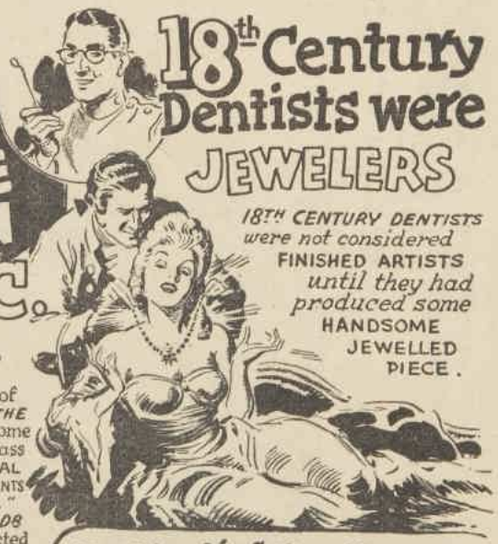
Some of these professors, from their researches, advise girls to go into professions other than school-teaching and library work, where there is a shortage of men.

DO YOU KNOW?



WORLD'S FIRST DENTIFRICE MIXED IN 400 B.C.

HIPPOCRATES, *THE FATHER OF MEDICINE*, WROTE: "BURN the heads of a HARE and 3 MICE, after taking the intestines out of two of them. (*NOT HOWEVER, THE LIVER and KIDNEYS*) Pound some marble or white stone *and* pass through a sieve. MIX EQUAL PARTS *of these* INGREDIENTS *and RUB THE TEETH.*" 2'400 YEARS LATER, *DR N.S.JENKINS* perfected a dentifrice whose FORMULA is based on *SCIENTIFIC* data.—KOLYNOS.



18th Century Dentists were JEWELERS

18TH CENTURY DENTISTS were not considered FINISHED ARTISTS *until they had produced some* HANDSOME JEWELLED PIECE.

190,000,000 GERMS KILLED IN 15 SECONDS LABORATORY TESTS *made with KOLYNOS* REVEALED THAT *KOLYNOS* KILLS APPROXIMATELY *190,000,000 DENTAL DECAY GERMS* in 15 SECONDS. THAT IS WHY YOUR MOUTH *FEELS SO FRESH AFTER KOLYNOS*. YOUR TEETH *are REALLY CLEAN*. THEY SPARKLE WITH *NEW LUSTRE*.

Half inch of KOLYNOS multiplies 25 times inside your mouth!

MILLIONS OF TINY, ACTIVE *GERMICIDAL BUBBLES* ARE RELEASED FROM ½ INCH OF *KOLYNOS*. THATS WHY ONE TUBE *of KOLYNOS* LASTS TWICE *as* LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTES

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1'3 AND 2'. K.IO.

Pains In Back! Clean Out Kidneys

Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Beware if kidney trouble or bladder weakness makes you suffer from Backache, Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Neuralgia, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't delay. Try the Doctor's new discovery called **Cystex.** Soothes, tones, cleans, and heals sick kidneys. Starts work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, vigour and vitality in 48 hours. **Cystex** costs only 2d a dose and is guaranteed to end your troubles or money back. At all chemists.

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, signs a contract in Hollywood with Granite Films, and becomes interested in

SONNY: Famous boy star, thoroughly spoilt and ill-mannered except with Mandrake, who, in showing him magical tricks, commands his respect. Greedy for ransom, two gangsters in Hollywood.

PETE AND BUD: Decide to kidnap the boy. They force

GEORGE: Sonny's chauffeur, to let Bud take his place, and instead of driving Sonny home when he leaves the studio they take him to a hidden shack in the country. From there they telephone

MRS. STARR: Sonny's mother, demanding a million dollars ransom. The news is blazoned across the country, and the police organise a nationwide search for the kidnappers. NOW READ ON.

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Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs; it will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Your stars shine a little brighter for you now, so plan to begin some fairly important enterprises and changes. Work hard and make the most of March 21 (late), 22 and 23, for affairs started then have a better chance of proving successful.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Just fair on March 24 and 25. Routine best.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Continue to be cautious on March 19, 20 and 21. Affairs improve slightly thereafter.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Work hard and make the most of your stars on March 19, 20 and 26 (to noon). Thereafter you must lie low for a few weeks. Start new enterprises, make changes, ask favors and complete outstanding matters on the dates given. Otherwise expect delays.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Pack up your troubles and prepare for better times for a while. The stars favor you now, especially on March 21 (after noon), 22 and 23 (to dusk). Be enterprising, optimistic, and your own attractive selves. Go after the things you want on those days.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): You have been having rather a poor run for some weeks, but things take a slight turn for the better after March 21. Meanwhile, be very cautious, and don't run into troubles on March 19, 20 and 21.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Get all important and urgent matters well in hand before March 21, unless they can wait till mid-year. March 19 (late), but be very cautious on March 21, 22 and 23.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Chase a few rainbows this week. March 19, 20 and 21 (morning) can bring good results for enterprise and hard work, especially the last-named date. Waste no time then.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Very unfriendly star influences for unwary Sagittarians on March 19, 20 and 21 (morning). Not a splendid change for the better is possible on March 21 (after noon), and 22 and 23. Waste no time then. Enterprise can bring good dividends.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): If important matters cannot be finalised immediately, let them wait for some weeks. Meanwhile be more than usually cautious on March 21, 22 and 23. Trouble stalks unwary Capricornians then.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 20): Just a week of days for you.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Waste no time on March 19, 20 and 21 (a.m.). Be sure to start (and finalise) important matters then. Be optimistic and hard-working, enterprising and confident, especially on March 21 (early).

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

Many of the most famous "dreamers" of all times have belonged to the zodiacal sign of Pisces, which governs all people born between February 19 and March 21.

PISCEAN dreamers, however, have proved that they go in for more than "pipe-dreams," for this sign of the zodiac has produced some of the cleverest and most powerful people in history.

Enrico Caruso was a brilliant example of the musical type of Piscean; Elsie Janis and Mary Garden are others.

Two of America's most famous presidents were born at this time of the year—Grover Cleveland and George Washington.

Neville Chamberlain, Sir John Simon, and William Jennings Bryan have shown that this sign can also produce great political leaders. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, and strong worker for the good of humanity, showed the originality and kindliness of which those belonging to this sign are capable.

And Samuel Pepys, Elizabeth Browning, Victor Hugo and Longfellow have given undying evidence of the high literary pinnacles to which these folk can rise.

However, only a small percentage of Piscean-born people ever rise to the heights of which they are really capable. They need encouraging, urging, and sometimes "bullying" to make them produce their best work.

This is due to the fact that they are inclined to procrastinate, or to lack self-confidence and enthusiasm. They are indecisive, unsure of the direction in which they want to go, and often struggle hopelessly to go in two directions at once.

All Pisceans should set for themselves a high goal, and spend their days driving steadily in that direction. It is the only way they will really get anywhere in life.

Even if they fail to reach the goal they will have got out of the rut and become capable of accomplishing something really worth while.

Require Hobbies

IT is because of their inherent tendency to swim with the tide rather than exert themselves, or to swim in circles or in two ways at once, that most Pisceans find it beneficial to have a stronger type of partner when it comes to a business or marital union.

The children born under this sign should be trained with special care. They should be taught to be self-confident and not too modest—to learn to tell the true from the false, otherwise they will suffer through misrepresentation and unfairness.

Many Piscean children are talented along artistic lines, particularly when it comes to music (especially the violin), and to dancing. They should all be encouraged to develop a hobby, for the Piscean lives much "within himself," and finds solace (and, frequently, inspiration) when happily engaged on some pleasing hobby.

Pisceans are dual-natured and versatile, when they care to be, so that they can often carry on two vocations at the same time. They shine as chemists, hotel workers, seamen, research workers, doctors or nurses, occultists and advisers, preachers, musicians, dyers and cleaners, designers, entertainers, and when catering to the general public in cafes or shops.

In short, they are clever people, but not always "alive" to themselves.

Cooking

You want absolute reliability. You want the means of boiling water speedily, baking, grilling, frying, etc., all in one efficient appliance. You want a range which does all the work without unnecessary supervision. You want a cool kitchen, and a smartly modern appearance. You want low cost, and low upkeep. In fact, you want an Automatic Gas Range, the greatest of all scientific boons to modern home life.

Olympic Automatic Gas Range.

Terms, **2/9** per week.

No. 2 Streamline Success Automatic Gas Range.

Terms, **2/-** per week.

No. 27 Early Kooka Automatic Gas Range.

Terms, **1/11** per week.

No. 12 Early Kooka Automatic Gas Range.

Terms, **1/7** per week.

Centennial Automatic Gas Range.

Terms, **1/4** per week.

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

ALSO BRANCH SHOWROOMS IN MAIN SUBURBAN CENTRES

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Constant headaches, poor circulation, failing sight, dizziness, Sciatica, and kidney and bladder weaknesses are caused by High Blood Pressure.

If you suffer this way start a 3 months' course of **DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS**, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure—to banish aches and pains, improve circulation, rejuvenate your arteries, give you new vitality.

Month's Flask, 5/6. 12 Days' Flask, 3/3. At your chemist.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

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Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

HOUSE MIX-UP

AFTER spending several weeks house-hunting, I was told of a suitable place, obtained the key at the agent's office and was directed to the house, which was next to the local State school.

After moving in I called at the agent's office each week to pay the rent.

One morning I saw a truckload of furniture turning in at the garden gate.

The newcomers insisted that they were the owners of the house. They had migrated for a season, and had closed up the house rather than try to let it.

The problem was eventually solved when I learned that there was an empty house in the street on the other side of the school.

This proved to be the house in which the agent supposed I was living, and for which he had collected rent. The keys happened to be identical.

10/6 to Mrs. J. Brown, Victor St., Holland Park SE3, Sth. Brisbane.

SOCIAL DISGRACE

MY husband is a very absent-minded man. One day he was at work in his study, and I was entertaining a caller in the lounge. In came my husband, and, after a perfunctory greeting, proceeded to rummage in the book-case for a book which he needed.

"Henry," I said, "isn't it strange? Miss Blank is a cousin of Mrs. So-And-So whom we used to know."

Henry, with thoughts far away, merely grunted.

"You know, dear," I persisted. "You must remember Mrs. So-and-So!"

"Ah, yes," he said, looking up with a came-the-dawn expression. "Now she was an awful bore of a woman, if ever there was one."

2/6 to Mrs. H. Robinson, Mile End Rd., Adelaide.

SALE INCIDENT

DURING a sale in one of our leading stores I was in the millinery department looking for a bargain.

I stopped at a table laden with hats and marked, "All on this table 3/11."

I turned them all over, and was about to move on when I noticed one very attractive model.

I carried it to a mirror, tried it on, and was pleased with the result.

It was an absolute bargain. I began to walk up to the salesgirl to say that I would have it, when a woman came to me and said, "Excuse me, but you have on my hat!"

Both of us enjoyed the joke.

2/6 to Mrs. L. Davy, 179 Hume St., Toowoomba, Qld.

CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

ONE Christmas Eve an admirer of mine, wishing to impress my mother, bought a present of some silverware for her. He showed it to me first, and explained that it was an "egg set." "The squarish instrument is for cutting off the top of the egg," he said, "and the other, a small spoon, for eating the egg."

The gift was duly presented and, after he had left, I explained to my mother that it was an "egg set."

"Egg set!" exclaimed my mother. "It's a baby's spoon and shuffler!"

2/6 to Miss I. Williams, c/o Box 3349PP, G.P.O., Sydney.

STILL HUNGRY

WHILE on a tour during the Christmas holidays we stopped for something to eat at a little town on the Tweed River, N.S.W.

Seeing a notice, "Hot pies," posted up outside a store, we walked in and ordered some, only to be told they did not sell them.

I directed the storekeeper's attention to the notice, and was informed that it was there to hide a hole in the wall.

2/6 to Mrs. J. Singer, Fryar St., Coorparoo, Brisbane.

Ship nearly wrecked in island hurricane

WHILE living in Suva my daughter and I decided to make the round trip to Taveuni by steamer which, ordinarily, would have meant about a week away from home.

We sailed on Tuesday evening and arrived at Levuka, the old capital of Fiji, early next morning.

By this time a sharp wind had risen, and the captain decided to run for shelter to Moturiki Bay, which, although small, is almost land-locked, and usually provides a safe anchorage.

Here we were compelled to remain for three days, while the glass continued to fall lower, and the wind blew stronger.

Despite the shelter of the bay, the ship was soon in danger of being blown ashore. The captain told us that if the anchor did not hold he would try to run the vessel on to a strip of sand which we could see in the distance.

We did not have to be told of the risk involved, for beyond the sand we could see jagged rocks.

Late on Friday night the captain went on the bridge. The wind was then of hurricane force, and it soon became even stronger.

The hurricane had turned in its tracks and was upon us with greater force than before.

Next morning, by hanging to the rail, we managed to climb to the top deck. To keep up our spirits and drown the noise of the storm we sang all the songs we knew.

By this time the wind was howling and the spindrift was drenching us. The captain's wife asked us to shelter in her husband's cabin.

The strip of sand was still in sight, but so were the jagged rocks and the ship was drifting on to them, broadside on.

With haggard faces we watched the shore coming closer. The captain rushed from the bridge, leaving the first officer in charge, and called out to us: "Be prepared to jump!"

He then called for five Fijian members of the crew. We knew then that he feared the worst and that the Fijians had been told to aid us in swimming to the strip of sand should the ship strike the rocks.

Roped together, the Fijians jumped, laughing, into the raging water and tried to take a line ashore. But, strong swimmers though they were, they could make no headway against the fury of the wind and the rain and were forced to return.

The door of the cabin was now open, and we all gazed out towards the jagged rocks.

We scarcely dared to breathe.

Finally, thanks to our captain's seamanship, we crept past the rock to safety.

By that time the hurricane had abated and it was found unnecessary to run the ship on to the beach. In his efforts to save the vessel, the captain had been on duty continuously for 18 hours.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Bailey, Box 318, Suva, Fiji.

". . . They could make no headway against the fury of the wind."

Rescued From Gorge

ONE day last year I decided to take a short cut through a gorge while on my way to a friend's house on an adjoining selection. When half-way down the gorge I was confronted with a seemingly impassable barrier of logs covered with undergrowth 20 feet high. There were acres and acres of it; but, as I was determined to make my call, I started to break through it.

I scrambled over logs and under logs, skidded down sloping logs, and fell into pits between them.

Finally I gave up and started uphill again to return home, but soon found myself surrounded by tangled vine which wound around my head, arms, and feet. It became thicker and thicker as I advanced.

Desperately, I tried to cut through with my pocket knife. Then, in a panic I shouted across the gorge.

Imagine my delight when back came the reply, "Where are you? What's the matter?"

Men in the valley had heard, but, as they did not know my whereabouts, I had to keep on shouting to direct them.

The sweetest music I have ever heard was the sound of the approaching brush-hook, cutting a path for my rescue.

2/6 to Walter Kirkwood, Forest Camp, Beechmont, via Nerang, Qld.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND SNAPPY STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life story each week.

For the best item published under the heading, "Short and Snappy," we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for all other items published on this page.

Real Life stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Write legibly, on one side of the paper only. Address letters Real Life Stories, or "Short and Snappy," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of Page 3.

Items submitted for this page cannot be returned.

Chased By Madman

I WAS a baker and had to deliver bread daily at the asylum. One day when I went to the back door a madman rushed out towards me, holding an axe in the air.

I did not wait to leave the bread, but ran for my life towards the gate with the man following me. I was just a few yards from the gate when I tripped and fell. The man reached me and I closed my eyes so that I would not see him strike. Then he began to laugh, and I scrambled to my feet, not knowing what else to do.

"I raced you," he said. That was all.

I handed him the bread and said nervously: "Here you are; now run back with this." He did so, and I left the grounds more quickly than I entered them.

2/6 to James Foote, 4 Bristol St., Eastwood, S.A.

Baby's First Walk

YEARS ago I was travelling to England with my husband and family.

Our baby son had not yet begun to walk. The cabin we occupied was a short distance from the hold, in which the passengers' extra trunks were stored. When the hold was opened it was supposed to be always guarded by two deckhands.

One day I carried my son past the open hold down which men were lowering strong electric lights. I stood him beside the berth in my cabin, while I placed a book on the opposite one.

When I turned round to pick him up he had disappeared. I rushed to the end of the passage to see him leaning over the foot-high edge of the hold looking down at the lights, which illuminated an alarming array of sharp-sided tin trunks and cabin boxes.

He had reached the hold on his first attempt at walking.

I snatched him up just in time, as the ship gave a roll which would have thrown him down the hold on top of the trunks and boxes.

2/6 to Mrs. W. Low, 600 Jones St., Albury, N.S.W.

Kayser Hose is the talk of the town
From the highest society down
For each matron and miss
Is quite certain of this —
KAYSER brand has the highest renown!

HOSIERY · LINGERIE · GLOVES

Through years of experience I've discovered that the best way to buy stockings is to stick to a good brand. That's why I insist on Kayser, they're consistently kind to your legs and your stocking budget. Mir-o-Kleer Sheers and Service Weights from 4/11 and Mir-o-Kal Super Sheers at 7/11 a pair.

"505X Service Weight now has a new picot edge . . . most enhancing . . . only 4/11."

H. 2. 9.

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New 'VIYELLA' FASHION KNITTING BOOK

The latest Viyella House Knitting Book contains full instructions for thirteen new and attractive garments. These designs have just been received from Vienna, Paris and London, and include jumpers, waistcoats, cardigans, sportswear, an evening bolero and cosy bed jackets . . . The most fascinating selection of "knitteds" ever gathered into one book . . . Price only 6d.

'FROM THE DAY THEY ARE BORN'

The most comprehensive instruction book ever produced for children's knitted and fabric garments...

Full instructions for making over forty knitted and fabric garments for children from birth to ten years. A pattern chart from which you can trace your own pattern for fabric garments. Smocking and trimming designs. Washing hints. Forty-four pages packed with instructions and information and prepared by the world's leading experts in children's wear. A book that will be invaluable to you for ten years, it costs only 1/-.

THE VIYELLA HOUSE *knitting book* NUMBER 5 · PRICE 6d

Embodying the very latest designs in fashion "knitteds" and in children's wear, these two new books from Viyella House are the finest value ever offered. Obtain your copies from any leading retailer or bookseller to-day; or, if you prefer it, send the coupon below and we will arrange to forward the book to you. . . When you're knitting always use a Viyella House Yarn. Viyella House Yarns are *fully guaranteed* against shrinking or fading, and, if you fail to buy sufficient yarn at first, you can always match it later exactly. Ask any leading retailer to show you the lovely range of shades, and knit-to-fit in a Viyella House Yarn.

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Use 'VIYELLA' FABRICS, too!

No amount of washing shrinks or fades Nursery 'Viyella'. It's so comfy (and safe, too) in its warm, down-soft texture, and the little check and flower patterns are so pretty and charming. See 'Viyella' at any good drapers, or write to 'VIYELLA', Box 3555 PP. for free patterns.

NURSERY 'VIYELLA' and 'CLYDELLA'

Send this coupon for knitting books

Send this coupon to the nearest of the following addresses: 'VIYELLA', Box 3555 PP, G.P.O., Sydney; Box 761 G, G.P.O., Melbourne; Box 105 B, G.P.O., Brisbane; Box 509 B, G.P.O., Adelaide; Box F 356, G.P.O., Perth.

Please send me "From the Day They're Born" (price 1/-, plus 2d. postage), "Viyella House No. 5 Knitting Book" (price 6d., plus 2d. postage), or both (price 1/6, plus 2d. postage). State which you require and enclose stamps or postal orders to cover cost of books and postage.

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Intimate Jottings by Caroline

JEAN RAE (left) and her mother, Mrs. J. G. A. Rae, of Double Bay, smiled farewell to their friends as they sailed off in the Orontes on a holiday trip to London.

DO YOU KNOW—

That Mrs. Abe Nivison will leave by plane this Thursday for a visit to England?

At Yarralumla

MRS. HORE-RUTHVEN had her first glimpse of the Australian countryside when she and her husband, the Hon. Patrick Hore-Ruthven, accompanied Lady Gowrie to Canberra last week for a few days at Yarralumla. It is rarely Lady Gowrie has any spare time from official engagements, and on the way south the Vice-Regal party paused in Goulburn while she opened an exhibition of antiques, held in aid of the cathedral funds.

Among well-known families who lent pieces from their collections were the Max Chisholms, of Kippilaw, Mrs. A. R. Maple-Brown, of Gundary Plains, and the Faithfulls, of Springfield.

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Happy Meeting in Cannes

GREAT excitement when, holidaying at Cannes just recently, the Paul Cohens unexpectedly ran into the Bob Jowitts, also touring abroad, and on the homeward journey. They spent a great day together, with lots of gossip and exchange of travel adventures.

There was almost a family atmosphere about it, too, as Paul's sister, Mrs. Keith Moss—in case you have forgotten—was one of the bridesmaids at the Jowitt wedding. Mrs. Jowitt was the former Audrey Stanton, younger daughter of the Richard Stantons.

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Four Lovely Bridesmaids

MOST decorative will be the bridal group at the Wallace Anderson-Jocelyn Josephson wedding. Lovely Jocelyn will have as bridesmaids Wallace's sister, Jean, Gwen Brown, Marcelle Bishop, and her cousin, Frankie Murphy.

The ceremony will be an evening one at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on April 27.

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An absentee from town is Nancy Houston. She is spending a holiday in the country as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Baillieu at Tongy station, Cassilis, and expects to be away about a fortnight.

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Cavalry Officers Entertain

THERE was much gaiety and good cheer at the Staff Corps Mess, Victoria Barracks, on Friday, when Major-General J. D. Richardson and the staff of the 1st Cavalry Division entertained at a late afternoon party. Major-General Richardson was assisted in receiving some hundreds of guests by Mrs. Richardson, who came to Sydney from her home at Raymond Terrace specially for the party.

While in town she stayed with her mother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Norman McKillop, at Huntley's Point. She returned home on Saturday.

Leaving for World Tour

LIFE for the Bill Mitchells these days seems chiefly composed of farewell parties. Mr. and Mrs. Bill, minus their young daughters — the family are keeping an eye on them—will leave by the Orion on March 22 for a world tour.

Bill's sister, Argie Kitchen, accompanies them as far as Colombo, or so she says at present, but, badly smitten as she is by the wanderlust, her friends have laid odds on that England and the Continent will win in the long run.

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Mavis Mallinson (Mrs. G. H. Dawson) is very busy these days, preparing for the first one-man show of her paintings and sculpture, at the Lyceum Club. Dame Mary Gilmore will open the exhibition on March 23.

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Receiving Felicitations

LORD and Lady Gifford, whose romantic marriage in Brisbane was the social sensation of the week, were looking radiant as they received felicitations from hundreds of friends and relatives at the afternoon reception given by Lady Gifford's father, Mr. Arthur Allen, at Merioola, Edgecliff. Lord Gifford, or "Giff" to the many friends he made here when A.D.C. to Sir Philip Game, was his usual debonair self, with a gardenia in his buttonhole, and had many amusing tales to tell of their adventurous motor trip from Brisbane "through about 14 floods."

He and his bride will return to London by plane. Later they may live in the country.

Lady Gifford hopes to have her Dalmatian dogs sent to England; meanwhile they will remain in the care of her sister, Mrs. John Bavin.

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Accent on Fuchsia Shades

IT may have been fashion, coincidence, or design, but many of the guests at Mr. Arthur Allen's reception for the newly-married Lord and Lady Gifford wore color accents on their frocks, which harmonised with the lovely fuchsia-toned decorations of the ballroom.

Mrs. Dundas Allen's toque had a feather trimming in fuchsia shade. Lady Bavin's hat was of cyclamen felt, and Mrs. Frank Pennefather and Mrs. Gwynneth Paul were others who finished black ensembles with touches of fuchsia.

Two of the most excited guests at the reception were the small daughter and son of Mr. and Mrs. John Bavin, Prudence having a green sash around the waist of her pretty spotted green-and-white frock.

Visit to Colombo

IT seems strange to think of the Moree picnic races being held without the presence of the entire Sidney Longworth family, who usually have a jolly house-party at Borah for the event.

This annual meeting is almost an institution with the Longworths, as for many years Sid has been the race club's popular secretary, only last year retiring in favor of Ken Livingston. But this year the family will be somewhat scattered. I've just heard that Mrs. Longworth and her daughters Margaret and Jean will leave in April by the Narkunda for a trip to Colombo, returning via Singapore.

They will be away ten weeks, and as the first day of the picnic races is May 24, they will not be back in time to be present.

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To Live at Wollongong

HONEYMOON days over, Dr. and Mrs. Rawdon Suttor will make their home at Wollongong, where, I hear, the doctor has bought a practice.

Before her recent marriage Mrs. Suttor was Miss Rona Rowe, daughter of the E. V. Rowes, of Chatswood.

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Country Visitors

MRS. D. J. NELSON is in town from her home at Toowoomba, staying at 52 Macleay Street, with daughters Mary and Janet.

She will settle Janet at Hopewood House before she and Mary return north again.

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All Set for Yass Picnics

THE Ernest Merrimans have a busy few days ahead. Mr. Merriman is again president of Yass picnic races, to be held this Thursday and Friday, and Mrs. Merriman, who, incidentally, is always one of the smartest punters, will entertain a large party of guests from Canberra and surrounding districts.

With the race ball on Thursday night, in the Soldiers' Memorial Hall, the Tennis Club dance, and also numerous informal cocktail and dinner parties, there is a social programme which will keep most of the townspeople and visitors extremely busy, too.

Among the visitors will be Mary Throsby, of Inverell, staying with her sister, Mrs. Jack Kerr. This will be the first time in years that Mary has missed her home town's picnic races, but this year they fall on the same days as Yass.

At Ledgerton station the Harold Walkers will entertain Phyl Telfer, of Mittagong. Marjorie Shine also will be among the visitors—as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Adrian Roche, of Karluen.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Shannon and daughter Joyce, of Marilba, Bowning, will be there, too. They returned home at the week-end by car from Sydney.

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Farewell Dinner Party

TO say good-bye to Mrs. Stogdale, of Melbourne, who left on Thursday by flying boat for England, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Stogdale entertained at a dinner party at Prince's on Wednesday. Their guests included Mrs. Frank Stogdale's daughter, Mrs. Charles Osborne, also of Toorak; Mrs. A. C. Ellis, Mrs. M. Cato, and Mr. George Stogdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Stogdale are looking forward to seeing their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Mick Fairfax, who will arrive this Saturday from their station home, Tarnuk, Merriwa, to join the family party at Mr. and Mrs. Stogdale's silver wedding anniversary.

Cheery Homecoming

WHAT a cheery homecoming for the Bert McKays after their holiday at the seaside. When leaving their station home at Warren last month, with their young family, to spend several weeks at Collaroy, the district was bare and brown.

They returned home last week to find The Overflow beginning to look a picture again after the recent rains.

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Arriving from England in June

AN interesting bit of news has just come my way. Captain and Mrs. Colin Duncan, who for some years have been living in England, are returning to Australia once more. Before her marriage Mrs. Duncan was Sydney's lovely Cecily Catterall, sister of Mrs. Telford Simpson and Mrs. Ken McLachlan.

Mrs. Ken, by the way, is abroad at the moment, and as she has been attending the fashion parades of world-famous couturiers she's sure to be smartness personified when she returns home some time in June. She will travel out with the Colin Duncans, the journey taking them through America.

The Duncans will probably go to Adelaide soon after their arrival to visit Colin's people and congratulate personally his brother, the newly-knighted Sir Walter Duncan.

I LIKE—

The smart white felt boater worn by Mrs. J. L. Dixon, of Bellevue Hill, with her grey pencil-striped tailleur.

The white chiffon frock, appliqued with green leaves to tone with her lovely emerald and diamond ring, worn by Margaret Milne when she announced her engagement to Walton Kitching at a party at Romano's last week.

All the impurities which clog your skin and prevent it from being transparently clear, are cleansed away by the Cuticura method. Your skin becomes fresh and radiant, because it is *cleaner and healthier* than ever before. Start to-day cleansing your face twice daily with Cuticura Soap. The creamy lather, with its emollient, mildly antiseptic action, washes away every trace of grime, clears the pores and leaves the skin softened and soothed. To get rid of pimples, rashes or skin eruptions, apply Cuticura Ointment direct on the affected parts.

Cuticura Talcum — superfine, fragrant, refreshes and comforts the skin after the bath.

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HOME HUNTING SIMPLIFIED...

New DAILY TELEGRAPH SERVICE

HOUSES AND LAND FOR SALE — TO LET — RESIDENTIAL FLATS — APARTMENTS, BOARD AND RESIDENCE — LISTED BY SUBURBS — DISTANCE FROM CITY — FARES — TRANSPORT SHOWN AT A GLANCE — EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

•

Are you dissatisfied with your present surroundings?. . . If you feel that you would appreciate a change, but are afraid of the home-hunting bogy, there is no need to be afraid any longer . . . HOME-HUNTING is simplified. No more of those wearisome pavement-pounding excursions from suburb to suburb when you are looking for a new home because the Daily Telegraph now presents classified advertisements that really are classified. As an added service to homeseekers the Daily Telegraph now features its old classifications — Houses and Land for Sale — To Let — Residential Flats — Apartments, Board and Residence — in a new and improved fashion . . . classified suburb by suburb, and what's more, giving all the important facts about these suburbs—distance from the city, transport and fares, height above sea-level—at a glance.

Without leaving your arm-chair you can find out just which suburb best suits your needs.

Homeseekers will find a happy-home-hunting-ground in the New Real Estate classified columns of the Daily Telegraph . . . Whether it is a place to board—a flat—a home to let, or maybe you wish to buy a home . . . the best selection is to be found in the Daily Telegraph Classified . . . classified as they are under this new scheme the unenviable task of choosing a new home is simplified to the last detail.

•

HOME SEEKERS! READ THE DAILY TELEGRAPH EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY FOR BETTER AND EASIER HOME SELECTION

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ONE SHILLING A LINE WEEK-DAYS
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Do you BRUSH your teeth or CLEAN them ?

The daily routine—a tub or a shower—a rub down and a vigorous brushing of the teeth—and we feel that we've started the day well—but have we?
Vigorous teeth brushing is likely to lull us into a false sense of security. Modern hygiene demands mouth Euthymolisation twice every day, morning and evening.
Euthymol kills the deadly dental decay germs in 30 seconds contact. Don't be satisfied to run the risk of gum infection and all its unpleasant train of disease.
Germ infection enters through the mouth—keep it clean. You'll thrill to the new Euthymol hygiene with its fragrant mouth cleanliness and wholesome, glistening teeth.
Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.
1/3 per tube.

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE
A PARKE DAVIS PRODUCT

Acid Stomach Is Dangerous
Sufferers from Indigestion
READ THIS

"Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, sourness, gas, heartburn, food fermentation, etc., are caused nine times in ten by chronic acid stomach," says a well-known authority.
Burning hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate stomach lining and often leads to gastritis or stomach ulcers. Don't dose an acid stomach with soda or artificial digestants that only give temporary relief from pain by drying the sour, fermenting food out of the stomach into the intestines.
Instead, neutralise or sweeten your acid stomach after meals with a little Salix Magnesia and not only will the pain vanish, but your meals will digest naturally. There is nothing better than Salix Magnesia to sweeten and settle an acid stomach. Your stomach sits and feels fine in just a few minutes. Salix Magnesia can be obtained from your nearest chemist or store. It is safe, reliable, easy, and pleasant to use, is not a laxative, and is not at all expensive.***

End irritating ECZEMA

You can find instant relief from the itching, fiery torture usually accompanying this condition and in the majority of cases a complete cure, by the application of Rexona Ointment. Its gentle, soothing medications and mild antiseptic action have the approval of the highest medical authority. Rexona Soap, containing the same mild medication, is also recommended to keep your skin healthy.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMISTS' OR STORE NOW!

What Women are Doing

Guest at "Famous Women's Dinner"

ONE of thirty-five women chosen by Lady Astor for her "Famous Women's Dinner" of 1933, the noted English feminist, Miss Helen Fraser, has arrived in Australia to make her home here for a year or so.

Deeply interested in Australia, she plans to take an active part in the work of various women's organisations.

Last year she was elected president of the London branch of the National Council of Women, and she was closely associated with the national air raid precautions campaign. She is particularly impressed with the part that Australian women are playing in defence matters.

Miss Fraser has devoted most of her life to women's interests, and is well known as a public speaker.

During the war she played a leading part in organising women's work, and lectured throughout the United States on this subject at the request of the United States Government.

She was the first woman chosen in Scotland to contest a seat in the House of Commons, and she has attended several international congresses on behalf of women's organisations in England.

Miss Helen Fraser, speaking at a luncheon upon her arrival in Sydney.

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Mission Worker from China Touring Australia

TEACHING Chinese to the Chinese is part of the work of Mrs. J. C. F. Robertson, English mission worker for the British and Foreign Bible Society, who has spent fifteen years in China.

Accompanied by her husband, who is secretary of the society in Manchukuo (formerly Manchuria), Mrs. Robertson is visiting Australia on a lecture and holiday tour before going on to England.

A member of the Royal Society of Teachers, London, she went to China first with the Methodist Mission.

She speaks Chinese fluently and has taught at various schools and universities in China, including a number of short-term schools run by the mission. These schools give instruction in the Bible, in reading and writing in Chinese and English, and in elementary arithmetic to hundreds of Chinese women who otherwise would receive little, if any, education.

For some time Mrs. Robertson was lecturer in English at the Mukden Medical College. She says that she found Chinese women students as able as any in the world.

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Produced and Acted In Own Play

HAVING completed her first play, Miss Nelle Richards, of Melbourne, both produced it and acted in it this month at the National Theatre in Melbourne.

Miss Richards —Eve Rag.

The play was a one-act comedy called "The House Hunter and the Cat."

Since its inception three years ago Miss Richards has been actively connected with the National Theatre Movement. She is now its entertainment secretary.

Nearly all her life she has been associated with the theatre. Her mother was Ivy Foster, the well-known English comedienne, who was brought out to Australia by the late Harry Rickards.

Miss Richards' first stage appearance was as Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but, at her father's wish, she abandoned all thoughts of a theatrical career and entered his office. On reaching the age of 21 she returned to the theatre, joining the staff of J. C. Williamson Ltd. From there she went on to the National Theatre Movement.

Miss Richards has written several poems, and a burlesque, in poetic form, which includes impersonations of leading figures in the National Theatre Movement.

Housewives' New Leader Studies World Trends

NEW president of the Housewives' Association in Melbourne, Mrs. John Downing is making an intensive study of world conditions, with special regard to markets and the cost of living, so that she will be able to formulate housewives' demands on just grounds.

Mrs. J. Downing —Jack Cato.

Mrs. Downing, whose six children were all brilliant students, had been vice-president of the Association for 20 years.

All her life she has taken a great interest in public affairs. She believes that women should interest themselves in Parliamentary debates, as a means of improving their knowledge of current political questions. For many years she herself has read both Federal and State Hansards.

Among her many activities, she is a life vice-president of the National Council of Women, she has been a State president of the W.C.T.U., and is at present chairman and vice-president of the Travellers' Aid Society. She has also given service as a probation officer of the children's courts.

In spite of her many social activities, Mrs. Downing grows most of the fruit and vegetables required for her home at Ivanhoe.

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To Study Child Guidance In America

TO gain further experience in child-guidance work, Miss Nancy Burton, of Sydney, left for America this month. She will undertake a post-graduate course at Stanford University, California, and she also hopes to work in a child-guidance clinic there. She expects to be away about two years.

Miss Burton, who graduated with first-class honors in psychology several years ago, held the position of psychologist to the N.S.W. Department of Education's child-guidance clinic. She had been with the clinic since it was established two years ago.

Problems of maladjusted and nervous children are dealt with by this clinic, as well as many other problems associated with education. Cases of delinquency in the State schools are also brought to its notice.

Miss Burton made a study of individual problems, interviewing children at schools and at the clinic.

"I shall definitely return to Australia," she said. "Child guidance is a movement that must develop in Australia, and we shall need all the trained specialists we can get."

Woman Scientist Aids Search for Oil

TO continue her research on fossil structure, Miss Irene Crespin, Commonwealth Palaeontologist, attached to the geological branch of the Department of the Interior, Canberra, will leave for Java soon. She will travel by plane, and expects to be away about six weeks.

Miss Crespin, who controls her own staff, is engaged mainly on fossil research. Much of her work is done for oil companies, which submit fossils to obtain data for use in searching for oil.

After graduating as a Bachelor of Arts at Melbourne University, she joined the staff of the Department of the Interior in Melbourne as assistant palaeontologist to Mr. F. Chapman, for whom she worked for seven years. Upon his retirement she took his place.

Miss Crespin has studied fossils in museums and laboratories, but in Java she will have her first experience on oil fields. She will also work in the Dutch Government laboratories.

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Occupational Work for Crippled Children

BY learning some craft which will exercise impaired limbs, crippled children in Victoria are receiving valuable assistance both physically and mentally.

Miss Sylvia Docker, who is highly trained in this work, which is known as occupational therapy, and who is also an orthopaedic masseuse, has been appointed by the Victorian Society for Crippled Children as its permanent occupational therapist.

She will direct the teaching of crafts to the children, and will be assisted by Miss Merle Christie, who organised the crippled children's craft club in Victoria.

Miss Docker considers that every child who has to be denied an active life for six months or more, through physical disability, should have some hobby to take the place of outdoor interests.

Many of the crafts can be undertaken with one hand, and children with the use of neither hand can be taught some interesting hobby such as stamp collecting.

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Has Spent Ten Years As Almoner

ONE of the first three students to obtain her almoner's diploma, and the first almoner to be appointed to the Royal Melbourne Hospital, Mrs. Brian Cornell, of Melbourne, has arrived in Adelaide, where she will now make her home. She has been working as an almoner for ten years.

For some time she was in charge of the Royal Melbourne Hospital diabetic clinic, and later she was attached to the District Nursing Society's ante-natal clinic.

In view of the shortage of trained almoners in Australia, Mrs. Cornell considers that the profession offers great possibilities as a career for girls.

Although she does not intend to practise in Adelaide, she hopes to be active in social and welfare work.

* * *

In Charge of Valuable Scientific Journals

AS honorary librarian of the Queensland Naturalist Club, Mrs. G. L. Jackson, whose husband is the president, is in charge of many valuable journals and hundreds of scientific pamphlets from all parts of the world.

Mrs. Jackson —McCarthy.

The library is a very popular part of the club's activities, and members always look forward to "changing night," which is held once a month.

Mrs. Jackson is a vice-president of the Brisbane Women's Club, and is also its house convener. For some time she was a leading member of the club's dramatic circle.

Her interests include also the Creche and Kindergarten Association, for which she has worked for many years.

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the insect Spray that *kills*

There are other insect sprays, but there is only one "Fly-Tox". For your own protection insist on Fly-Tox. It is more effective . . . stronger than ever . . . more economical . . . it kills flies, mosquitoes, and all other insects — *quickly*.

INSIST ON FLY-TOX

Freckles
Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.
Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.
Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.***

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA
Just a Few Sips and—Like a Flash—Relief!
Sleep Sound All Night.

Spend 2/3 to-day at any chemist or store for a bottle of BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting)—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardly cold Canada—take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long.
One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on the way"—continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

W.K. Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE
A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

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There is summer witchery for jaded appetites in every tin of "Sun-Kist" Asparagus. The tender goodness in these specially selected "Sun-Kist" California Asparagus tips is carefully preserved and retained—they come to you as invitingly fresh as the dewy morning on which they were cut. Keep a few tins of "Sun-Kist" handy in your pantry for unexpected guests, impromptu suppers and all occasions that call for a light, appetising repast.

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Most Reliable

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GENEVA — LONDON — PARIS

Doctor Ordered Quiet

Continued from Page 5

"I'M sending a nurse, perhaps two," he said, taking his leave. "Though it's a bit awkward getting hold of a good nurse on Christmas Eve. Perhaps your maid could lend a hand until Sister Margaret can get here."

Lady Chelcombe made a sound which might have been assent, but her voice seemed strangled.

"Thanks very much," said young Doctor Turner, relieved, and returned to the patient.

When he had finally left the house Lady Chelcombe rang for Lydia to be sent to her. And to Lydia she said, "Kindly attend to the . . . the young airman until the nurse arrives."

"Yes, my lady," answered Lydia promptly. "But Martha is with him now, and I can put your ladyship to bed first."

"Lydia," thundered Lady Chelcombe, "don't be a fool! I shall put myself to bed."

"But, my lady . . ."

"Be quiet, Lydia, and listen to me. This young airman is my grandson."

"Mr. Arthur's boy," gasped Lydia. She knew all about Mr. Arthur. All about "that woman," too.

"Naturally," said Lady Chelcombe irritably. "I have no other grandson. I wish it kept a secret for the present. Let the staff think what they like, and the doctors, too. But to you I say he is to have every attention . . . Every attention." Her voice trailed off.

"You are faint, my lady."

But Lady Chelcombe reared up her head.

"I'm not faint, but I am eighty years old, and I have had a shock. Go to Noel Chelcombe and report to me later . . ."

Eleven o'clock struck from the tower. Lydia had gone to bed. But Lady Chelcombe still sat, in her dressing-gown, before her bedroom fire. She was fighting with a strong temptation. To take her stick and negotiate those shallow oaken stairs until she came to the ground-floor bedroom which was just below hers. To cross the gulf of twenty-three years in doing so, and see Arthur's son with her own eyes. If, indeed, the young man the skies had dropped into her park was Arthur's son.

There might be another young man called Noel Chelcombe in the world. But she would know. One look would tell her.

Sister Margaret, softly closing the door of the ground-floor bedroom behind her, on her way to the library for some light refreshment, saw that tall figure, wrapped in a velvet, fur-trimmed dressing-gown, and nodded as cheerfully at her as if Lady Chelcombe had been any ordinary benevolent old lady come to view the sick boy who was her patient.

"He's very quiet now," she told the mistress of the big house to which she had been hurried. "You can go in if you like."

Lady Chelcombe made no reply. But she went in to that ground-floor room which had been Arthur's, and up to the bed where Arthur had so often slept.

The strange young man lay very stiff and straight upon it, his head thrown back on the one low pillow which supported it, and his eyes shut against the light of the dimly shaded lamp at his side.

It wasn't a particularly good-looking face, but it riveted the watcher's eyes. The hawk nose of the Wyverns, the dark hair of that woman, the full lips of the Chelcombes. Nature had mixed them all up together in the face of Arthur's son. And Arthur's mother, looking down on him, had no need for any confirmation of his identity. Also she had found the answer to that puzzling question she so often mused over by the fire:

Did she want to see her grandson or not?

There wasn't any doubt about it. She discovered she did want to see him, to know him. Wanted it quite eagerly and hungrily. But what she had never imagined was that he wouldn't want her. That she discovered two minutes later, when he opened deeply blue eyes.

"Go away," he said faintly but clearly.

Lady Chelcombe looked round. The nurse was still discreetly absent, and the room was as quiet as could be. She leaned a little stiffly towards him.

"Noel," she said, "I am your grandmother."

The deep blue eyes stared at her, and in them grew something cold and implacable.

"My grandmother," he said. "is a wicked woman. She killed my father and my mother. Take her away, please."

Then the dark lashes veiled those young eyes and their accusation. Lady Chelcombe shivered a little.

She had had to wait twenty-three years to hear the truth, and it was no more palatable for the length of time which had intervened before it came.

On Christmas morning Nurse Wilkins joined Sister Margaret, because the patient had now become conscious, and often wandering in his mind, and needed a day as well as a night nurse. But he was going on well. Young Doctor Turner was sure of this, though he was not so sure of the extent of the possible injuries to the spine. The portable X-ray would come out to Chelcombe Towers in forty-eight hours, and then they would know more about it.

"In the meantime," said the tactless, direct young doctor, "you might go in and try to stop him worrying about this Doris."

"Doris?" said Lady Chelcombe, in the voice in which she had mentioned "that woman" twenty years ago.

"Yes, that's the name he keeps repeating. But you'll know all about that, I dare say, Lady Chelcombe."

Noel's grandmother made no reply, except to ask, rather frigidly, when Doctor Thorne would be able to take charge of the case.

"Well, it's my case now," said the tactless young man. "But if you want old Thorne, I'll call him in."

"Doctor Thorne is my doctor, and the proper man to attend my grandson."

It was no good trying to be rude to Lady Chelcombe. She could always be ruder. Embarrassed, the young doctor murmured something non-committal, and then he faded away, as Doctor Thorne had so often found it convenient to do, and Lady Chelcombe went in to hear about Doris.

Inside Noel's spacious room the light filtered dimly through drawn chintz curtains, and there was a screen round the bed to keep out even the few intruding spears of December sunlight.

Nurse Wilkins was knitting a jumper in a far corner of the room, and Flying Officer Noel Chelcombe was holding a long conversation with the absent Doris, which had evidently been going on for some time.

"You knew from the first that we'd have to wait, Doris darling," he was saying, as Lady Chelcombe took the chair the nurse drew forward for her.

"He's going on like this all the time," she whispered, "and it's very bad for him."

"You said you didn't mind . . ." the low, hurried voice went on. "You said you'd wait until we could risk getting married. Of course I know I've nothing to offer, not really compared to fellows like Ned Parsons, but you knew that when you took me. You knew I hadn't a bean and never would have, and now you've gone back on it all." Then later, "You do like that ring, Doris . . . you don't think it's too dud, do you? They showed me a better one, but it hopped away. Odd, wasn't it?" and he tried to laugh.

"DORIS . . . Doris . . ." he muttered over and over again. "I want Doris to come and talk to me. Why doesn't someone get her, and bring her here?"

"I'm afraid he's getting a bit too excited," murmured Nurse Wilkins, coming to the bedside. "Perhaps you'd better come back later, Lady Chelcombe."

But Lady Chelcombe shook her head, and Nurse Wilkins didn't dare to press the point. Thus Noel's grandmother heard a good deal about Doris, and someone called Ned Parsons, whom Noel seemed to regard as a rival.

"A cheap little girl," thought Lady Chelcombe, "playing off one man against the other." A Chelcombe against a Parsons. As if there could be any choice. But obviously this Parsons man had money, and her grandson had not even enough to get a ring which wasn't "dud."

Noel's rambling talk was revealing, and by the time she went away Lady Chelcombe understood the ordinary little story well enough. It was just the inevitable turning down of a negligible young man for someone better by a girl who wasn't prepared to make sacrifices for love—who possibly didn't know how to love at all.

"Doris indeed!" thought Lady Chelcombe, back in her chair by the library fire. Yet she knew that she would give something, quite a lot, in fact, to be able to lay her hands on Doris, and drag her into that darkened room, with stern orders to take away the pucker of misery from Noel's forehead, that haunted look from his eyes.

Lady Chelcombe waved away the turkey and plum pudding Morrison proffered, and for her Christmas lunch took only a bowl of soup. But the fragrant coffee steadied her jarred old nerves, and she was enjoying it when Morrison, who had left her, suddenly returned.

"There's a young lady—Miss Doris Winter, I think the name was—who wishes to see your ladyship. I told her I really couldn't disturb you on Christmas Day, but she said she wanted news of . . ." Morrison coughed—"of Mr. Chelcombe."

The spoon clattered into the delicate china saucer.

Then, surprisingly, Lady Chelcombe said: "Bring her in at once and fetch another cup of coffee."

Please turn to Page 53

Building Anew

I sometimes wander down the years
Where there was laughter, and some tears,
And mixing both, is brought to me
A deeper, wide philosophy.

Such retrospection's wrong, you say,
This thinking of another day!
But I am using bricks that fell
To build a new foundation well.

So do I take from down the years
All of these hopes, and joys and fears,
And mixing them, I see defined
A nobler plan, within my mind.

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Doctor Ordered Quiet

Continued from Page 52

MISS DORIS WINTER was tall and streamlined in figure. Under a little black skull cap gold curls sprayed out alluringly, and under her plucked eyebrows lobelia-blue eyes gazed widely at the beautiful room and the old lady who sat all alone at the long silver-laden table. Very sure of herself was Doris Winter, and as slick and sophisticated as the girls who worked at "Beauty Limited" were expected to be.

Taking the slim, white-gloved hand she held out, Lady Chelcombe summed her up at once as what was known in her day as a minx, and in a day before hers as a baggage.

"Sit down, Miss Winter," she said, "and have some coffee. You must have had a cold drive."

The words were polite enough, but there was nothing very cordial about the way they were said. Miss Winter's smile wasn't especially cordial either, as she sat down and put back the veil which floated from that head-outlining Juliet cap.

"You must think me very weird, butting in like this on a stranger," she said, with a genteel intonation which Lady Chelcombe noted. "But when I phoned the aerodrome this morning, to speak to my friend, to Noel Chelcombe, they told me he'd crashed and been brought here. How is he?"

"Better," said Lady Chelcombe rather grimly. "It's his back, and his head."

Doris made a distressed sound.

"Oh, dear," she said, "that's bad, isn't it?"

The butler approached with the coffee, and as Miss Winter helped herself to sugar and refused cream another idea struck her.

"Are you a relative of Noel's?" she asked, sudden curiosity in her blue gaze. "They told me he had been taken to Lady Chelcombe's place, but I never heard him speak of anyone of that name."

"I am only his grandmother," said Lady Chelcombe superbly. It seemed incredible that anyone owning relationship to her should not have mentioned it.

"Oh, indeed." There was great significance in the raising of Miss Winter's plucked eyebrows.

Then Lady Chelcombe said: "What is more important is your own relationship to Noel Chelcombe. Are you engaged to him, or to someone called Parsons?"

Doris Winter flushed under her artistic make-up.

"That's a leading question, Lady Chelcombe."

"Of course. What's the good of beating about the bush? Noel's calling for you, and you're here, but I shan't let you see him if you're going to make him more unhappy than he is already."

Doris reached out her hand to a silver cigarette box.

"Can I smoke?" she said, lighting up almost before Lady Chelcombe's dignified little nod of assent.

"We were engaged," she offered jerkily. "But it all seemed so hopeless. He had nothing, and I only had my job in the beauty parlor, and a girl can't wait forever."

"Why not?" said Lady Chelcombe.

"She just can't," Miss Winter enlightened her. "Not nowadays. Not if she's . . . well . . . not too bad to look at, and has other chances offered her all the time."

"Parsons?" Lady Chelcombe remarked contemptuously.

"Ned Parsons, if you like," Doris agreed. "Though I don't know how you came to find out anything about my private affairs. Mr. Parsons is comfortably off, and could marry me to-morrow, and is crazy to do so," she added, with a shaky laugh.

"Then why do you come here after Noel?"

"Really, Lady Chelcombe . . ." Doris flushed again, and her blue eyes showed resentment. "I must say you've a very downright way of putting things."

"Answer my question," said Lady Chelcombe implacably.

Doris Winter stubbed out her cigarette first. Then she said: "Well, if you want to know, I came here because, when I heard he had crashed, I knew it was Noel really, and not Ned Parsons. I may be letting myself down, but I'll have to marry him, if I'm really that way about him."

Lady Chelcombe's tension relaxed, and she sat back in her chair with a strange feeling of relief.

"When you have finished your coffee, we will go and see him," was all she said.

She had done with Miss Winter, for the present, but Miss Winter had not quite done with her.

"Excuse me asking, Lady Chelcombe," she began, in a cool little voice. "But if you live in such a grand house and have butlers and footmen and all the rest of it, why have you never done anything for poor Noel all these years?"

Lady Chelcombe looked away from Doris, raised tired dark eyes to the picture of Sir Henry Chelcombe in hunting kit, dominating the opposite wall.

She seemed to be answering him, as she said slowly:

"My son married against my wishes, and I quarrelled with him. And as I had not approved of his wife, I did not wish to have anything to do with their boy. My husband was dead and the money was mine," she added, with an odd wish to exonerate Henry, who would have forgiven Arthur anything.

"Quarrels are very sad," said Miss Doris Winter. "And quite wrong, too, if I may say so, between near relatives. Noel's often told me about his mother, and he thought the world of her. He's not a snob," added the young lady, making the implication clear.

"I do not wish to discuss the past," said Lady Chelcombe, a small bead of perspiration breaking out on the wrinkled forehead under her beautifully arranged grey hair.

"Oh, well, it's your business, of course," Miss Winter agreed. "But I should have thought you'd have liked a little love from your grandson at your age."

"We won't discuss my age, either," Lady Chelcombe's voice was crushing.

"Come," she said. And Doris Winter undulated at her side down the long passage with a gait that was undoubtedly graceful, but which Lady Chelcombe found peculiar.

At the door of that dim room the old lady motioned the girl in, and stood herself in the shadow of the screen, withdrawn yet able to see and hear.

"You poor old thing," said Doris, and the coo of a wood pigeon had got into her hard, cool little voice. "Why ever were you such an old silly as to crash?"

"Doris . . . you've come."

"Course I've come. Do you think I'd stay away when they told me at the aerodrome what had happened? I got Ned Parsons to drive me down, but don't you worry about that, my sweet. He knows now he hasn't an earthly against you, and he's ever so nice about it. Buck up and get well soon, and we'll be married and start housekeeping in that cottage near Calshot you showed me once."

"Doris, you're so wonderful. There's absolutely no one in the world like you." Noel Chelcombe's thin face was turned towards her, and his thin hand was feeling for hers.

"Where's that dud ring I gave you?" he asked tensely.

But Miss Winter was prepared for this.

"On my finger, of course," she answered, with a little tender laugh. "And you're not to call it a dud, because I wouldn't change it for a square diamond set in platinum."

That satisfied Noel. He pillowed his cheek on her hand, and was silent. Lady Chelcombe, watching, thought he might have fallen asleep until she heard Doris speaking to him in that same low coo of a voice.

"I had quite a long chat with your grandmother," she said.

But at that Noel made an impatient movement of his head.

"Don't speak about her. I don't want to remember I'm here . . ."

The cold aloofness of his voice hurt the woman listening behind the screen more than abuse would have done. She moved stiffly away, taking care not to be heard. Went back into the silent library, and sat there, thinking . . .

She had written to Arthur. Too late. She had begun to love Arthur's son. Again too late.

His heart was as hard as hers had been. Harder, for the hardness in hers was melting swiftly, like ice under a newly risen sun.

Doris stayed the night. She occupied the tapestry room, and was treated like an honored guest by the puzzled servants.

Please turn to Page 54

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Doctor Ordered Quiet

Continued from Page 53

AND the next day Doris, in response to an invitation which it cost Lady Chelcombe a lot to make, sent for her suitcases, gave notice at Beauty Limited, and established herself in the tapestry room.

She lunched with Lady Chelcombe. She dined with her. She drove with her in the big black Daimler, and she spent hours in Noel's sickroom, from which the grandmother felt herself debarred.

Thus it was Doris Winter who broke to Lady Chelcombe, one cheerless January morning, a bleak piece of news in keeping with the day.

"Noel wants to go," she said abruptly, looking up from the pink jumper she was knitting.

"Go . . . ," echoed Lady Chelcombe. "But he can't . . . it's impossible."

"He's really quite well enough to go, you know." But Doris looked embarrassed, as if some reflection of Lady Chelcombe's distress was reaching her.

"Doris," said Lady Chelcombe, "you must neither of you go. You must be married from here, and make this your home."

The pink jumper slid from Doris' lap. And Doris herself crossed the room with one of those super-graceful movements of hers, and knelt down by the big chair.

"It's ever so sweet of you," she said. "And I would, really I would. But, you see, Noel——"

Doris Winter's vocabulary was limited. It did not admit of her explaining Noel's strange state of mind. Of the almost frantic way he had said, "Let me get out of this house. I can't breathe here."

But Lady Chelcombe understood. "He hates me," she said, with the calm finality of the old. "It's a pity, but I'm not surprised."

Under Doris' gold hair, set in those careful plastic curls, an idea was growing. Quite a kind idea, because Doris Winter, now in the grip of her growing love for Noel, felt kindly to everyone.

"Why not go in and sit with him this afternoon, instead of me? I'll take some time off, and get a hair set and a manicure at that town I passed through, close by."

Lady Chelcombe didn't answer in words. But she began to realise why Noel felt as he did about Doris.

So it was wordlessly understood between them that Lady Chelcombe was to have a last chance to break down that spiritual barrier Noel had erected against her.

"You must take the car," said Lady Chelcombe finally, "and Dacres shall drive you."

And that, though Doris Winter didn't know it, was the greatest concession of all. Fat old Dacres, former coachman, never drove anyone but her Ladyship. When Lady Chelcombe did a thing, she did it handsomely. The trouble was she so seldom did anything for anybody. Wrapped in cotton-wool, the days, months, years, sped softly by. But, then, of course, the Doctor had ordered quiet.

They sat side by side. The young man in the wheel chair Sir Henry had used once when afflicted with the gout. The old woman in an armchair Nurse Wilkins had fetched for her.

They were quite close, and yet they were miles apart, as Flying Officer Noel Chelcombe thanked her, with careful civility, for her hospitality to himself and Doris. Now that he was up, carefully shaved, and with his black hair brushed smoothly back from a high forehead, Lady Chelcombe could see less of Arthur in him, and more of that woman.

Noel Chelcombe was certainly not good-looking, or even specially distinguished-looking. He looked just an ordinary young airman, but her old heart yearned after him as he sat there, glancing at the watch on his thin wrist, and obviously wondering how soon Doris would be back, and this uncomfortable interview would end.

Lady Chelcombe said abruptly: "So you don't want to stay here a moment longer than you need?"

"No, I don't." Noel Chelcombe was equally abrupt.

"You can't forgive me for the past?"

"No," he said again.

Impatiently Lady Chelcombe struck one hand against the other.

"Noel, you must forgive me," she said. "You can't go nursing a grievance against me all the rest of your life."

"WHY not? You did it yourself. So far as I can tell, you never gave my father a thought, to say nothing of my mother."

Lady Chelcombe's old hands were trembling as she fumbled in the black velvet bag on her lap, and pulled out the unposted letter written to Arthur the day she heard of his death by a telegram from her lawyer.

"Read it," she said, "and don't say that again."

If the young man in the camel-hair dressing-gown was moved by the perusal of that handsome apology, the ink of which was fading, he did not own it.

He handed it back to his grandmother, observing quietly: "There was still me. And my mother. Do you know anything at all about my mother, Lady Chelcombe?"

"Very little," admitted Lady Chelcombe humbly. The humbleness was caused by the fact that he had called her "Lady Chelcombe" as coolly as if the irresistible bond of blood was not between them.

"My mother," said Noel Chelcombe, "was a remarkable woman and awfully intelligent. She was a teacher when she met my father, and after he died she took up her old work again, and got to be headmistress of a high school for girls at Melbourne, and saved every penny of her salary to get me on in the world. She didn't want me to go in for flying. 'I can't lose you, too,' she said. But it was I who lost her. She spoke of you once, and do you know what she called you? 'Poor Lady Chelcombe.' You see, she didn't care about money, or things like that."

"She was quite right," said Lady Chelcombe unexpectedly. And hardly realised in her agitation that she had allowed herself to speak in praise of that woman. Then she turned the vials of her wrath on this obstinate Chelcombe.

"You're as hard as I was," she said. "And, like me, you'll live to regret it when you come to be old."

"I'm not hard," Noel Chelcombe pointed out. "But I'm logical. Why should I care for a woman I've never seen?"

There was no answer.

"I'm willing to believe you regret it now, but what's the good? I've always had to be on my own, and I propose to go on. We propose to go on being independent," he amended, looking straight in front of him. "If it hadn't been for Doris, I'd have had no one in the world. That's how I got so fond of her, though she may not be up to all these fine Chelcombes who've lived here. If it comes to that, I'm not up to them either," said Noel Chelcombe, without rancor. "There's no Eton and Oxford and old school tie about me."

Then he stopped, because Lady Chelcombe's face had gone waxy pale, and two lines ran sharply from her hawk nose to her twitching lips.

"Lady Chelcombe," he exclaimed, leaning forward in his wheel chair. "Are you ill?" Then, as she didn't answer, something surged up in Noel. Something he did not understand. Something which made him say, quite urgently, "Grandmother . . . Granny, speak to me, look at me. It's Noel."

She opened her sunken eyes and tried to smile.

"STAY here with me, you and Doris," she said, with difficulty. "I'm too old to bear any more."

"I can't stay, Granny," Noel Chelcombe told her gently, holding her hand in his. "But it's all right. We'll come back, often, and see you. We'll have a date to spend next Christmas with you."

Then the nurse ran in at one door. The maid, who had been hovering about, ran in at the other. They gave her old brandy in a big glass, which made her choke a little, and Lydia gave Noel a portentous frown which made him feel very guilty.

But later Dr. Thorne, hurriedly summoned, felt her pulse beating more strongly than usual, and was surprised at the vigor of her voice, and the steadiness of her heart-beats under his stethoscope. Still he uttered words of caution.

"When this young man—er, your grandson, has gone," said Dr. Thorne, "we must get back to our old quiet routine, which suited you so well."

And Lady Chelcombe agreed, with astonishing meekness. As she sat in her library, she would have something new to think of now. Something quite ordinary, which comes to most old women. The thought of a grandson, perhaps a great-grandson by next Christmas.

"Don't hurry away, Dr. Thorne," said Lady Chelcombe graciously. "Stay and have a glass of sherry, and tell me about that new grandson of yours."

When the doctor had left her that velvet silence closed round her again, as she sat in the library looking into the fire. But she did not mind. Because now it was not the quiet of loneliness, but the happy quiet which is only another name for peace.

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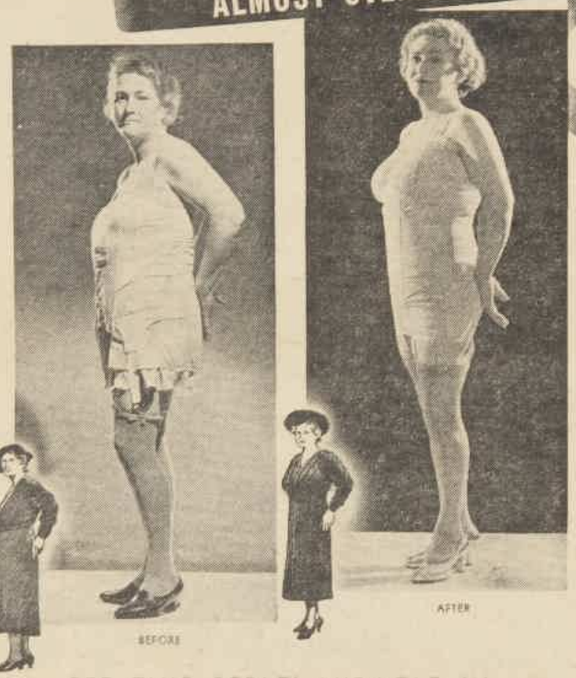

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A PROMISE OF GREATER LOVELINESS FOR YOU! Once see "Beauty in the Balance" and you'll be inspired to take yourself in hand, to make yourself a very much lovelier woman. And you can. Berlei's guide book to beauty, entitled "Beauty in the Balance," will show you the way. Every woman at the Stage Presentation will be given this book free! Follow this co-ordinated head-to-toe course in beauty and it will transform *you* into a lovelier, more charming woman . . . the pride of your family and the envy of your friends. So, go to-day to the Corset Department of your favourite store . . . ask for your Free Invitation to see "Beauty in the Balance."

★ THIS WEEK AT THE TROCADERO

TWICE DAILY—10.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.

BB1.369

ADMISSION FREE Ask for Invitations at your favourite Corset Dept.

Train Air Sea SICKNESS?

BROMURAL calms the nervous disturbance—the real cause of travel sickness. Before your next trip, get Bromural Tablets.

BROMURAL (KNOLL)

Ask your Chemist. (4 K 39)

FALSE TEETH

Can Not Embarrass

Most wearers of false teeth have suffered real embarrassment because their teeth dropped or slipped at just the wrong time. Do not live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. Makes false teeth stay in place and feel comfortable. Sweetens breath. Get FASTEETH at any chemist (large or small size).***

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THE HOMEMAKER

How is it to be . . .

Your winter coiffure — *up or down?*

● Dressing and hair styles for the winter season ahead will be more formalised and feminine than before. If you are in doubt about trying the upswept coiffures compare these pictures and decide which you prefer—the up or the down styles.

By JANETTE

● MANY WOMEN are compromising by wearing their hair down during the day and up at night. One of these is Gloria Stuart, Fox star. Above she is wearing her hair in a soft natural style and at left her hair is done in the more sophisticated but very feminine Edwardian style.

● STYLE of hairdressing makes a big difference to the appearance of Niki Hood, GBD player, above and at right. The combed-down bob is very youthful and makes a soft frame for her face. The upswept coiffure is rather more alluring in that it adds interest and character.

\+ \+

● COMPARE the coiffures of Rene Houston, GBD player, below. With her brushed-up coiffure topped with a befeathered Edwardian toque she is very charming, while with her hair worn low on the back of her neck in the other picture she looks an entirely different person.

Beauty Wash your own hair

EVERYONE'S talking about this "new thrilling way to wash hair"—*with Colinated Cocoanut Oil Shampoo* . . . **Without any doubt it quickly brings out all the natural radiance and beauty of your hair** . . . glamorous, NATURAL radiance . . . beautiful beyond your fondest dreams.

Whatever the natural colour of your hair, and particularly if it is "difficult", wash your hair with this amazing "cocoanut foam" to give it magic new lustre and a fascinating silky sheen. Then watch how the waves or curls come out deep, crisp, sparkling . . . easy to dress . . . unbelievably beautiful.

Make your next shampoo a real "beauty wash" with COLINATED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO . . . a 2/6 bottle gives 14 shampoos.

All chemists and stores everywhere.

COLINATED COCOANUT OIL *Shampoo*

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Did you know that . . .

Foot beauty begins with babyhood?

What My Patients Ask Me
BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: My feet are misshapen and very ugly. How can I be sure my children won't suffer with the same troubles when they grow up?

DOCTOR Few adults to-day have attractive feet. This has been caused mostly by wearing ill-fitting shoes in youth and neglect in the care of the feet generally.

For women this is especially unfortunate, because of the prevailing healthful and attractive fashion for the open sandal-type of shoe.

On a beautiful foot nothing looks more enchanting than a pretty, open shoe, but on a misshapen foot the result is more likely to be grotesque.

In fact, it is a constant source of despair to many women that they are quite unable to wear sandal shoes.

And as shoe styles are likely in the future, as the human race becomes more health conscious, to lean more than ever towards sandal styles, the necessity for caring for the feet of the younger generation is most obvious.

Pedicure, a boon to the modern woman, can help to correct her foot faults, but foot beauty is something that is built up from babyhood—it is something that all mothers must regard as their special responsibility.

PATIENT: Why is it that feet perfect in babyhood become misshapen so easily?

DOCTOR: Most persons love to fondle the precious little feet of infants, yet few realise the intricate architecture of the feet and their need of special care during infancy and childhood.

The foot is not a solid body, but is composed of 32 bony masses. It takes 10 years before the general structure of the foot is completed.

And even after the tenth year certain details of the great heel-bone are not perfected, but require another 10 years.

PATIENT: My baby seems to have flat feet—is that natural?

DOCTOR: During the time the baby is developing, the various foot arches are held in position by means of fatty pads. This is why the foot of the new-born baby usually appears to be perfectly flat.

But as soon as the child begins to crawl and stand, the muscles become developed. The fatty pads are then absorbed and the foot begins to show its true arch formation.

The bony structures of the infant are soft and incomplete. They can easily be bent.

Thus, if the child is overweight or undernourished, the feet may easily become warped and misshapen.

With proper care, adequate nutrition and the use of correct footgear the foot will develop naturally and grow to be strong and sturdy.

PATIENT: What about growing children? What care is necessary for their feet?

SUCH pretty feet enhanced by dainty sandals—they belong to Frances Leslie, Fox player, who gives her feet every care.

DOCTOR: Too many children, especially those of school age, show serious foot defects.

If these are neglected, they may become quite disabling in early adult life.

Such defects are often produced by short stockings, narrow shoes or shoes that are too stiff for tender little feet.

For this reason it is advised that the child's shoes be of a proper width to permit adequate growth of the feet.

They must be wide enough and long enough to enable the feet to move freely.

PATIENT: Do you recommend heavy or light shoes for children?

DOCTOR: Do not have the children wear heavy shoes, because, even though they may be more durable, they may cause serious harm.

The shoes should be flexible at the ball of the foot and the soles made of a good grade flexible leather.

In former years footwear for children was an expensive household item.

To-day, modern manufacturers of shoes for children have reduced the prices so they are within the reach of everyone.

Infants' shoes and those for young children are made for health and comfort.

If you are careful in your choice, you can protect your children against foot ills.

PATIENT: Are orthopedic shoes necessary to correct foot defects?

DOCTOR: Children with defective feet rarely require special "orthopedic" shoes, provided corrective exercises are begun at an early age.

Of course, in some cases special shoes with arch supports may be wisely recommended. Let your doctor decide this.

FOOT care starts from babyhood. This little girl has a sturdy, well-shaped foot which will remain so if her footwear is selected wisely.

For young wives and mothers

Care of baby in the first days

MOST important in the life of baby are the first few days after birth.

This is the time when natural feeding should be properly established and every expectant mother is advised to make sure she has a proper knowledge of this important subject.

The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau has prepared a leaflet on "Baby's First Days and Natural Feeding." Those interested may obtain this leaflet free of cost by sending a request, together with stamped addressed envelope, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

Shopping in Bond Street

The fashionable Englishwoman takes the same fastidious care in the selection of her Perfume as she does in the care of her complexion, and the lovely clean, fresh fragrance of the Yardley Lavender is her favourite perfume. She finds it the one indispensable fragrance for Daytime Daintiness, and its simple, wistful appeal charming for evening wear, too.

Face Powder, Toilet Soap and Lipstick are in the same series and are used by her in conjunction with the Yardley Beauty Preparations, the wonderful Skin Creams and Lotions that comprise the famous Yardley Beauty Treatment on which the Englishwoman relies to enhance and preserve that unique loveliness, the English Complexion.

BY APPOINTMENT

Yardley's English Lavender from 10/6 to 3/-, Lavender Soap—"The Luxury Soap of the World"—1/6 a tablet, Lavender Face Powder 3/9, English Complexion Cream 5/6. Also Night Cream (Skin Food) 5/6, Foundation Cream 5/6, Liquefying Cleansing Cream 5/6, Rouge Cream 3/9, Lipstick 4/6. Write for our illustrated booklet No. 14B "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street," post free on request.

YARDLEY LAVENDER

YARDLEY AND COMPANY (PTY.) LIMITED, 44-52 Vine Street, Redfern, Sydney
And at 33 Old Bond Street, London, New York, Paris, Toronto

lovely lips

NIGHT AND DAY

NOW . . . Pond's new Lipstick, to make lips look thrilling always, in the bright daylight, or under the glare of electric lights. Pond's new Lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich color by night or day. REALLY indelible . . . it's double indelible! Smooth and dewy on your lips. Six smart new shades.

Pond's
NEW DOUBLE-INDELIBLE
Lipstick

● 1/- and 2/6 at all stores and chemists

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M-m-m-makes your mouth water!

Serve this exciting
LENTEN DISH
HOT SALMON LOAF
laced with golden-smooth
KRAFT CHEESE SAUCE

Lenten menus monotonous? Not if you serve *this* appetising new Lenten dish . . . piping hot Salmon Loaf laced with golden-smooth Kraft Cheese sauce, and garnished with vegetables to suite your taste. It's a treat for the whole family . . . and so easy to make, you'll want to have it again and again! Remember, Kraft is rich in all these important food elements . . . tissue building proteins, energy units, vitamin A, and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, which build strong bones, sound teeth. It takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft!

How to make the Salmon Loaf

Simply take 1 lb. tin of your favourite salmon, bone and flake and mix with 1 cup breadcrumbs, ¼ cup milk, 1 tablespoon chopped onions, 2 beaten up eggs. Bake in 2 round buttered dishes in moderate oven until firm. Serves 6 to 8.

HOW TO MAKE THE KRAFT CHEESE SAUCE

1

Take 4 oz. packet Kraft Cheddar, ½ cup milk. Shred cheese into saucepan with 1 tablespoon milk.

2

Heat and stir till melted smooth, then stir in rest of milk slowly . . . and there's your luscious Cheese Sauce!

KRAFT CHEDDAR. Mellow flavoured, creamy smooth. **OLD ENGLISH.** The *tasty* cheese. **KRAFT CELERY.** Cheddar flavoured with celery. **WELSH RAREBIT.** All ready to melt on toast. **KRAFT GRUYERE.** Little more than *half* the price of imported brands.

CLIP OUT FOR NEW KRAFT RECIPE BOOK.

Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Dept. (A29), Riverside Av., Melbourne: 58 Clarence St., Sydney: or 74 Eagle St., Brisbane. (Write to address in your State or to Melbourne and enclose 3d. in stamps.) Please send me a copy of the new Kraft Recipe Book "Cheese and Ways to Serve It".

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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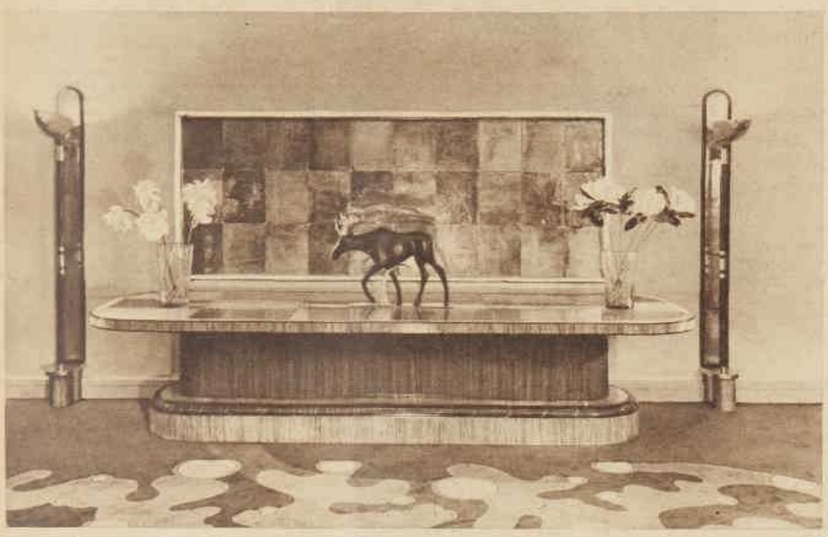
Glass interiors . . . *newest vogue*

MAYFAIR designers use glass for pelmets, fireplaces, and table-tops to bring light and beauty into rooms.



THIS side table designed for a living or dining room has a panel top of iridescent antique glass set in a frame of gold-leaf. Two matching wall-lights at either side are reflected from the antique glass panels against which they stand.

LONDON, March 1.

GLASS for pelmets, fireplaces, table and sideboard tops is now employed with striking effect by modern interior decorators.

Laslo Hoenig, one of Mayfair's most modern designers, has used it with marble in some impressive country house schemes.

Mirror, antique, glazed and brick glass is combined with marble and mahogany; concealed light is reflected from mirrored panels and overmantels; colored marble, in soft peach and deep green, is used with cheerful and sophisticated decor.

With the return of glass and marble to favor many beautiful color combinations have been reintroduced, the shades reflected from the mirrors being further accentuated in the colorings in marble-topped tables and fireplaces.

For a dark and otherwise uninteresting dining-room Mr. Hoenig has used mirrored glass for the pelmet above the window.

By featuring this window and flood-lighting the room from behind the mirror pelmet he has given a cheerful atmosphere, further enhanced by the use of mirror and marble in the fireplace and antique glass in the table.

Green Marble

PEACH mirror, with designs in sandblasting of leaves and fruit, forms the overmantel, reflecting the soft glow of indirect lighting from above. The fireplace itself is of green marble, set in panels of peach mirror and surrounded by mahogany frame.

The hall corner shows mirror glass again used for the pelmet to green striped curtains. This gives the lower of the two windows an appearance of height. The color scheme is green and peach, the green note being carried through in the marble hall-seat, on which the standard wall lamp stands, and the marble-topped occasional table. Window seat and armchair are in peach leather.

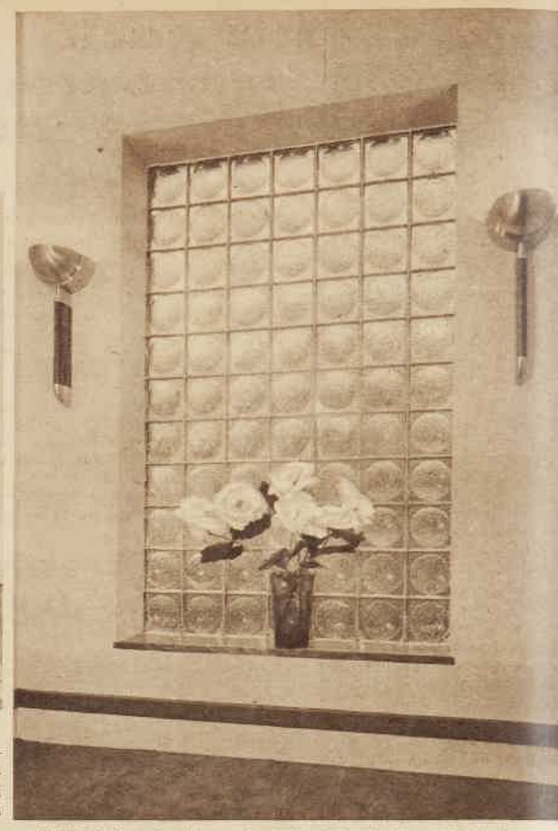
The very attractive window pictured is on the landing. Modern in design, it is extremely decorative and is made of glazed glass bricks which allow the light to filter in pleasantly. The sill is of green marble, which makes a charming base for this original window and the vase of peach-colored artificial flowers.

Dignified and colorful, the side table pictured above with panel top of iridescent antique glass is in a frame of gold-leaf. Two matching standard wall-lights at either side are reflected from the antique glass panels against which they stand, throwing a soft, subdued light into the room, which also has a glass brick introduced in the fireplace. Lit from behind in a soft-colored light, the fireplace makes an attractive contrast to the antique glass of the side table.

The living-room is carpeted in a modern pattern, the oval centre portion of which can be moved from its plain surround, revealing the parquet dance-floor, which corresponds in shape to the gilt-moulded lighting-trough in the ceiling.

One corner of the living-room has been utilised for a cocktail bar. Glass again is the predominant note. Shelves of glass and walls of mirror reflect the cut and brilliance of crystal wineglass and decanter. The bar is in green marble and the stools in peach leather.

Concealed in the frame of the alcove is a loud-speaker, and the printed velvet curtains can be drawn across, shutting this corner of the room completely off.



WINDOW on a landing, made of glazed glass bricks, with sill of green marble. Notice the attractive wall-lights and the single vase of blooms.

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.

Tommy's in trouble again. Won't eat his breakfast; Mother worries.

AT THE GROCER'S: Something that Tommy will like for breakfast? Well, my kids are crazy about Kellogg's Rice Bubbles.

Listen Tommy! Rice Bubbles go "Snap! Crackle! and Pop!" as soon as you pour the milk on . . . you just can't keep your spoon out of that big appetising bowl of Rice Bubbles, can you Tommy? And mother, remember that Rice Bubbles are brimming over with valuable energising and nourishing food elements . . . and they're very easy to digest. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles sold at all grocers, oven fresh in Kellogg's exclusive Waxtite packets, and all ready to serve.

CHOCOLATE CRACKLES—Ingredients: 5 ozs. Rice Bubbles (4 cups), 2½ ozs. fine coconut (1 cup), 8 ozs. icing sugar, 2½ ozs. cocoa (3 tablespoons), 8 ozs. Cupha. Method: Stir dry ingredients together, melt Cupha and pour over them. Mix thoroughly, spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set. Enough for 30 or 36 Chocolate Crackles.

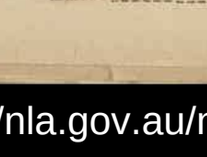
K.10

EVERY PAGE AN EXCITING ADVENTURE IN MAKING YOUR HOME MORE LOVELY!

Anne Stewart's New Book

THE COLORFUL HOME

FREE! 32 pages in full color!



CLIP AND POST THIS COUPON

Anne Stewart, Director Taubman's Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.

Please send me free your new second book entitled "The Colorful Home." I enclose 3d. to cover postage and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

A.74

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You'll find a dash of Magic in CABAÑA!

MAKE your summer nails lovely with CABAÑA, the color men admire. Here is a flattering, tawny red . . . fresh, gay and stimulating . . . a color that throbs with romance!

You'll want CABAÑA in the city to wear with stylish blacks and beiges. You'll need it in the country for your South Sea prints and whites. At the beach CABAÑA suits the scene . . . it makes moonlight dances forever memorable . . . it holds a promise of thrilling things ahead.

Use this striking shade to accent summer highlights in your hair . . . the sunny undertone of your complexion . . . the glamour of your summer self. Get CABAÑA *today!*

Glazo Is Ideal For Summer!

1. LONGER WEAR — new Glazo lasts days longer without peeling or chipping. Slightly thinner—clings to nails.

2. EASY TO APPLY — goes on evenly. Will not streak or run. Dries quickly.

3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE — won't fade or become dull in sun or water.

Get Glazo's smart new colors — CONGO, PINK, TROPIC and CABAÑA — at all drug counters. Extra large size, only 2/-

GLAZO
The Smart Manicure

NO MORE SKIN BLEMISHES FOR ME NOW THAT I USE REXONA SOAP

Bring clear loveliness to your skin with one simple care—wash regularly with Rexona Soap! Blemishes vanish, and normal skins gain a new glowing beauty from Rexona's special medications. For more serious troubles use Rexona Ointment in conjunction with Rexona Soap and your skin will be quickly restored to perfect health.

SOAP—9d. per Tablet. (City and Suburbs). OINTMENT—1/6 per Tin. NOW also new large size, three times the quantity, 3/-.

B.190.39

It's such an *attractive* SHRUB!

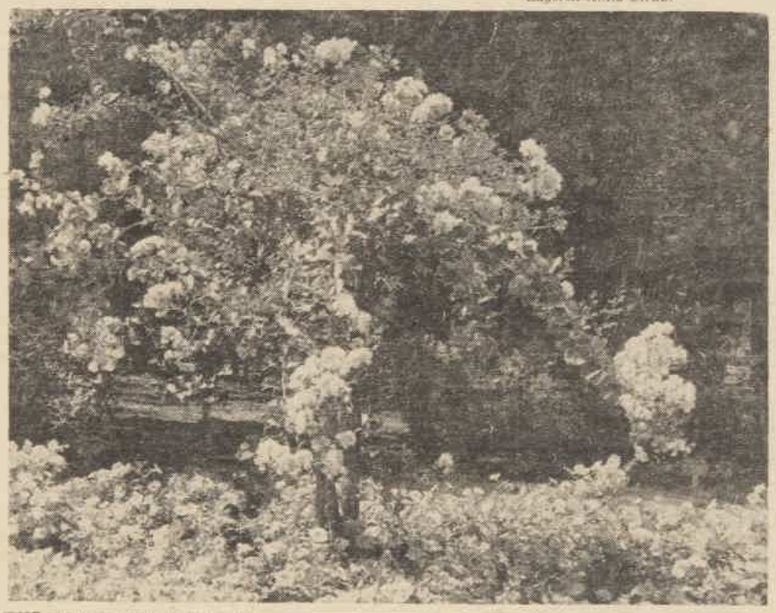
KNOWN as Lagerstroemia, it is one of the prettiest flowering shrubs in cultivation. It bears clusters of pink, white, or delicate, clear, mauve blooms right through summer and autumn.

—says THE OLD GARDENER.

SHRUBS of the flowering variety lend a splendid helping hand to the home gardener. They can be depended on to beautify the garden when other blooms are out of season.

One of the most useful shrubs is lagerstroemia (crepe myrtle). It is deciduous, grows 8 to 10 feet high, and is specially suitable for the average garden.

CLUSTER of pale mauve flowers from the Lagerstroemia shrub.



THE shrub is growing in a bed mased with purple-toned petunias.

Being easily adaptable to very hot climates it will withstand dry weather well.

The flowers are lovely, appearing right through summer and autumn. They also last well in water when cut.

There are three types of Lagerstroemia—Indica (pink) Alba (white), and Eavesii (clear mauve). The last-named is the one pictured on this page.

Lagerstroemia can be planted now or at any time up to June. It can also be planted again in September.

The shrub grows well from cuttings, too. These should be taken from the plant at pruning time and bedded in good loamy soil with an inch of silver sand on top.

Choose a good sunny position for Lagerstroemia, as it likes plenty of sunshine. Use medium rich, loamy, friable soil.

The shrub is sometimes susceptible to mildew, and this usually appears when the plant is in the shade. To prevent this disease, spray with lime sulphur immediately after pruning. Use the solution in the strength of 20 parts of water to one of lime sulphur. Spray again when the shrub is in foliage, but make the solution this time in 60 to one proportion.

Use the spray in the cool of the evening—never in the middle of the day.

The pruning, which should be done in late winter, should follow a similar method to that used for the grape vine. In other words, cut back some length to main stem, leaving about three eyes on the new wood where it branches out from the main limb.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN KIDNEYS STOP WORK?

The kidneys are amongst the most important organs of the human body. The correct function of the kidneys is the removal from the blood stream of surplus water and impurities which form from the natural decay of the tissues. If the kidneys do not carry out this work properly, these impurities are allowed to accumulate in the blood stream and to become distributed throughout the system, setting up disorders which eventually cause diseases such as Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Anaemia, and many other prevalent ailments.

Sufferers from such complaints will not find relief until the kidneys are restored to health. For over sixty years Warner's Safe Cure has been the accepted remedy for all kidney disorders—it is quick, effective and definitely non-habit forming.

One happy correspondent from North Fitzroy writes: "I suffered with kidney and liver trouble for a number of years and tried practically every medicine on the market without result. I then tried Warner's Safe Cure, and after taking a few bottles I began to feel a different man. I continued with the medicine and am now my old self again, than'ks to Warner's Safe Cure."

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/9, and in the original 5/- bottles.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.***

Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause, which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendaco, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and work and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your Chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you. 2387.

A scratch-free bath is easier to clean!

Tiny scratches make baths look dull and gray . . . invite dirt and stains . . . make cleaning more difficult. To keep your bath smooth and *gleaming year after year*, use only Bon Ami on it. For Bon Ami cleans without scratching and leaves a *beautiful polish*, too! Try it today!

Bon Ami saves time and work

"hasn't scratched yet!"

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RENEW YOUR CHARM INSTANTLY!

Complete Facial From Your Purse Anywhere . . . in One Minute . . . Without Cream!

Use to completely remove stale make-up at HOME OFFICE PARTIES THEATRE or ANYWHERE

Escape at last from "AFTERNOON FACE"

Only five minutes until you meet HIM—and your make-up's stale—your charm at low ebb. Patched make-up simply won't do—complete new make-up desperately needed—but NOW? So easy! Takes only a few seconds too. Whip a QUICKIES Cleansing Pad out of your purse—whisk it over your face . . . and your skin gets a thorough cleansing and stimulating facial . . . in a minute or less!

QUICKIES are downy-soft circles of special cloth that come to you all ready saturated with a marvelous cleansing and refreshing lotion! Our QUICKIES instantly wipes away powder and rouge . . . cleanses your skin *without drying it* . . . freshens your skin . . . smooths it and gives a base *that powder will really stick to*. Carry QUICKIES . . . for a quick facial anytime, anywhere!

Humidor Refill Jar of 100 . . . 3/9
Air Tight Purse Vanity of 15 . . 1/3

QUICKIES
Anti-Drying CLEANSING PADS

Your Problems Solved — ASTROLOGY

YOUR FUTURE FORECAST
By the Famous Eastern Astrologer

KNOW WHEN & WHICH LOTTERY TO INVEST IN

Lucky Numbers and Periods for Life, Love and Marriage, Finance, Travel, etc.

FREE! YOUR OWN GOLD-PLATED ZODIAC LUCKY CHARM Will Always Bring You Luck.

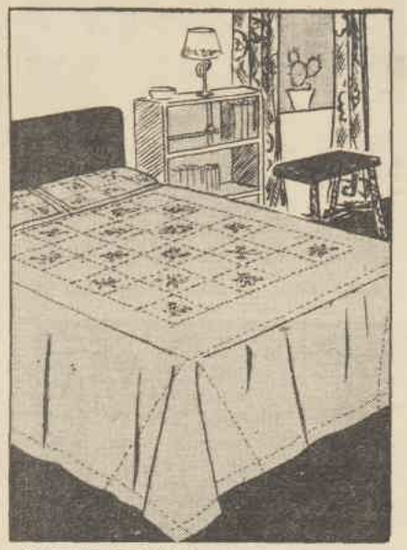
Send F.N. 3/6. Full Birthdate and stamped addressed envelope.
OMAR KYOME, Dept. 4.
BOX 2213T, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

Practical and Adorable . . .

For the very youngest

Needlework . . . Notions

DAINTY little garments to make baby look as pretty as a picture. And so easy to make, you'll actually enjoy doing them.



SOMETHING NEW in Cesarine bedspreads, pillow shams and pillow cases, which can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced ready for working in a quick but effective design. You have a choice of colors, and the spreads are available in several sizes. For prices, see below.

THE dainty garments pictured here are obtainable from our Needlework Department cut and traced ready for making-up and embroidering.

Sizes are infants to 15 months, and you may have the garments in white crepe-de-chine or Ingola fabric in cream, pink, or blue.

Prices are:

Frock: Crepe-de-chine, 6/11; cream Ingola, 6/6; pink or blue Ingola, 6/11.

Carrying Coat: Crepe-de-chine, 8/11; cream Ingola, 8/6; pink or blue Ingola, 8/11.

Petticoat: Crepe-de-chine, 4/9; cream Ingola, 4/6; pink or blue Ingola, 4/9.

Nightdress: Crepe-de-chine, 8/11; cream Ingola, 8/11; pink or blue Ingola, 8/11.

Bonnet: Crepe-de-chine, 2/9; cream Ingola, 2/6; pink or blue Ingola, 2/9.

Bib: Crepe-de-chine, 1/3; cream Ingola, 1/-; pink or blue Ingola, 1/3.

Postage is free.

FILOSELLE for working in shades of cream, pale pink, or pale blue may also be obtained from our Needlework Department.

If you prefer you can buy the paper patterns instead and cut out the garments in your own material. The embroidery transfers are available, too, so you can stamp your material for working.

THIS complete set of six garments in crepe-de-chine or Ingola can be obtained from our Needlework Department. Order now.

THE DESIGN used for adorning the baby garments. You can obtain garments with design traced on them or you can buy the transfer for stamping on your own material.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

END IT WITH
THIS GENUINE KIDNEY REMEDY

"You can be Better in the Morning!"

Kidney trouble is spreading like a great epidemic. But very few of the victims know the real cause of their constant pain and suffering.

Rheumatism, backache, joint pains, down-dragging weakness, all these symptoms are telling you of deep-seated kidney trouble which only a genuine kidney remedy can help. To cleanse and strengthen weak kidneys there is no finer remedy than De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

START TO-NIGHT
TO END YOUR SUFFERING

Get a supply of De Witt's Pills to-day. Take two before you go to bed to-night. All through the night this fine remedy will be cleansing your kidneys. In the morning you will know the definite antiseptic action of these pills on the kidneys by the greenish colour of the urine. Carry on with DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills and your system will be cleared of all pain-giving poisons and impurities.

De Witt's Pills are made especially to end kidney trouble. They do not disturb the stomach but act directly on the kidneys. You have prooof of this in 24 hours.

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● Give your room a new, gay air for winter with these smart, new bedspreads, pillow cases, and matching pillow shams.

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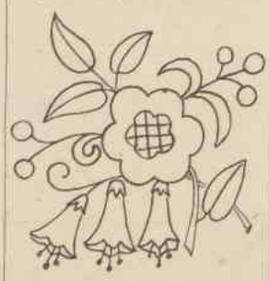

THIS IS the design used for embroidering the bedspreads, pillow shams and pillow cases. It is quite simple to do, but most attractive when completed.

Pillow shams, 2-inch hemstitched hem, 24 by 24 inches, 3/- each.

All traced with design for working. Postage included.

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Your handy hints scrapbook

CUT out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

A Smoky Room

If your guests have been smoking in the lounge-room, put a large tub or basin of cold water in the middle of the room before you go to bed at night; the water will absorb the smell of stale smoke. The same tip is a good one to follow in a newly-painted room.

Ink on the Carpet

If you spill ink on the carpet, cover the spot with salt and pour a little milk on to the salt. Leave on all night, then brush off, and finish with cold water. If the first treatment is not successful, repeat until the stain is removed.

Cleaning Photographs

A good way to clean the surface of a photograph is to make a pad of cotton-wool, dip it in methylated spirit, and rub the photograph very gently with it. This should not injure the picture at all if proper care is exercised.

For Rough Hands

A teaspoonful of soft brown sugar moistened with salad oil and well rubbed into the hands when washing in warm water makes them beautifully soft and smooth.

Stained Knives

Steel knives sometimes acquire stains that are difficult to remove and even occasionally spoil the knives so that they have to be replaced. If you find bad stains on any of your knives rub the marks hard with half a raw potato. This should remove or at least reduce them, so that the knives can be put into use again.

Embroidery Workers' Note

When doing embroidery, before you start to buttonhole the edge, machine around outside line of edge. You will find it will never fray or look untidy, and will last a lifetime.

Saving Newspapers

Put old newspapers away quite flat and when you are ironing spread a few sheets under the ironing cloth. This will prevent the cloth from wrinkling up when you are dealing with small things such as frills, collars and cuffs, and so on.

To Clean Your Bath

If the bath is very marked, rub on paraffin well till all the marks are off. Wash out with warm water, then polish with a dry cloth.

Care of Brass

Brass that is rubbed once a week with a piece of flannel moistened with sewing-machine oil is not likely to tarnish.

To Save Sugar

When making tarts or puddings of sour fruit there is no need to use an extra quantity of sugar if you put about a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda to each tart or pudding. This will remove the sourness more completely than will large quantities of sugar.

BE SHOPWISE

Bran Washing Water

Put several handfuls of bran into a muslin bag. Leave sufficient room for the bran to swell. Place the bran bag in about three quarts of cold water and bring gently to the boil.

Simmer for 20 minutes, then pour off the water into a tub, and fill up again for another boiling-up of bran. The first water should be sufficient for three washings, and should be placed in the dish or tub with just sufficient soap powder to form a lather.

The second boiling of bran bag should be used for rinsing water. In this way delicate washing fabrics, chintzes, cretonnes may be successfully treated. The bran washing will revive colors and impart a light stiffening to the articles.

Ironing Smocking

Most mothers will agree that though smocking is such an attractive finish to children's clothes, it is difficult to keep it looking smart and new after washing it. The secret lies in the method of ironing, and if you follow that given here you will be able to keep your children's smocks looking new and smart much longer. Instead of ironing in the usual way, heat an iron and stand it upright. Pass the smocking to and fro across the face of the iron until the smocking is dry. This method will avoid giving the gathers that flat look.

The A.B.C. of cookery

This glossary of the more unfamiliar terms used in cookery and on menus will be continued every week until complete. Cut them out and paste in your scrapbook.

Fricassee: White stew.
Fritter: Pieces of food covered with batter and fried.
Fromage: Cheese (French).
Frosting: Icing for cakes.
Fumet: Broth extracted from game or fish.
Flagelet: Young haricot beans.
Fond: Stock (of meats, vegetables, etc.)
Fondu: Cheese and eggs.
Friandises: Delicacies.
Fricandeau: Piece of veal, larded and braised.
Galantine: Boned fowl or veal, rolled and pressed into shape served cold in slices.
Garnish: To decorate.
Gastric: Pertaining to the stomach.
Gateau: A rich, round, flat cake, decorated on top with cream.
Genoise: In the style of Genoa (French).
Gherkin: Small knobby cucumber.
Girdle or Griddle: Round slab of iron with hinged handle used for cooking scones, pikelets, tea cakes on top of the stove.
Glace: (French) Iced, crystallised, glazed or frozen.
Glaze: To coat meat, etc., with a shiny jelly.
Gluten: The nitrogenous part of the flour of wheat or other grains.
Gnockie: Savory dish made with semolina, milk, eggs, and cheese.

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and so regularly at Bedtime

Tiredness, loss of energy, nerviness, and that awful run-down feeling are sure signs of "Night-Starvation." Just think—while you sleep your body goes on burning up energy. Breathing alone takes 20,000 muscular efforts! Naturally, lost energy has to be replaced—or you wake tired, dull and heavy. A cup of Horlicks regularly at bedtime will create the new energy needed, and guard against "Night-Starvation". It helps you to wake refreshed and full of life. Horlicks is priced from 1/6d. Economy size 2/9d. Also the Horlicks Mixer, 1/-.

HORLICKS guards against NIGHT-STARVATION

Another batch of prizewinning recipes in

Our big £1000 contest

HERE are some more interesting recipes selected as winners of progressive weekly prizes from the thousands of entries pouring into this office eack week.

First prize goes to an old recipe for simnel or Easter cake, while consolation prizes are awarded for the other recipes published on this page.

You, too, must enter our big £1000 cookery contest. Read all about it elsewhere in this issue.

ENTRIES selected as most interesting for the week and awarded progressive prizes. These weekly prizes are additional to the big final prizes to be awarded at conclusion of competition.

ABOVE: Caramel tart in the making. Meringue is spread on top of the caramel mixture and the tart is put back into the oven for 10 minutes to brown. See prize-winning recipe on this page.

LEFT: Here is this week's first prize-winner — simnel-cake, baked with almond paste. Recipe for simnel-cake also on this page.

Cake Section:

ALMOND SIMNEL-CAKE

Half pound self-raising flour, 6oz butter, 6oz. brown sugar, 1lb. currants, 4oz. sultanas, 4oz. candied peel, 1oz. glace cherries, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, 2 eggs, ½ gill milk, almond paste, apricot jam, 1 small tablespoon golden syrup, white icing.

Line a cake-tin with double greaseproof paper. Warm milk and syrup together, then cool. Cream butter and sugar together. Add eggs one at a time together with one tablespoon of sifted flour to each egg. Beat in thoroughly. Add fruit, spice, milk, and syrup; mix well, and lastly stir in remaining flour.

Then prepare almond paste and divide into two pieces—one a little larger than the other. Roll out smaller one into a round as large as the cake-tin. Put half cake mixture into tin, put on prepared almond paste, and then add rest of cake mixture. Bake in slow oven.

When cooked, remove from oven and place on a wire tray. Next day divide remaining almond paste in two and roll one piece into a round to fit top of cake. Brush top with apricot jam and fit on round of paste. Next roll tiny rounds from the rest of paste, brush top with beaten egg, and put pieces all round the edge. Brush also with egg. Tie a piece of greaseproof paper round outside. Stand on a tray and put into moderate oven for 10 to 15 minutes to lightly brown top. Remove paper carefully, and when cold a little white icing may be poured over the top.

Almond Paste.—1 egg or 3 yolks, 6oz. icing sugar, 1lb. ground almonds, juice ½ lemon, 6oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Mix ground almonds and sugar. Beat egg and add flavoring and work all into a stiff paste.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Burnaby, Lymington, Tas.

CHERRY NOUGAT SLICES

First line a tray with the following sweet paste, 1-8th inch thick, dock well, and spread over some raspberry jam.

Paste.—1lb. flour, ½lb. butter, 1oz. castor sugar, 1 egg, yellow coloring.

Rub butter well into flour; make a bay, add sugar, eggs, color, and make into nice clear dough.

Now prepare the following frangipane to cover the sheet to a depth of ¼in., and half bake at 360deg. F.

Frangipane.—6oz. butter, 6oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 4oz. ground almonds, 3oz. fine sponge crumbs, 2oz. flour, vanilla essence and coloring.

Cream butter and sugar lightly, add eggs gradually, and stir in well-mixed dry ingredients. When sheet is half baked and set, spread cherry nougat mixture over, a little thicker than the frangipane, and finish baking at 350deg. F.

Cherry Nougat.—5oz. castor sugar, 5 egg-whites, 2½oz. small flaked almonds, 2½oz. desiccated coconut, ½lb. chopped glace cherries.

Place sugar and whites in a pan, whip slightly while warming until dissolved, add nuts and heat while stirring until hot to finger; add cherries and spread on to sheet.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Colman, 12 Clarence St., East Malvern, Melbourne.

APRICOT AND ALMOND CAKE

Six ounces dried apricots, 2oz. chopped almonds, 1lb. flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder (heaped), 6oz. butter, 6oz. fine sugar, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk.

Put apricots through mincer and mix with almonds. Sift flour and baking powder, rub in butter. Add sugar, apricots and almonds, and mix well. Beat egg and milk together, add to dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pour mixture into well-greased tin and bake in moderate oven about one hour. When nearly done sprinkle with grated almonds.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Kemisier, Falkirk, New Line Rd., West Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

Dessert Section:

CARAMEL TART

One cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon plain flour, yolks 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Pastry Shell: 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, yolk 1 egg, 2 tablespoons water, 1 cup flour, ½ cup rice flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt.

Boil caramel mixture all together, stirring constantly. Bake pastry shell, put mixture in. Beat whites of 2 eggs with a tablespoon of sugar. Make stiff meringue and pile on top. Bake a golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. K. J. Bryant, Alstonville, N.S.W.

FROSTED PEACHES

Allow 1 large peach for each person, few marshmallows, chopped nuts, 1 cup castor sugar, 3 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons cream.

Cover peaches with boiling water, then remove skins, which will peel off easily. Cut each peach in halves carefully and insert in each a marshmallow dipped first in cream and rolled in chopped almonds. Fix halves together with a toothpick. Sift castor sugar and cream with butter. Add gradually, a little at a time, 3 tablespoons cream. Roll the peaches in this frosting, then in desiccated coconut. Serve chilled with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss A. Alleyne, George St., St. Peters, S.A.

CELEBRATION SOUFFLE

Three rounded teaspoons granulated gelatine, 8 teaspoons cold water, 4oz. cooking chocolate, 3oz. fresh milk, 3 level tablespoons sugar, 4 egg-yolks, 1-3rd teaspoon salt, 4 very stiffly beaten whites of eggs, whipped cream and a cherry.

Soak gelatine in water. When absorbed place the cup in a basin of hot water and stir till dissolved.

Melt chocolate (place cup in hot water), and add to milk and boil.

Beat sugar, yolks and salt till thick and nearly white. Add the melted chocolate and milk, then the gelatine. Beat till it thickens. Fold in whites of eggs; mould and ice.

Before serving cover top with cream, and place the cherry in the centre.

N.B.: This should be made some hours before it is needed. I use the block chocolate which is sweetened.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Haultain, Oranmore, Cumberland Rd., Ingleburn, N.S.W.

DATE OR RAISIN PUDDING

Half cup sugar, 1 cup plain flour, ½lb. dates or raisins, ½ cup milk, ½ cup boiling water, 1 dessertspoon butter (margarine or dripping), ½ teaspoon carbonate soda.

Mix dry ingredients together, dissolve soda in milk, butter in boiling water, and add. Stir well. Steam three hours. The mixture when put in greased bowl to steam may appear too liquid, but will be quite right when cooked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Glassford, Rosana, New South Head Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Preserves Section:

BUSH LEMON JELLY

Six lemons, 12 cups water, 1 cup sugar to each cup of strained juice.

Wash lemons and wipe carefully. Slice roughly and place in a preserving pan; then add water. Boil till contents of pan are reduced by one-half. Strain, measure, return to pan and add 1 cup of sugar to each cup of juice. Boil for 1 hour, or until a small quantity jellies on a cool plate. Bottle and seal.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Thelma Gold, Sandgate Rd., Clayfield, Brisbane.

PAWPAW AND APPLE JAM

To every pound of cut pawpaw take 1lb. cooking apples, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, and 1½lb. sugar.

Peel pawpaw and apples, remove seeds, cut fruit into small squares, and put in pan. Cover apple peelings with water and boil, then strain over fruit in pan. Boil till tender, then add sugar and lemon-juice. Boil till it jellies. Bottle when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Proctor, Degilbo, Qld.

PRESERVED QUINCES

Two dozen large quinces, 4 quarts water, 3lb. sugar.

Take out cores of quinces and stew in water till all thickens. Strain out cores and add sugar to liquid. Then add fruit peeled and cut into pieces. Stew till tender. Bottle while hot, and cover immediately.

Warm bottles before putting fruit in by placing in a warm oven with door open. This prevents them from breaking when the hot syrup is poured in. See that jars are airtight.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. H. English, 58 Wittenvero St., Collie, W.A.

PRESERVED PINEAPPLE

To every pound of fruit allow 1lb. loaf sugar, ½ pint of water.

The pines used should be perfectly sound, but ripe. Cut into rather thick slices as fruit shrinks very much in boiling. Dissolve portion of sugar in preserving pan with ½ pint of water.

When this is melted, gradually add remainder of sugar, and boil until it forms a clear syrup, skimming well. As soon as it is clear, put in pieces of pine, and boil well for at least ½ hour, or until it looks nearly transparent. Put into pots, cover down when cold, and store away in a dry place.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to C. E. Johnson, 3 Middle St., West End, Sth. Brisbane.

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Do put some zest into Your Lenten dishes

MAKE use of such nourishing foods as cheese, which not only takes the place of meat for protein supply, but adds a flavor to so many dishes.

By MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

SPANISH rice ring made with tomatoes, rice, shredded cheese, and eggs is a delicious Lenten dish for lunch or dinner.

LENTEN menus need not be monotonous, and they can be just as sustaining as ordinary meals, if they are planned to include plenty of foods high in food value such as cheese.

Cheese is also one of the few foods rich in the elements which are needed to build strong bones and sound teeth . . . the milk materials, calcium and phosphorus, and Vitamin A.

That is why this food is regarded by nutrition experts as a particularly fine food for children who need an extra allowance of these elements for normal growth and development.

A good processed cheese is as digestible as the milk from which it is made.

A GOOD MIXER

Eggs or rice, spaghetti, vegetable or salmon dishes taste all the better when cheese is one of the ingredients . . . and it's easy to make a success of your cheese cooking, if you just remember to cook your cheese dish slowly over a low heat. Then it will retain all its rich flavor and succulence.

Here are some cheese recipes you'll find very helpful during Lent:

SPANISH RICE RING

One onion, 2 tablespoons butter, 1½ cups tomatoes, 3½ cups cooked rice, 1½ cups shredded cheese, 4 eggs, ½ cup milk, salt, pepper, butter, parsley.

Cook onion in butter 5 minutes. Add tomatoes and rice, and cook slowly until rice has absorbed all liquid. Add shredded cheese and seasoning, and mix gently with a fork until cheese is melted. Beat eggs, add milk and seasonings, and scramble them in butter.

Unmould rice ring on a platter and fill centre with scrambled eggs. Garnish with parsley and serve at once.

CHEESE AND CELERY PIE

One stick celery, ½ pint white sauce, ½lb. shredded cheese, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper.

Cut celery into even lengths and cook 10 minutes in salted water. Put a layer of celery in bottom of a pie-dish. Add a layer of shredded cheese and a layer of white sauce. Continue this process until the dish is full. Cover with breadcrumbs and place small pieces of butter on top. Bake in a moderate oven till brown. Enough for four.

VEGETABLE SCALLOP

One and half cups cooked string beans, 1½ cups cooked sliced carrots, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 2 cups shredded cheese, 1½ cups medium cream sauce, salt, pepper, 1 cup breadcrumbs.

Combine vegetables. Add cheese to hot cream sauce, and cook very slowly in a double boiler until cheese is melted. Add sauce to vegetables, with seasoning to taste. Place in a casserole, cover with breadcrumbs, and bake in a moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Enough for six.

CARROTS AND RICE

One and half cups shredded raw carrots, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 cup cooked rice, 1 cup shredded cheese, 1 egg, beaten, salt, pepper.

Cook carrots for 5 minutes in boiling water; drain well. Mix with remaining ingredients, reserving ½ cup of cheese to sprinkle over the top when placed in a buttered casserole. Bake in a moderate oven about 30 minutes. Enough for four.

TOMATO CHEESE

One and a half cups medium white sauce, 1 cup shredded cheese, salt, pepper, 2 large tomatoes, 2 cups rice, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper.

Combine white sauce and cheese. Stir until melted. Season. Peel and slice tomatoes. Pile hot rice, to which butter, salt and pepper have been added, on slice of tomato. Cover with cheese sauce. Serve at once.

SCALLOPED SPINACH AND EGGS

Eight ounce packet tasty cheese, 2 cups white sauce, 2 cups chopped cooked spinach, 3 hard-boiled eggs, sliced, 1 cup buttered breadcrumbs.

Shred cheese into sauce and heat slowly, stirring until cheese is melted smooth. In a casserole place alternate layers of the well-drained chopped spinach, sliced eggs, and the cheese sauce, using sauce for the top layer. Cover it with buttered crumbs. Bake in a very moderate oven 30 minutes. Enough for six.

PRAWN SPECIAL

One tablespoon chopped onion, 2 tablespoons butter, 1½ cups flaked prawns, 8oz. packet tasty cheese, 1½ cups milk, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, buttered breadcrumbs.

Cook onion in butter for five minutes, add prawns and cook very slowly until hot. Place a serving of prawns in individual ramekins. Melt cheese slowly in top of double boiler, adding milk and stirring well until melted. Season to taste with salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce. Cover each serving of prawns with a generous amount of the sauce, garnish with crumbs and bake ten minutes in a moderate oven. Enough for six.

Serve them piping hot for breakfast, lunch or dinner. Ovenbaked Beans — golden brown and perfectly flavored with Rosella Tomato Sauce.

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When going to school or returning home, always look carefully to the right and to the left before crossing any road — and, be sure to ask Mother to butter some Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits and put them in with your lunch.

Arnott's

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GEORGE'S Wild OATS

Australian Women's Weekly
NOVEL, March 18, 1939

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SUPPLEMENT MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

By . . . . . ALLAN EPPES

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George's Wild Oats

By ALLAN EPPES

UNDERNEATH a barn was the last place you'd have expected to find George Martin, rising young attorney in the small town of Elkton—and yet, there he was! Crawling around as though he were six years old instead of twenty-six.

"Drat it!" he muttered, as he peered about in the dimness. "I know darn well it did blow under here."

And then he found it—a piece of paper, yellow from age, and covered with a crudely-drawn map and almost illegible writing. But instead of coming out into the open, now that he had found what he'd been searching for, he stuffed the paper into his pocket, calmly turned over upon his back, and sighed contentedly.

He rather liked it under here. It was cool and quiet—and a place where no irksome invitations could reach him, phoned or otherwise.

George, on leaving his office a short time before, had told his friend, Lee Morgan, who had an office across the hall, that he was going to the courthouse to dig up some data in connection with a boundry-line case he had on hand. But Lee knew, as well as he did, that his chief reason for leaving the office had been to escape Mrs. Burt, who was waiting in a car under his window.

"She's probably come to take you on one of her impromptu picnics," Lee had said, after taking a peek out the window. "Aggie's with her—lovely little Aggie—and a hamper!"

"Oh, gosh!" George had groaned.

"Lucky devil!" said Lee. "No mothers of beautiful daughters ever wait under my window." He took another peek. "She's getting out of the car. She's on her way up!"

George grew panicky. "I'm not going with her! Darned if I am! The last time, I got insects all over me, and ate sandwiches flavored with ants and salted with sand." He grabbed his hat. "I'll go out the back way!"

With that, he had dashed out into the hall, and down the rear stairs.

Now, relaxed under the barn, he was glad to be where he could think without interruption. How weary he was of incessant invitations from Elkton's admiring mothers — to dinners, suppers, parties, dances. All he asked was to be left alone to follow in his dad's and granddad's footsteps, and become a successful lawyer. But those idiotic mothers would keep after him!

It was, "Oh, George dear, do come to dinner! My little girl wants you to take her to a dance," or, "George, be a darling, and help me out! My foolish child needs a fourth for bridge."

And always it was the mothers who pursued him—never the daughters. Oh, no! They thought him as slow as molasses in January, called him "The White Sheep" behind his back, and much preferred his more dashing friend, Lee Morgan. But since the mothers disapproved of Lee as thoroughly as they approved of him, poor old Lee was left out in the cold, while he was eternally hounded.

His thoughts turned backward, and he found himself remembering the things which had forced him to take life seriously and stick to work, thus making him what the Elkton mothers now considered perfect son-in-law material.

He saw himself once more as the frightened little boy whose father had gone overseas to France, never to return—the little boy who had watched his lovely, widowed mother struggling to make ends meet, and to keep the old Martin homestead intact. He saw himself as he was a little later on—a boy who had been so busy going to school and doing odd jobs to help his mother, that he had had no time for boyhood fun; and still later, as the stunned, heartsick youth standing beside his mother's grave.

After that, he had studied harder than ever to complete the law course his mother had urged him to take. As a result, he had forgotten how to play, how to get any joy out of living.

And now, because he had led a quiet, earnest and commendable existence from sheer necessity, Elkton's mothers put him on a pedestal and fairly flung their daughters at him, making the daughters as well as him thoroughly uncomfortable.

"Who's under there?" a feminine voice suddenly demanded, breaking in upon George's unhappy reverie.

He was startled. He lifted his head and saw a pair of very shapely ankles close to the barn. Then the ankles disappeared, and there was a girl's face peering at him in astonishment. It was Ellen Vaughan, owner of the barn.

George, feeling like a complete fool, turned over on his stomach, and began to squirm his way out.

"George Martin!" exclaimed Ellen. "What on earth are you doing under my barn?"

"Hello, Ellen. I—I—was looking for something."

George finished crawling out, stumbled to his feet, and, as he brushed dust and dirt from his clothing, explained about the aged map he had lost while taking a short cut back from the courthouse to his office.

"It blew under the barn," he said, "and I had to go after it."

Ellen took his arm. "You'd better come up to the house and wash your face. The city fathers will never nominate you for mayor if they see you looking as you do now!"

"I don't think," said George, "I want to be mayor."

"Why, George!"

"In fact," he went on vehemently, "I wish the city mothers would also leave me alone!"

Ellen, who had no mother of her own but knew all about the matchmaking mothers of the other Elkton girls, glanced at George and thought how strange it was that a man who was so skilled in handling other people's legal affairs had such a difficult time managing his own personal affairs. And she found herself experiencing a desire to take him in her arms, as though he were a small boy, and comfort him. She had often felt that way—ever since they had been children together.

"George," she said, shrewdly, as they reached the house, "you were staying under the barn on purpose, weren't you? To get away from—the mothers."

"Yes," George confessed. "I was."

"If you hate their invitations that much, why do you accept them?"

"I can't afford to offend people who are my clients—or may become my clients."

"So you go on being bored stiff at their parties?"

"Yes."

Ellen stopped suddenly, and tightened her hold on his arm.

"George," she said, "I've got an idea!"

"What is it?"

"Why don't you jump down off your pedestal, and—and—sow some oats—wild ones! That would put a stop to their invitations!"

George gaped at her.

GEORGE was dumbfounded by Ellen's suggestion. When he finally found his voice he spoke sternly.

"And I thought you were the one sensible girl in Elkton!"

"It's because I am sensible that I'm suggesting that you do something to get yourself out of your predicament," Ellen retorted.

"Sowing wild oats might scare off the mothers," said George, "but it would also scare off all my business! It would ruin my reputation as a lawyer!" He hesitated, then added, "And—and—besides, I wouldn't know how to start."

Ellen smiled. "You mean you might start if you knew how?"

George didn't answer, but, as they went up the steps to the rear porch of the house, it was plain that he was turning the idea over in his mind.

"I'll make some tea," said Ellen, "while you get cleaned up."

A little later they were seated at a little table on the porch, looking out over the Vaughan garden. As soon as Ellen had poured the tea, she reverted to the suggestion she had made.

"I don't think that a few wild oats would hurt your reputation as a lawyer. Women will go to an oat-sowing attorney for legal advice, even though they might not accept him as a son-in-law."

George was thoughtful. "Maybe there's something in what you say." He looked at Ellen uncertainly. "Are you sure you

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GEORGE'S WILD OATS

wouldn't think any the less of me if I started to have a sort of—sort of fling?"

"Of course I'm sure."

"It sounds as crazy as a farce out of Hollywood, but—but——"

"But what?"

"Well . . . I still don't know how to begin."

"There ought to be a dizzy blonde," said Ellen.

"I don't know any blondes that are dizzy."

"If only there were a gay divorcee you could rush . . ." Ellen mused.

"I don't like gay divorcees."

"That doesn't matter. You can't be fussy when you are out to make the Elkton mothers decide you aren't so noble, after all."

"Yes," said George, solemnly. "I guess you're right."

"Of course I'm right." Ellen brightened. "Lee Morgan ought to know some dashing creature who would fill the bill. He's been pretty gay."

"Just a lot of gossip," said George. "Folks have exaggerated Lee's blackness. He's a swell fellow! I'll bet he's going to make a big success of his real-estate business and ——"

"Don't start praising Lee," Ellen cut in. "We aren't here to talk about his business—but his past. I still say he should be able to give you some pointers on how to shock the mothers."

George said suddenly, "I have a better suggestion."

"What?"

"Why don't you marry me and take me out of circulation?"

Ellen laughed. "What a romantic proposal. No, Georgie—you and I have been like brother and sister ever since we were knee high but . . ."

"But what?" George urged.

"But you know perfectly well that you're not in love with me." Ellen studied him a moment. "George . . . have you ever been in love?"

"I don't think so." He sighed, then went on as though he were speaking to himself. "I've always had the feeling that some day I'd look up—and there she'd be."

"Who?"

"The girl I love . . . Standing there smiling at me, as though to say, 'Well, here I am!'"

"Why, George Martin, I never knew you could talk like that!"

"I guess it does sound rather silly."

"It doesn't! It sounds beautiful."

"Do you really think so?"

"I do. Why, if you ever talked to Aggie Burt like that—or Lucy May Carter or almost any girl—she'd probably fall right into your arms."

"Gosh!" said George. "I won't, then!"

"But to get back to your oat-sowing—you will ask Lee's advice, won't you?"

"I guess so . . . if you think it's the thing to do."

"It is the thing to do, if you want to make the Elkton mothers leave you alone."

"I want that all right!" George said fervently. "I've got a lot of work I could get done—extra studying, I mean—if my social life didn't take up so much of my time."

"And now," said Ellen, "I want some advice from you."

"What about?"

"About those old houses that Dad left me. I think I ought to spend some money fixing them up. I'd have more chance of renting them, don't you think?"

"Yes, I do," said George. "But look—why don't you take that up with Lee? I mean, turn the houses over to him. You really should have an agent to handle them for you, and—uh—Lee needs more business."

Ellen smiled and patted his hand. "You're sweet, George. Always thinking of others . . ."

"Well, Lee's my best friend."

"Just the same, you are sweet." Ellen picked up his cup. "More tea?"

"No, thanks." George rose. "I must be getting back to the office. An unexpected but none the less welcome client might pop in."

Ellen walked with him to the front door.

"Promise me something, George."

"Anything—if it isn't too incriminating."

"Promise to come and tell me all about it when you start cutting capers."

"Good heavens, do you mean you plan to get a vicarious kick out of my little fling—if I decide to take one?"

"Of course I do." Ellen smiled. "Haven't we always made confidants of each other?"

Then, as George went down the walk, she stood looking after him, a thoughtful pucker between her fine brows.

WHILE George was wending his way back to his office, Mrs. Carter, the most persistent of all the Elkton mothers, was parking her car in front of the little building in which his office was located.

Lucy May, her daughter, seated beside her, watched the procedure critically.

"Of course, Mother, you've parked much too close to the fire hydrant," she commented.

"What of it?" Mrs. Carter retorted. "I have a perfect right to park here when I'm calling on my lawyer!"

She pressed a gloved hand down hard on the horn button on the steering-wheel, and glanced up at George's second-floor window. When he did not appear she honked again, loudly.

"Good heavens!" said Lucy May. "If you must see George, I'll go up and get him. There's no need of disturbing the peace as well as parking too close to a hydrant!"

"Don't be impertinent, Lucy May! And stay where you are—if anyone goes up to George's office, I'll go."

The girl sighed. "You're afraid I might sneak in to see Lee Morgan, aren't you? And if you think I don't know why you're going to invite George to your dinner on Saturday night, you're mistaken. You want him for dinner so that I can't go to the country-club dance with Lee! You——"

"Hush!" Mrs. Carter honked the horn again, so abruptly that Lucy May jumped. "I don't wish to discuss Lee Morgan. How many times do I have to tell you that I don't want you to have anything to do with that reprobate? How you can prefer him to George, I can't understand! George is a gentleman, through and through!"

"Yes," said Lucy May. "Such a gentleman—and such a bore!"

Mrs. Carter bristled. "That will do, Lucy May! Some day you'll realise that I know best. Some day you'll realise that George is worth ten of that good-for-nothing Lee Morgan!" She climbed out of the car. "I'll go on up. George is probably busy, and doesn't hear the horn."

"He'd have to be stone deaf not to hear it," Lucy May muttered, under her breath.

Then, when her mother was gone she slumped down in the car. She sighed once more, thinking of George and Lee. What a contrast between the two of them! George, so commendable, but so unromantic. Lee, so reckless of the town's opinion of him, but such a perfectly wonderful love-maker!

Lee wanted to marry her, but her mother had forbidden her even to see him, and was forever throwing George at her head. It was a discouraging situation. Not that George wasn't sweet—he was, and she liked him. But he was so unexciting, while Lee . . . Lee was thrilling!

Meanwhile, inside the building, in which both George and Lee had offices, Mrs. Carter had plodded up the steep stairs to the second floor. Out of breath, she paused a moment to fan herself with her handkerchief, then opened the door to George's office, and stepped in.

There was no one in sight, but she could hear the clatter of a typewriter in a back room. Dear George, she thought. Hard at work, as usual.

"George!" she called.

The clatter stopped. She heard the scrape of a chair, then footsteps. But the man who emerged from the back room wasn't George. It was Lee Morgan.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Carter, somewhat disconcerted. "It's you. . . . Why aren't you in your own office?"

"My typewriter's on the blink," said Lee, "so I came in to use George's." He looked around. "Where's Lucy May? Didn't she come with you?"

"She's down in the car," Mrs. Carter answered coldly. "I left her there on purpose."

Lee smiled wryly. "I suppose you were afraid she might run into me?"

"Exactly!"

Lee studied Mrs. Carter, and wondered if she would go on being like this even if he should somehow manage to marry Lucy May. Maybe he was a fool to want to become the son-in-law of such a woman, but he wasn't going to give up Lucy May without a struggle.

"Where's George?" Mrs. Carter demanded.

"At the courthouse," Lee told her. "Digging up some musty old records—poor chap!"

"Poor chap? Humph! It's too bad you aren't as enterprising! You're a fine one to patronise George, a successful young attorney, while you—you——" Mrs. Carter paused. "I believe it's real estate you are in now? Just how many lots have you sold recently?"

Lee looked uncomfortable. "To tell the truth, Mrs. Carter, I have not sold any—but I have a lot of swell prospects."

Mrs. Carter was sceptical. "I suppose you're just using the real-estate business as an excuse for going out to play golf with your so-called 'prospects'." She turned to go. "Tell George I'd like him to come to dinner on Saturday night at eight."

"Yes'm. But—but—I believe he already has an engagement," Lee lied. "His social programme is pretty full. He seems to be very popular with all of Elkton's mothers." Lee grinned ingratiatingly, and added, "I wish they thought as well of me."

Mrs. Carter stiffened. "It's your own fault if they don't! We mothers naturally prefer for our daughters to go about with steady young men. . . . And, by the way, that reminds me—who was that loud-looking blonde creature I saw with you in the drug store yesterday afternoon?"

"Oh, her!"

"Yes! Who was she?"

Lee laughed somewhat hollowly. "That was Rita Roselle, new leading lady in the Elkton stock company. You see——"

"An actress!"

"Yes. She—she might settle in Elkton, so I was trying to sell her a lot."

"A likely tale!"

"But, Mrs. Carter, honestly——"

"Be sure and deliver my message to George," Mrs. Carter cut in.

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She walked out into the hall, with Lee at her heels.

"Oh, those horrible stairs! I wonder why George doesn't move into that new office building where there's an elevator."

"Sentiment," said Lee. "His grandfather started practising in this office, and so did his father. George wants to be just like them."

"A very commendable ambition!"

"Listen, Mrs. Carter," Lee said earnestly, "won't you give me a chance to prove I'm not such a bad sort? Won't you let me take Lucy May to the dance at the club Saturday night?"

"Certainly not! I'm giving a dinner. That's why I want George. He'll take Lucy May to the dance."

"Yes'm," said Lee, forlornly.

Then, as Mrs. Carter started down the stairs, he hurried back into George's office, and ran to a window.

He leaned out and whistled softly. Instantly Lucy May, down in the car, came to life.

"To-night!" Lee called. "The old rose arbor—the usual time!"

Lucy May nodded.

When her mother appeared an instant later she was again slumped down in the car.

. . . . . .

Lee remained at the window until the Carter car was out of sight. Then, pondering on the obstacles in the path of true love, he went back to his typing.

He had been at it only a few minutes, however, when George returned.

"Well!" he said, coming out into the front office. "It's about time you got back!"

"I was delayed," said George.

"You've probably been in hiding," Lee accused.

"Call it that if you like. I stopped in to see Ellen."

"Now there's a girl for you!" said Lee. "If you had half the brains you're supposed to have, you'd marry Ellen."

George stared at his friend. "That's funny—I had the same idea myself, just this afternoon. In fact, I proposed to her."

"What!" exclaimed Lee, taken by surprise.

"Yes—but she turned me down. Says she looks upon me as a brother."

Lee's eyes narrowed. "And do you look upon her as a sister?"

"I suppose I do. As a sort of cousin, anyway."

Lee was baffled. "Then why did you propose to her?"

"Oh, I just thought," George explained, matter-of-factly, "that if she married me, the town's mothers would have to leave me alone."

Lee groaned. "Ye gods! That's no way to propose to a girl! No wonder she turned you down!"

George shrugged. "Well, anyway, she did." Then, dropping the subject, he asked, "Has anyone been in to see me while I've been gone?"

"Yes—the determined Mrs. Carter. She wants you for dinner Saturday evening."

"Oh, gosh!"

"And Mrs. Warren phoned—she wants you for bridge to-morrow evening," Lee continued. "Her darling little Elsie is giving a party."

"Darn!"

"And Mrs. Thomas wants you for her book-club meeting the following evening. It seems that her dear little Doris has turned literary."

"What did you tell them all?" George wanted to know.

"I said you'd telephone them when you came in."

"Good heavens, am I supposed to spend all my time telephoning about social engagements!"

"Well, I'm not going to do it for you," said Lee. "I've got work to do also. . . I had interruptions enough while you were gone. Mothers popping in and out!" He scrutinised George. "You'll end up by accepting all their invitations, of course."

"What makes you so sure?"

"You always do."

"Yes, I guess you're right. I never can think of excuses for not doing so."

"I could give you some excuses," said Lee, "but they might not meet with your approval."

"Name one."

"Date with a gorgeous blonde."

"Good Lord! You, too!" George exclaimed.

"What do you mean?"

"Ellen said almost the same thing—only she called the blonde 'dizzy.' She suggested that I rid myself of the Elkton mothers by sowing a wild oat or two."

"Good for Ellen!" Lee laughed. "That's a very good idea!"

"She said you might give me some pointers."

"Oh!" Lee's face fell a bit. "So Ellen, too, thinks I'm a wild one? I certainly have got myself a reputation, haven't I?"

"Yes, you have. But it has its compensations. The mothers leave you alone—even though the daughters have an idea you're a sort of combination Robert Taylor and Don Juan."

Lee lit a cigarette. "Well, what did you say to Ellen's suggestion?"

"I said I'd talk it over with you. I'm not sure I want to wreck my reputation," George said cautiously. "I can't quite see myself phoning Mrs. Carter and saying, 'Sorry, Mrs. Carter, but I've a date with a gorgeous blonde and can't come to your dinner.'"

"Then make it a luscious brunette."

"It would be just as hard to call up Mrs. Warren and say, 'So sorry, Mrs. Warren, but I'm stepping out with a luscious brunette, and can't come to play bridge.' I couldn't do a thing like that, now, could I?"

"Why not—if you want to give them a shock? I'd love to see their faces!"

George chuckled. "So would I. But I don't know whether I'd dare . . ." He was thoughtful a moment, then asked, hesitantly, "You don't happen to know any—er—gay divorcees, do you?"

"No . . ."

"Ellen said a divorcee might help. Folks usually look at them askance."

Lee suddenly brightened. "Say . . . I don't know any divorcees, but I do know someone else who might damage your reputation just enough to make you undesirable as a son-in-law. She's a gorgeous blonde, too!"

"Who is she?"

"A stranger in town. She's an actress."

"Oh!"

"Don't look so snooty. She's swell."

"What's her name?"

"Rita Roselle—the new leading lady in the stock company. You must have seen her about town. She's a knock-out for looks."

"Yes," said George, "I've seen her. She rather overdoes the make-up business, seems to me."

Lee laughed. "Maybe her eyelashes are too long, her lips too crimson, and her cheeks a lot redder than Nature made them. But, oh, boy! She certainly would make the Elkton mothers sit up and take notice if you made an appointment with her!"

"How well do you know her?" George asked.

"Well enough to introduce you," said Lee "I've been talking real estate to her."

"Just real estate?" George chided.

"Sure! Believe it or not, I'm all business and ambition, now that I'm in love with Lucy May——"

His words were suddenly cut off by a loud honking down in the street.

"See who it is!" said George, leaping up, a hunted look in his eyes.

Lee went to the window. "It's Mrs. Carter again! She evidently didn't trust me to deliver her message."

George grabbed his hat and started for the door.

"I'm going home! Maybe I can get some work done there. Tell her I——"

"I'll tell her nothing!" Lee snapped. "I'm going with you!"

A moment later as they went clattering down the rear stairs, they could still hear Mrs. Carter's horn—honking, honking, honking.

THE next day, Ellen Vaughan sat facing Lee Morgan in his office. A contract between them had been drawn up and now lay on Lee's desk. He had written it on George's typewriter, and George had assured him and Ellen that it was all perfectly legal. They had just signed it.

"This means a lot to me, Ellen," Lee said seriously. "When folks find out that I'm handling all your real-estate holdings they'll maybe think I'm not such a worthless guy after all."

"And what a load off my mind!" said Ellen. "Those old houses Daddy left me have been a great worry to me. Now I can leave everything to you. Thanks a lot, Lee, for taking hold for me."

"I should thank you," Lee said.

"No—thank George. He suggested that I come to you."

"Good old George!"

"That's just the trouble," sighed Ellen. "George is too good for his own good—I told him so yesterday."

"I know you did," Lee laughed. "He told me all about it, and I think the remedy you suggested is swell. I went a step further and told him I could supply the dizzy blonde."

"You did! Who is she?"

"Rita Roselle. You know—the actress."

"And what did George say?"

"He seemed a little shocked."

"I'm not surprised. Couldn't you think of someone a little less flamboyant . . . and still a blonde?"

"Yes—you."

"Me?" gasped Ellen. "Why, Lee Morgan, are you crazy? No one would ever accept me as an excuse for George's staying away from dinners and parties!"

"No?" Lee eyed her, taking in her nice grey eyes, her attractively-tanned skin, her well-shaped eyebrows, and the soft blond hair beneath her perky little hat. "You're a blonde, aren't you?"

"Of course I am, but——"

"And you're not flamboyant—you're just right. In fact, Ellen, my dear girl, you're a darned attractive young woman!"

"Listen, Lee, you don't have to start paying me compliments just because I've turned some business your way."

"That's a heck of a thing to say!"

"I'm sorry."

"You are an attractive young woman," Lee repeated. "Maybe George hasn't taken

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time to take a good look at you, but, when he does—well! Why don't you turn on the glamor, so to speak?"

"What a crazy idea!"

"It isn't crazy. George takes you too much for granted, Ellen. Make him a little less sure of you."

"Will you shut up!"

"No, I won't," Lee persisted. "I have often wondered why you and George don't marry. You'd make a swell couple!"

Ellen jumped up. "This utterly ridiculous conversation has gone quite far enough!"

"I'm going to run along now, Lee . . . And to get down to earth again, please do your best to rent or sell those houses of mine, won't you? Being land poor isn't any joke!"

"Don't worry," said Lee. "I'll scour the countryside for renters and buyers."

"Thanks. I'm sure you will."

"Now that you've shown your confidence in me," Lee said, "there is no stopping me." He took Ellen's hands in his. "Seriously, I'm darned grateful to you, and I'm going to show you just how good a real estate broker I can be. I'll show the town, too! Just watch me!"

She paused at the door. "By the way, what was the idea breaking the speed limits in that yellow roadster of your's yesterday afternoon? You went by my place like a shot out of a gun."

Lee chuckled. "I was in a hurry."

"So I gathered!"

"Did you see who was with me?"

"No—I didn't even recognise you, you went by so fast! But I recognised the yellow streak as your car. Who was with you?"

"George. You should have seen the way he held onto the car with one hand and to his hat with the other."

"But why were you in such a hurry?"

"I was hurrying him away from Mrs. Carter."

"You mean she was chasing you in her car?"

"No, not quite that bad. We had left her behind, honking her horn underneath George's office window." Lee paused and grinned. "But to be perfectly honest, Ellen, I had another reason for speeding."

"What?"

"I thought that, if we got arrested, it might help to damage George's reputation a little."

"Lee Morgan, of all things!"

"And being arrested with me would damage anyone's reputation—since I'm looked upon as such a hopeless black sheep!"

"Idiot!" said Ellen.

But, as she went out and down the stairs, she smiled to herself.

. . . . . .

When Ellen had departed, Lee stepped across the hall to George's office, where he found his friend hard at work.

"Well," he announced, "it's all fixed—contract signed and everything. I'm now Ellen's real-estate broker—thanks to you!"

"To me?" said George. "What have I to do with it?"

"Plenty! I know all about your suggesting to Ellen that she let me handle her property." Lee held out his hand. "Thanks, old man. It was pretty swell of you. Get your hat, and I'll set you up to lunch at the Elton Hotel grill."

"You don't have to pay me for doing a little favor."

Lee laughed. "I'm not trying to pay you. I have an ulterior motive—being seen with you gives me prestige!"

"Stop talking like an ass!" said George. "Anyway, I'm too busy to get away now. And I'm expecting an out-of-town client at any moment."

"Always the ambitious young lawyer," sighed Lee. "Always the man who puts business before pleasure . . . Okay, we'll make the lunch another day. Hope the client comes across with a good fat cheque."

"So do I."

Lee grinned. "You'll need some surplus cash if you start sowing that crop of wild oats!"

"Will I?"

"You bet! It's a more or less expensive pastime."

"Maybe I'd better not try it, then," said George, frowning.

"Nonsense!" Lee clapped him on the back. "It would do you good to get out of your rut! Well . . . I must be going . . ."

When the door had closed on Lee, George went back to his work. He was studying the old boundary-line map which he had chased under Ellen's barn the day before. But he had a hard time concentrating on it.

As he sat staring at it, he was surprised to find himself wishing it were a hidden-treasure map, and that he were planning to outfit a sailing vessel to head for some far-off island. . . . Then, silently scolding himself for wasting time on silly day-dreams, he settled down to tracing boundary lines and making notes.

He was lost in contemplation of the map and his notes when he heard someone coming up the stairs. His out-of-town client, he thought.

But it wasn't the client. It was Lucy May Carter.

"H-hello," George stammered, reddening guiltily as he recalled that he hadn't yet phoned Mrs. Carter about that dinner invitation.

"Mother saw Lee leaving, so she thought it safe to send me up here," said Lucy May, grimacing. "Why haven't you let her know whether you're coming to dinner on Saturday night? She has used up several gallons of gasoline driving by here—to say nothing of wearing out people's nerves with honking the horn! Why aren't you ever in your office?"

"I—I've had a lot of business that has taken me away," George faltered.

"Well, how about it? Can you come on Saturday, or can't you?" asked Lucy May. "Mother's waiting down in the car, and wants to know."

George gazed at her a moment, thinking how pretty she was and that it was no wonder Lee had fallen in love with her.

"Do you want me to come to dinner?" he asked abruptly.

"Why, of course. I—I——" Lucy May stopped.

"That's all right," said George. "I understand. You'd be tickled pink if it were Lee your mother were inviting. But you can't get excited over me as a dinner partner, now can you?"

"It's not that, George," said Lucy May, blushing. "I think you are a dear, and I do want you to come to dinner, but—but——"

"I know," George put in good-naturedly. "You're tired of being stuck with me when you'd so much rather be with Lee, if only you could manage to escape your mother. So that leaves us just where we've been for a long time, doesn't it?"

"Yes, George."

"All right," he said. "Just tell your mother I'll phone her later. Maybe I can arrange to be called out of town or something. That will save you from being forced to entertain me, and at the same time will keep your mother from being angry."

"George, you are sweet!" Lucy May took a step forward, and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek, much to his embarrassment.

"A sweet, rather uninteresting, big-brother sort of person—that's me!" he said wryly, but he was pleased that she had kissed him.

When she had gone, George sat thinking. Maybe he ought to move to some other town to get away from the match-making mothers. In a strange town where no mothers knew him, he could work in peace. But he didn't want to leave Elkton. He loved it. It was home. No, he'd just have to find some other way out . . .

His thoughts were interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Come in!" he called, once again expecting to see his out-of-town client.

The door opened with startling suddenness—and upon the threshold stood a dazzling platinum blonde.

George, his jaw dropping, stumbled to his feet. It was Rita Roselle—the actress!

. . . . . .

"Are you George Martin, the lawyer?" the actress demanded.

"Y-yes," stammered George. "I am."

"Then, I want a divorce!"

"Wh-what?"

"A divorce!"

"Oh," said George, struggling to regain his poise. "Won't you—uh—sit down, Miss Roselle?"

"I see you know who I am."

"Yes, Miss Roselle. Now—er—what's this about a divorce?"

The actress' eyes flashed. "No man can treat me like a dog and get away with it! I want my freedom at once!"

"But I—I——" George had a breathless sort of feeling. Rita Roselle had something of the effect of a high wind. "I mean it's not as simple as all that—getting a divorce."

"Why isn't it? Heaven knows, getting married was simple enough!" Rita leaned forward. "You must help me, Mr. Martin. All this unhappiness is bad for my art. It'll be making me get wrinkles. You will take my case, won't you?"

A sudden suspicion assailed George. "Look here, did—did Mr. Lee Morgan send you to me?"

"Oh, no! It was the cashier at the theatre. She said you were nice and understanding—just the person to free me from Ted. The brute! When I think of the way he manhandled me!"

"He—he struck you?" asked George, shocked.

"No, but he shook me! Just as though I were an old shoe or something!"

"What had you done to provoke him?"

Rita bridled. "Nothing at all! If that's the attitude you're going to take——"

"I don't mean to imply that you provoked him intentionally," George said hastily. "But perhaps you said or did something thoughtlessly."

"I didn't do a thing. All I did was to tell him I was leaving him!"

"I see," said George, weakly. "Well, suppose you begin at the beginning . . . But wait a minute. Before you go on, I think I should tell you that I've had very little experience in divorce cases. If you retain me, you're getting more or less of a novice."

"I don't mind. I'm sure you and I can get along—I like you already." Rita gave George such a dazzling smile that he reddened.

He cleared his throat. "Very well, then. Just tell me all the circumstances."

Rita leaned back in her chair, and lit a cigarette.

"It's like this," she began. "Ted's a

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dancer, and I was his partner—in vaudeville. But I got tired of being just a hoofer—I wanted to branch out and be an actress. So, a few weeks ago, when I got the offer to come here, I just told him I was going to take it. That's when he got mad and shook me.

"And the things he said to me! You wouldn't believe it! He said I was clever enough from the ankles down, but that was all. Did that burn me up! So I left him, and now I'm playing here in your charming little town."

"Where is your husband now?" asked George.

"In New York. The last I heard, he had landed a dancing part in a musical that's going into rehearsal."

"How long have you been married to him?"

"Oh, it was one of those hasty affairs of youth," said Rita. "My parents had a vaudeville act, and Ted was in it. Then, when my parents were killed in a wreck, I sort of turned to Ted. He was awfully sweet to me, and I mistook my feeling for him for love. Anyway, he begged me so hard to marry him—and I felt so alone in the world—that I did."

"Weren't you happy with him at first?"

"Oh, yes! He taught me to dance, and we formed a team, and everything went along fine, until I decided I was getting nowhere. My dad had always wanted me to be an actress, and so I made up my mind I was going to be one. That's when Ted and I started fighting. It got worse and worse until I finally quit him to come here."

"I see . . . And you're quite sure you've reached the parting of the ways?"

"I certainly am!" Rita crushed out her cigarette. "Ted thinks I won't stick to it—but I'll show him! I'm sort of on trial with the stock company here, but so far, the manager is pleased and, if I make good, he'll give me a long-term contract. And then"—she snapped her fingers—"that for Ted Lane! He can't pull a stone-age stunt on me and get away with it!"

"I hate to see a marriage go on the rocks," George said slowly. "After all, we all lose our tempers at times. Maybe your husband is sorry now. I mean, maybe you two could effect a reconciliation."

"Don't you want my business?" Rita demanded.

"Of course. But I want you to be sure you know exactly what you are doing."

"I do know what I am doing. I am no child! I want you to get me a nice, quick divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty."

"I'm afraid that won't do," said George. "As I said before, getting a divorce is not such a simple matter—not around here, anyway. You'll have to have other grounds than cruelty."

"Why so?"

"Because you can't get divorced in this State on those grounds. Your husband must be proven untrue to you."

"Oh!" said Rita, obviously unprepared for this. "Well, for Pete's sake, why didn't you say so, instead of letting me sit here and spout my head off?"

"I'm sorry," said George.

Rita was thoughtful a moment. Then her mouth set in a determined line.

"Okay! I've got nothing on Ted now—but give me a little time!" Again her eyes flashed. "I'll get a co-respondent if I have to go out and hire one!"

GEORGE said stiffly, "If you are intending to frame your husband, I'm afraid I can't take your case. I refuse to be a party to anything of that sort."

Rita stared at him in surprise, then shrugged.

"Oh, all right—skip it! Maybe I'll just have to be satisfied with a legal separation. You could get that for me, couldn't you?"

"I suppose so."

"And in the meantime," said Rita, "I'll write to Nellie and tell her to keep an eye on Ted."

"Who's Nellie?"

"A friend of mine—she's rehearsing for the same show as Ted. I can count on her to let me know if he starts getting interested in anyone else. She's all for having me ditch him."

"She's not, by any chance, interested in your husband herself, is she?"

Rita laughed. "Of course not! She's a lot older than he is, and terribly plain. Ted wouldn't give her a second look! But he might give someone else a second look—and then I could bear down on him and make him meet my terms."

She and George discussed the question of a separation further, and then, deciding to leave other details until later, Rita rose to go.

"You are kind and understanding," she said. "It's been wonderful talking to you—and I'll be in to see you again to-morrow."

"Yes."

"And look—how would you like to come and see me act?"

"Why—why, I'd like to," George said, politely.

Rita took a card from her purse and scribbled something on it.

"There! Just show that at the box office. It's a pass for two for any night you'd like to come. I want you to see that I do have ability as an actress—no matter what Ted says!"

George took the card. "Thank you—that's very kind of you."

"You'll surely come?"

"Of course."

"Fine! When you decide what night, let me know, won't you—so that I'll know you're out front watching me."

"I will," George promised.

"And after the show be sure to come backstage to see me. If you're going to be my lawyer we ought to be getting acquainted—don't you think?"

"Why—er—yes," said George, somewhat dubiously.

"Well, now I must be toddling along." Rita held out her hand. "Thank you for being so helpful."

"Don't mention it . . . And here's wishing you success in your new career."

"Thanks!" Rita flashed him a radiant smile. "You are sweet, Mr. Martin—darned sweet! Mind if I call you George?"

"Why—er—no."

"And you must call me Rita." She stepped to the door. "Toodle-oo, George!"

Then she was gone.

George stood where she had left him, staring at the card she had given him. He began to smile. Darned if he didn't think it would be fun to go and see her act—and even more fun to go backstage! He would ask Ellen to go with him. She would enjoy it also. . . .

And then, suddenly, he had an inspiration. He hesitated only a second, then snatched the telephone and called Mrs. Carter's number.

"Mrs. Carter," he said rapidly, when he had that lady on the wire, "I called about your invitation to dinner. I should have called you sooner, but I've had so much on my mind that I——"

"I understand, dear boy. I know how rushed you are, with all your work. But you are coming to dinner, aren't you?"

"No, Mrs. Carter—I'm sorry, but I can't make it."

"But, George! I'm counting on you and—and—Lucy May will be so disappointed!"

"I'm sorry," he said firmly. "But I'll have to decline—I have a previous engagement."

"A previous engagement?"

George drew a deep breath. "Yes—with Miss Rita Roselle."

He heard a gasp. It was a moment before Mrs. Carter spoke again.

Then she stammered, "Did—did you say Rita Roselle? The—the actress?"

"Yes, Mrs. Carter. I promised her I would go to her show Saturday night—I have a date with her afterwards."

"Why, George! A date with that flashy creature? Why, I never——" There was a choking sound. Then Mrs. Carter's voice became very icy. "Very well, George. I'm sorry you can't come. . . ."

A click told him she had hung up. He put down his own phone and mopped his brow.

"Whew!"

Once more he looked at the card Rita had given him. As he slipped it into his wallet he grinned widely. A feeling of great recklessness was surging through him.

He was, he told himself, planting his very first wild oat!

GEORGE was still feeling reckless half an hour later when he telephoned Ellen.

"Hello, Ellen!" he said gaily. "How are you?"

"George, are you ill or something?"

"Why should I be ill?"

"Calling me like this to ask how I am only an hour or so after you saw me!"

"Oh, that's right—I did see you, didn't I? But never mind. I'm not phoning to ask you how you are—I'm phoning to tell you I'm off!"

"Off! You certainly sound it! George Martin, have you been drinking?"

"Of course not! You know I don't drink."

"Well, I'm not so sure at the moment. What do you mean, you're off?"

"Off on my career of wild oats!" George said jubilantly. "I've hopped down off my pedestal, Ellen, and I've given Mrs. Carter a shock!"

"George! Not really! How?"

"I told her I couldn't come to her dinner Saturday night because I had a date with Rita Roselle."

"What! Have you?"

"Well, no—not exactly. But I'm going to be her lawyer, and she asked me to come to see her act, and I decided to go on Saturday. I want you to go with me. Will you?"

"You bet I will! But George, when did all this happen?"

"A little while ago. She came in to see me—wants me to get her a divorce. I'll tell you all about it when I see you. Now be sure to keep Saturday night for me."

"Of course, but——"

"No buts, Ellen. And, by the way, we're going backstage."

"We are? What for?"

"Because Rita wants me to. She said we should get better acquainted, now that I'm to be her lawyer."

"So it's 'Rita,' is it? You seem to be pretty well acquainted already!" said Ellen with a tinge of asperity. Then, she laughed. "You've taken my breath away, George. My head is in a whirl!"

"So's mine. Rita's perfume has filled my office, and I had a heck of a time explaining it to an out-of-town client who

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came in right after she left. He kidded me no end. But anyway, Rita brought me luck."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, this client asked me to represent him in a suit against the railroad and, right this moment, there's a fat retaining cheque nestling in my wallet. Right beside the pass."

"What pass?"

"The one Rita gave me. We're going to see the show as her guests."

"Oh!"

"Oh, boy!" said George, sounding like a high school kid. "Things have certainly been happening around here!"

"That's apparent!" Ellen remarked. "Now, don't forget—you are to tell mama all about it."

"I'll tell you everything. And thanks a lot for saying you'll go with me on Saturday."

"All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't keep me from going!" said Ellen.

As George turned away from the telephone, Lee came in from lunch. He paused upon the threshold, sniffing the air.

"Ye gods! Your office smells like a beauty parlor!"

"Oh, hello, Lee," George said, with exaggerated casualness. "Have a nice lunch?"

Lee eyed him. "You look guilty as the dickens," he accused. "Who has been here?"

"I've had a very lovely caller." George grinned.

"Who?"

"A gorgeous blonde."

"No kidding!"

"Yes—Rita Roselle."

"Well, you old son of a gun!" gasped Lee. "Put one over on me, eh? Went out and met her all by your little self, without my aid! Wait till the mothers hear about this"

"One of them has already heard about it," said George. "But I did not go out and meet Rita, as you put it. She came in to engage me as her lawyer."

"Since when did you start calling her by her first name?"

George flicked his sleeve nonchalantly. "Oh, I started calling her 'Rita' ten minutes after I met her. Not so bad for old George Martin, eh? Some girl, Rita!"

Lee collapsed into the nearest chair.

"Well, I'll be gosh-darned!"

Then, he sat, open-mouthed, and listened while George told about Rita's unexpected visit, and the results thereof.

"She's bound, bent, and determined to get rid of this Ted," George finished. "She even said that she would find a co-respondent if she had to go out and hire one. But I said nothing doing."

"I see . . ."

Lee found a cigarette, and lit it. Then he got to his feet. He stood looking at George for some seconds.

"So you're going backstage to see her?" he said slowly.

"Yes—but why are you staring at me like that?"

"I was just thinking," said Lee.

"What about?"

"About you and Rita—and this Ted."

"Well, what about us?"

"Watch out! Suppose this Ted fellow names his co-respondent first—and you're it!"

With that, Lee turned on his heel and walked out.

For some moments after Lee's abrupt departure, George sat wondering if that parting remark could have been serious.

But no—Lee must have been kidding, he decided. The possibility that he could be named a co-respondent by Rita's husband just for going backstage to see her was utterly ridiculous!

Besides, who ever heard of a divorce case in which a man named his wife's lawyer as co-respondent? It was silly, absurd! But it was just like Lee to make a remark like that!

George straightened up, and put it out of his mind. He remembered, all of a sudden, that he had had no lunch, and, glancing at his watch, he found that it was after two o'clock. He caught up his hat and went out.

A little while later, he was ordering a toasted sandwich and a glass of milk from Eddie Jones, soda clerk in the Corner Drug Store.

He always felt uncomfortable in the presence of Eddie, for he knew that Eddie mistakenly considered him a rival for the heart and hand of Elsie Warren. Of course, this was silly of Eddie but, since Mrs. Warren was doing her best to make her daughter desert soda-jerker for lawyer, he could scarcely be blamed.

George sighed. Come to think of it, he was the involuntary rival of at least six of Elkton's young men. With him out of the way, Eddie and the others would have a far better chance of overcoming maternal objections and winning the girls they loved. As George pondered upon this awkward state of affairs he felt more and more uncomfortable.

Eddie, scowling, placed the sandwich in front of him.

"There you are—I hope it's all right."

"I'm sure it is, Eddie," said George, pleasantly. "You're the best sandwich-maker in Elkton."

But, as he bit into it he found himself wondering if Eddie would not have liked to sprinkle a bit of arsenic in the dressing.

He was half-way through his lunch, when he heard a woman's voice hail him.

"George, my dear boy! I'm so glad to find you here!"

He inwardly groaned as he turned to face Mrs. Buxton, another of the mothers. She had a daughter named Katrine.

"How do you do, Mrs. Buxton?" he said, not giving a darn how she did.

"I was just on my way to your office." She beamed upon him.

"Was there some business you wanted to discuss with me?" George asked, knowing that there wasn't.

"No, dear boy. I want you to come to tea Sunday afternoon. A lawyer friend of Mr Buxton's will be with us over the week-end, and I want you to meet him. He's a member of an important firm in New York, and a contact like that might be of value to you. I said to Katrine this morning that you never can tell what it might lead to."

"But you won't have to spend all your time talking dull business—I know you don't want to do that! Katrine, of course, will be there, and I'm asking several young people so it should be a real nice little party."

"I'd planned to—to—go on a fishing trip Sunday," George stammered.

"Oh, the fish can wait! Mr. Peters will be here such a little time, and I do so want him to meet you."

"Well, you see, I—I—that is——"

"Besides," Mrs. Buxton interrupted, with a sweet smile, "I believe Mr. Buxton is planning to turn some business your way, and it would be a good opportunity for you two to have a talk."

George knew only too well what she meant. She was bribing him. She might just as well have said, in so many words, "Come to my tea, and be nice to my daughter, and I'll use my influence with my husband to give his legal business to you."

"Yes'm," said George.

He knew he was licked. He could not afford to antagonise this determined woman. It might mean the loss of a potential client.

"Then I'll expect you— Sunday afternoon at four. But do come early, George, so that you can have a talk with Mr. Peters—and with Mr. Buxton, too." Mrs. Buxton paused, and gave a nervous laugh. "Then, after tea, perhaps you and Katrine would like to take a little drive . . ."

"Yes'm," said George again, feeling like a drowning man without even a straw to grab at.

"Bye, George dear!"

Mrs. Buxton flipped her hand in a coy wave, and departed, leaving George looking decidedly morose.

Eddie, who had been an interested listener to their conversation, now grinned wryly.

"She seems to like you," he remarked, with a touch of malice.

"What if she does?" snapped George.

He turned back to his sandwich, and quickly finished it. Then, paying his cheque, he went out onto Main Street.

He was heading for his office when he once again heard his name called. He stopped, annoyed. Who now?

It was Rita Roselle. She was waving to him from across the street.

"Have you decided when you're coming to see me act?" she called.

"Er—yes. Saturday night!" George called back.

"Swell! That's a date! And don't forget—you're coming backstage!"

"You bet!" said George.

He didn't see Mrs. Buxton, who had emerged from a near-by store just in time to hear this little interchange. He didn't see her scandalised expression as she recognised Rita Roselle. Nor, as he proceeded on his way, did he see that she was standing stock still, gaping after him . . . .

TEN minutes after Rita Roselle had hailed George so informally across the width of Main Street, the news of their encounter was spreading like wildfire. Mrs. Buxton was not one to keep it to herself.

She was no sooner home than she sat down and phoned Mrs. Burt to tell her, with bated breath, what she had seen and heard. Then she phoned Mrs. Warren. The shocked surprise that both these ladies evinced more than fulfilled her expectations, and left no doubt that they, in turn, would soon pass the story along—with embellishments.

But when she phoned Mrs. Carter she herself got a surprise.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Carter said calmly, though she was actually far from calm. "George has told me all about the woman."

"He has!" gasped Mrs. Buxton, feeling cheated.

"Yes—it's nothing to be disturbed about."

Mrs. Carter had no intention of letting Mrs. Buxton know that she was not only disturbed, but stunned, by George's refusal of her dinner invitation for a date with an actress—and such an actress!

"Nothing to be disturbed about!" exclaimed Mrs. Buxton. "But the brazen creature shouted at him all the way across the street. And he shouted back, as friendly as you please. George Martin, of all people. Carrying on like that with a cheap show girl!"

"She's not a show girl—she's an actress. Leading lady, I understand," Mrs. Carter

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said coolly. "The woman is probably a client of George's. After all, a lawyer has all kinds of clients."

"But he has a date with her. He's going backstage—I heard him say so!" Mrs. Buxton persisted. "Next Saturday night!"

Mrs. Carter maintained her calm with difficulty. She didn't like to be reminded of that date, which had so completely upset her own plans.

"I know," she managed to say, in a tone of indifference. "George told me. It's nothing. I suppose he has to be nice to the woman—if she's his client."

"I don't see why he should have to have dates with her!" Mrs. Buxton averred haughtily—and with that she hung up.

She was utterly baffled by Mrs. Carter's attitude, and decidedly let down. However, that did not prevent her from spreading her story further—and she was gratified to receive more satisfying reactions from other quarters.

In fact, her broadcast, and the subsequent broadcasts of her hearers were so successful that by the next day the whole town knew of George's "date with Rita." And when he was seen walking down Main Street with her, the gossip became more and more excited. The word had got round that she had engaged him to obtain a divorce for her, but this only added spice to the gossip.

George was seen with her more than once during the course of that week, for Rita paid daily visits to his office to discuss her case with him, and more often than not he concluded these discussions by escorting her back to the hotel. As everyone said, he certainly seemed to be paying her a lot more attention than was warranted by the ordinary lawyer-client relationship.

As a result of all this, when Saturday night arrived the box office of the Elkton Theatre did an astonishing business. For the first time on record, the Standing Room Only sign had to be hauled out and hung up. All the town's mothers were on hand, avid with curiosity. And surprisingly all the town's daughters as well!

Meanwhile, George had called for Ellen. As they drove towards the theatre he noticed that she seemed strangely aloof. It puzzled him.

"Well!" she said finally. "You certainly seem to have started something, George!"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you know that the whole town is talking about you and Rita Roselle?"

George's eyes widened. "Really?" Then he chuckled. "I suppose Mrs. Carter must have told every one that I turned down her dinner to go to Rita's play to-night."

"She didn't need to," Ellen remarked acidly. "What with Rita calling at your office every day—not to mention the time you scandalised Mrs. Buxton by shouting at each other across Main Street—it didn't take long for the town to know that something was up!"

"Gosh!" murmured George. "I didn't know all that . . . But, say! That's just what I wanted, isn't it? I've just realised that I haven't had an invitation from a mother in four days!"

"Of course it's what you wanted," said Ellen. "But I don't see why you have to carry things quite so far."

George was astonished. "What are you talking about? Can I help it if Rita comes to my office every day? She comes to see me about her divorce. She's been bringing me letters from a friend of hers called Nellie, who appears to be something of a snooper. Anyway, Rita's husband doesn't make a move that this Nellie person does not know about it."

"That's all very well," said Ellen. "But is it really necessary for you to escort Miss Roselle home every time she calls?"

George looked sheepish. "Well, I thought it might give the mothers a shock if I were seen with her. Apparently it has."

"And do you have to let her cling to your arm and gaze up at you quite so soulfully—the way she was when I saw you with her yesterday?" Ellen demanded.

George turned. "Why, Ellen! You act as though you were mad! You were the one who suggested that I find a dizzy blonde, weren't you? I'm just following your advice. Why should you mind my walking home with Rita?"

Ellen didn't answer. She knew George was right but, just the same, she wished now that she hadn't made that "wild oats" suggestion. She hadn't realised she would feel this way about his attentions to another woman. It was silly of her, she knew, but she couldn't help it.

As for George, he was completely bewildered. He had never before seen Ellen in a mood like this, and he couldn't make it out. Why should she pick on him for doing what she had told him to do? He sighed. Girls were certainly funny!

As George turned his roadster into the block in which the theatre was situated, he got a surprise.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "Look at all the cars! I never saw so many around here!"

Ellen, too, was surprised. "Nor did I. It certainly looks like a big night for the theatre."

"Darn!" said George. "There's no place to park."

However, he did finally find a small space and squeezed into it. He helped Ellen out of the car, took her arm, and guided her towards the theatre.

At the entrance, he paused, his eyes widening. The lobby was jammed with people—mostly women—all talking at once. He glimpsed several of the mothers of his acquaintance and, over in one corner, he saw a bevy of their pretty daughters, chattering like magpies.

"For Pete's sake!" he murmured. "Everyone seems to be here. The play must be good."

Ellen gave him a sidelong glance. "The play?" she said slowly. "I don't think it's the play they've come to see . . ."

Just then, one of the girls in the group in the corner caught sight of George, broke away and came rushing towards him. It was Lucy May Carter.

"George! We thought you'd never come!"

He stared at her. "What do you mean? And say . . . what, by the way, are you doing here? I—I thought your mother was giving a dinner to-night."

Lucy May laughed. "Oh, the dinner! That's been called off!" She gave George a wink. "Can't you guess why—you sly old thing, you!"

George was utterly astonished, particularly by that last little dig. But, before he could make any reply, he found himself surrounded by half a dozen other girls. They crowded around him, babbling excitedly, smiling at him, radiantly.

The thought flashed through his mind that he had never attracted so much attention from these girls—that all of them had heretofore thought him a "slowpoke."

"Listen George!" said Katrine Buxton, plucking at his sleeve. "See if you can get Miss Roselle to autograph one of her pictures for me!"

"Get one for me, too, George!" cried Elsie Warren.

"And me, too!" put in Aggie Burt.

George was blushing in confusion. "I'll—I'll try," he stammered. "But right now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to get my tickets . . ."

He started pushing his way through the crowded lobby, but the girls only pushed after him, and clustered around him, still jabbering, as he exhibited Rita's card at the box-office and obtained two tickets for it.

Ellen stood off at one side, watching all this with mixed feelings. This theatre-going date with George was certainly turning out to be quite an event. Heavens! One might think he were Robert Taylor or Gary Cooper!

As she stood there alone, Lee Morgan came into the lobby, saw her, and joined her.

"Hi, Ellen! Where's George?"

"He's being mobbed," Ellen said tersely. "Take a look."

Lee looked and gasped. "Good night!"

"Exactly," said Ellen. "Maybe George has given the local mothers a shock, but he seems to be giving the local daughters a thrill!"

Lee laughed. "So they've changed their tune, eh? Good old George!"

"You'd better go and rescue him," Ellen suggested.

"Not me, honey! Let him be mobbed—he's probably enjoying the experience."

"Lucy May seems to be enjoying it, too," Ellen pointed out. "She's the ringleader. If she gets any closer to George, she'll be in his pocket."

"Oh!" said Lee, looking closer. "That's different. Maybe I had better go and rescue the old boy."

He grinned at Ellen, then elbowed his way to George's side.

"What's the big idea of deserting Ellen?" he demanded.

George turned to him with a grateful smile. "Where is she?" he asked vaguely. "I—I've been trying to find her . . ."

"Over there." Lee caught hold of Lucy May's arm. "Shame on you girls! Keeping a man from his best girl! Scram! What do you think this is—a mob scene for the movies?"

The girls, looking a bit foolish, backed away and allowed George to make his escape.

Lee drew Lucy May into a corner. "Where's your mother?" he asked.

"Somewhere in this jam. I'd better go find her. She's probably furious at me for making so much of George, and she'll be more furious if she sees me with you!"

"Is she very sore at George for turning down her dinner?"

"I should say she is! It wasn't any fun telephoning everyone that the dinner was off."

"I don't see why she had to call it off just because George couldn't come."

"Don't be dense," chided Lucy May. "Don't you understand the real reason why she called it off? You know how people linger over a dinner. Well, if they had lingered too long, Mother couldn't have reached the theatre in time."

"Oh!" Lee grinned. "I get it—she had to see just what George was up to!"

"Exactly!" said Lucy May. "Now, trot along. I must go and find her."

"Just a moment," said Lee, catching her hand. "I never saw you making such a fuss over George before. What's the idea?"

"Why, nothing! I don't know what you mean."

Lee looked at her intently. "Listen—you aren't going to fall for him, are you

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GEORGE'S WILD OATS

just because he happens to have an actress for a client?"

"Don't talk like an idiot!"

Lucy May pulled away from him, and disappeared in the throng, leaving him feeling far from satisfied.

Meanwhile, George had rejoined Ellen. He was decidedly dishevelled. His tie was crooked, and an unruly lock of hair was dangling down on his forehead.

"Gosh all hemlock!" he gasped. "What's come over those girls? They've never before given me so much as a second look!"

"But that," said Ellen, caustically, "was before you became a divorce lawyer!"

GEORGE had been so taken up with girls in the lobby that he had scarcely noticed those girls' various mothers or their reaction to his arrival.

The mothers, like the daughters, had been waiting in the lobby for the specific purpose of seeing him arrive, but they had witnessed their daughters' enthusiastic reception of him with patent disapproval. It had been their intention to show what they thought of his "friendship with Rita" by greeting him coldly, but their daughters had given them no opportunity. It is impossible to snub a man who is so surrounded by an admiring throng that he doesn't even see you.

Hence, the thwarted mothers, dragging their husbands with them, had haughtily withdrawn into the theatre proper.

However, if George had been unaware of them in the lobby, he soon became very acutely aware of them. As he and Ellen entered the auditorium and started down the aisle, he suddenly saw that all eyes were turned toward him.

George saw Mrs. Carter staring at him icily and a few rows beyond, was Mrs. Warren, equally chilly in her gaze. There was Mrs. Burt, too . . . and Mrs. Thomas . . . They were all looking at him as though he were a worm. Gosh! This was terrible!

Then, he felt Ellen's hand on his arm, heard her murmur, "Don't mind them, George!" Her hand on his arm gave him courage. He wished, though, that the seats Rita had reserved for him weren't right in the middle of the first row. By the time he and Ellen reached them, he felt as though he had run a gauntlet of freezing stares.

And then he suffered another bad moment. Just as he was about to sit down, he saw that Mrs. Buxton was in the second row, directly behind him!

"Oh—uh—good evening, Mrs. Buxton."

She nodded stiffly. "Good evening, George."

Her tone was far different from the gushing one she had used when she had met him in the drug store and practically forced him to accept her invitation to tea.

As he sank into his place, he could feel her eyes on the back of his neck; could feel it turn hot and red under her scrutiny. He wondered whether she still wanted him to come to tea to-morrow and, as he waited in agony for the lights to go down, he half expected her suddenly to lean forward and cancel her invitation. If only she would! But she didn't.

Then at last welcome darkness enveloped the auditorium, the curtain went up, and the play began . . .

Rita did not appear until the middle of the first act. Her entrance had a sort of hop, skip and jump air about it.

Her role was that of the younger sister of a devastating young woman noted for her ability to ensnare all the men. The playwright had obviously meant his leading character to be a shy girl who was fighting desperately to keep the man she loved from being stolen by her alluring older sister—a girl who forced a superficial gaiety to cover the fear that lay in her heart. But Rita turned the character into a silly ingenue.

"Well," George whispered to Ellen, "how do you like her?"

"I have a feeling that she's going to break into a song and dance at any moment."

George smiled. "She'd be pretty much in character if she did. She was a vaudeville performer before she gave up dancing for dramatic art."

"Then that accounts for the fact that all her histrionic ability seems to be in her feet."

"Those are dangerous words, honey! It was because her husband said practically the same thing that she now wants a divorce——"

"Shhhh!" hissed Mrs. Buxton.

George started guiltily, and turned his attention back to the stage.

The play went on and on, good in spots, bad in others—a new play which a rising playwright had persuaded the stock company to try out for him.

The curtain finally fell, and the players came out to take their bows. Then, Rita took a bow alone.

As she did so, she looked directly at George, gave him a slow, enigmatic smile and, just before the curtain hid her from view, he thought he saw her wink.

"Oh!" he heard Mrs. Buxton gasp.

His face flamed. He rose hastily, and caught Ellen's hand. He dragged her from her chair, and, as the house lights came on, he was already hurrying her up the aisle.

He hustled her out of the theatre and into the little alley that led to the stage entrance.

"Wait a minute," said Ellen, stopping. "Do you really want me to go with you to see Miss Roselle? I might perhaps cramp your style and besides, she might consider me a crowd."

"Nonsense! I certainly don't want to be alone with her."

"Then little Ellen will come along. I'll just stand meekly in a corner, and let you and Rita have your little business conference. Or is it a business conference this time? Judging from that smile she flashed you, I'd say not!"

George was the one who stopped now. "What are you talking about?"

"I've seen many a smile in my life," said Ellen, "and if ever a smile spoke, that one did! It seemed to tell everyone in the theatre that you and she shared a wicked secret."

"Good heavens!" gasped George. "You don't suppose anyone else read anything like that into it, do you?"

"I really couldn't say." Ellen shrugged. "But you know how people are . . ."

"Well, all I've got to say is that they certainly are using their imaginations if they think there was anything unusual about that smile! Rita was just being friendly and—and grateful."

"Grateful for what?"

"Why, for—for—our coming to see her act."

"Don't be naive, George!"

"It's all a matter of thinking," he said stiffly. "You put one construction on Rita's smile, and I put another."

"I see . . . As simple as that?"

"Yes! As simple as that!"

Ellen sighed, and took his arm. "Well, anyway, come on—here comes that bevy of beautiful girls. You'll be mobbed again if you don't watch out."

They darted through the stage door.

AS George and Ellen were ushered into Rita's dressing-room she rose from her make-up table and eagerly came forward.

"George, darling!" she exclaimed, seizing both his hands. "How sweet of you to come!"

Ellen felt a wave of resentment sweep over her. How dare the woman call George "darling"!

"When I saw you down there watching me, I just knew I had to act as I'd never acted before!" Rita gushed on. "I was practically inspired!"

"Rita—uh—this is Miss Vaughan," George said awkwardly. "Ellen, Miss Roselle."

The actress turned and bestowed a smile on Ellen.

"I'm so glad to know you," she said dulcetly. "George has spoken of you—and any friend of George's is a friend of mine!"

Ellen stiffened. Any friend of George's, indeed!

Rita found chairs for them, then turned back to her dressing-table. "I'm sure you won't mind if I go ahead and remove my make-up . . ." She seated herself before the mirror, bound a towel about her head, and began cold-creaming her face.

"How did you like me, you two?"

"You were great!" George flattered.

Ellen smiled crookedly, thinking, "What liars men can be!" Aloud she said, "It must be exciting, Miss Roselle, to create a part. I understand this is the first time the play has been produced."

"Yes. It is. I'm the very first actress to play the part of Anne! It is exciting. I'm only sorry the playwright couldn't come here to see me, and to tell me what he thinks of my portrayal of his brain child."

Ellen thought it was just as well the poor man was elsewhere.

"What shall we do now?" Rita asked brightly. She had removed her stage make-up and was now applying another which was only slightly less noticeable than the make-up she had worn behind the footlights. "I don't suppose there's much one can do in a small town like this."

"No," said Ellen, "there isn't."

She hoped George would make some excuse for having to get home—but he didn't.

"How about a drive?" he suggested. "There's a gorgeous moon."

"I'd love it!"

George turned to Ellen. "How does that suit you?"

Ellen's first impulse was to decline, but she checked it. She would see this thing through.

"I think that would be very nice."

"Let's drive out to my place," George continued, "and show Rita the moonlight view from the ledge overlooking the harbor. I'm sure she'd enjoy it."

"Indeed I would, George dear!" Rita enthused. "And I'd love to see your home, too. I'll bet it's precious!"

"That doesn't exactly describe it," said George. "But the place does have atmosphere. The house is very old—a typical old New England home."

"I adore anything that smacks of long ago!" Rita bubbled. "Now, if you two don't mind waiting outside while I change, I'll be with you in a jiffy. . . ."

George and Ellen wandered backstage, looking curiously at the stacked scenery and other stage appurtenances, until Rita sent word that she was ready.

As they re-entered her dressing-room, she was adjusting her hat before the mirror.

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"Oh, George—I forgot to tell you," she said, swinging round. "I had another letter from Nellie to-day." Then, to Ellen, "I hope you don't mind, Miss Vaughan, if I discuss business for a few minutes. You probably know that George is handling my divorce case."

"Yes—I know."

Rita tucked her hand confidingly through George's arm, and smiled up at him.

"He's been so sweet and sympathetic about it all!"

"I'm sure of it," Ellen said tersely.

"He's going to free me from a brute, aren't you, George?"

George blushed. "Uh—er—that depends, of course. What about this letter from your friend Nellie?"

"She says Ted has been stepping out with the dizziest, silliest, most brazen creature she has ever seen! I guess that gives me one up on him!"

George glanced uneasily towards the half-open door.

"Hadn't we better wait and—er—discuss it in my office? Someone might overhear you here and, after all, you don't want the whole company discussing your private affairs."

"I don't care much if they do hear. There's a girl in this company who knows Ted. She thinks he's perfect, and that I'm the one to blame for our disagreements. Her name's Mazie—such a silly name!—and I think she's got her eye on Ted herself. I'd be only too glad for her to know what a wretch he really is!"

"Just the same," said George, uncomfortably, "let's wait and talk it over in my office."

As they left the dressing-room they didn't see the actress called Mazie peeping at them from the room next to Rita's. They were scarcely out of the theatre before she was seated at her dressing-table, dashing off a letter to Ted Lane.

". . . and so, it looks to me like a case of the pot calling the kettle black! She has no right, in the first place, to be sore at you for stepping out now and then when she's gone off and left you all alone. And then she has the nerve to make a fool of herself over this small-town lawyer — and to call you a brute into the bargain! It's a rotten shame, Ted—that's what it is! And if I were in your place I'd certainly do something about it. . . ."

On and on, scratched Mazie's trouble-making pen. When she had finished the letter she placed a special-delivery stamp on it so that Ted would get it the next day, Sunday, and hastened out to mail it. . . .

George felt relieved, as he and Ellen and Rita emerged from the theatre alley, to find that no one was about. He had half expected that a curious throng would be waiting to see him come out with Rita. But, thank heaven, everyone had apparently gone home.

He helped the two girls into his roadster, climbed in under the wheel and drove off.

Elkton was a little seacoast town, and George's home, a few miles out, was ideally situated on a bluff overlooking the harbor. As he turned his car into the driveway leading to it, the house and trees, bathed in moonlight, made a lovely picture.

"Oh, how beautiful!" breathed Rita. "Is this really your home, George?"

"Where I was born—and where I hope to die."

"It's simply adorable!"

"Glad you like it," said George. "But wait till you see the view from the ledge I was telling you about. It's really worth seeing on a night like this."

He stopped the car in front of the house, and they all climbed out. George took Rita's arm, and guided her towards the ledge. Ellen trailed along behind.

A few minutes later they were seated side by side, Rita very close to George, gazing out over the moonlit harbor. Rita's ecstatic exclamations over the view were all that George could have wanted.

"The water looks just like silvered satin, doesn't it?" she said dreamily.

"Yes, it does," George agreed, "though I'd never thought of it as poetically as that."

Ellen threw him a quick glance. Many a time, she thought, she had expressed herself just as poetically, but he hadn't noticed.

"This ledge is not only famous for its view," he went on. "There's also an interesting legend connected with it. There's a cave beneath here leading into a tunnel that comes out behind my garage. It's said that pirates, long ago, landed their boats on the beach down there, and either hid their loot in the cave or carried it through the secret tunnel to some cache on land that I now own."

"Oh, how thrilling!" exclaimed Rita.

"Probably just a pipe dream," Ellen said suddenly.

George looked at her in surprise. "Why, Ellen, you know you've always liked and believed that legend."

"I can change my mind, can't I?"

"But you used to dig with me in the hope of finding buried treasure."

"That was when we were silly children."

"Buried treasure!" cried Rita. "Do you mean it's still hidden some place around here?"

George chuckled. "No—I guess not. This place has been dug up so many times, there couldn't be so much as a hairpin left. Most of the digging, though, was done before my time. They say my great-grandfather used to get up in the middle of the night to chase treasure-hunters off the place."

Rita said eagerly, "I'd love to explore the secret tunnel some time. Will you take me through it, George?"

"Gladly," he said. "I have a very sentimental feeling about it. I used to play in that cave and tunnel when I was a small boy."

Rita sighed. "How grand to have had a childhood like that—a happy, carefree one," she said wistfully.

"George's childhood wasn't so carefree," Ellen put in. "You don't need to envy him."

"Ah, but at least he had a home—and such a lovely one!"

"What was the matter with your childhood?" Ellen asked unfeelingly.

Rita gazed out across the water, and a sad note crept into her voice as she answered.

"My cradle was a tray of my mother's theatrical trunk, my nursery was her cluttered dressing-room, and my playground the dark and musty spaces backstage. Not much of a childhood, now was it?"

"I should say not!" said George sympathetically, at the same time throwing a reproachful glance at Ellen. "It doesn't sound like much fun."

"Oh, I had a little now and then," Rita said, with what was evidently meant for a brave smile. "But all my time was spent either in the theatre or in theatrical hotels. And because my parents wanted me to start in the profession young, I was working—learning to act—while girls like you, Miss Vaughan, were playing with dolls and dreaming dreams." A deep sigh. "And then . . . to lose both my parents in such a terrible way when I wasn't yet out of my teens. It wasn't easy, I can tell you, being left all alone and having to fight—fight—fight."

"Gosh!" said George. It was just one short word, but it was weighed down with pity. It seemed to say, "You poor little thing!"

At least, that's the way it struck Ellen. And as Rita went on to describe the bitter outcome of her marriage—the crowning blow of an unhappy life—Ellen thought wryly that the actress was simply dramatizing herself for the benefit of a man who was obviously swallowing all she said, hook, line and sinker.

Then, Rita shrugged expressively. "But I musn't bore you any longer with my poor little story." She looked at George with a wan smile. "I'd much rather hear about you . . . and your home . . . and the pirates . . ."

Ellen, gritting her teeth, rose abruptly. "I hate to break up this charming little party, but I really must be getting home. It's quite late, you know."

George glanced at his watch. "By Jove! So it is!"

He rose, and held out his hand to Rita. She clasped it, but, as he pulled her to her feet, she stepped on a stone, staggered—then shrieked.

"Oh! My ankle! I—I've twisted it!"

She fell against George, crying out with pain, and clinging to him for support.

Ellen smothered a groan. Ye gods! So the woman was going to pull that ancient trick!

Ellen looked on silently as George, with his arm about Rita, showed agitated solicitude over her injury.

"Do—do you think you can make it to the house with my help?" he asked anxiously. "I—I'll get my housekeeper to look at the ankle and bandage it up. She's good at things like that."

Rita, leaning heavily on him, took a tentative step, and winced.

"Oh!" she cried. "I'm afraid you'll have to carry me, George."

And carry her, he did—all the way to the house.

Ellen tagged after them, wishing to high heaven she hadn't given George ideas. She was convinced that Rita was faking—playing on George's sympathies.

George carried her into the living-room, and gently laid her upon a davenport.

"Now, if you'll just lie there, I'll see if I can rout out Mrs. Simmons."

As he left the room, Ellen settled herself in a chair and gazed at the actress coolly. Rita, however, seemed quite oblivious of her critical attitude.

"What a wonderful husband George Martin would make," she said dreamily.

"You think so?"

"I know so. He's so sweet and gentle and kind! You local girls must be blind or something—I'm surprised one of you hasn't snatched him up long ago."

"George is not easily snatched," said Ellen, then added acidly: "At least, up to now, he hasn't been!"

After that, silence prevailed until George reappeared with Mrs. Simmons.

The elderly housekeeper, bearing bandages, liniments and ointments, stared wide-eyed at the strange young woman on the davenport. However, she made no comment as she efficiently set to work, removing Rita's shoe and stocking, and applying first aid to her ankle.

George looked on anxiously. "I can't tell you, Rita, how sorry I am that this had to happen."

Rita smiled meltingly at him. "Now, don't you worry, you old dear. Fortunately, to-morrow's Sunday, so I won't have to work. My ankle often goes bad like this, but it gets all right very quickly, after a few hours' rest."

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Ellen longed to say, "I'll bet it will get all right quickly!" She held her tongue, but, when George continued to bend over the actress, asking her again and again how the ankle felt, Ellen couldn't contain herself any longer.

"Shall I call an ambulance?" she asked, sarcastically.

George looked around sharply. "That's hardly necessary," he said coldly.

That hushed Ellen. Never had George used such a tone to her. She knew she deserved it, but she felt utterly miserable.

When the ankle had been securely bandaged, and the stocking and shoe replaced, Rita rose and tried the foot gingerly.

"Oh, that's much better! It still hurts a little but, if you'll just let me hold on to you, George, I can hobble out to the car."

Outside, Ellen was again seized by a spiteful impulse, and refused to sit in the front of the car with George and Rita.

"No," she said, climbing grimly into the rumble seat. "It will be too crowded—and I might hurt Miss Roselle's ankle!"

George said nothing, but he looked volumes as he pressed the starter, and started the car with an angry jerk.

When they reached the Elkton Hotel, he assisted Rita inside, and lingered a long time. Ellen, transferring herself to the front seat, sat there waiting.

When George came out, she did not speak. Neither did he until the car was again underway. Then, finally, he broke the heavy silence.

"What the heck's the matter with you, Ellen?"

"There's nothing the matter with me," she retorted. "It's you! I hate to see you making such a sap of yourself. I never expected you, of all people, to fall for a lot of cheap tricks!"

George stiffened. "Tricks? What tricks?"

"That twisted ankle, for one thing. That stunt is as old as the hills! And that sob story about her childhood—you fell for it like a ton of bricks."

George slowed the car. "Ellen—I can't understand what's come over you. You've always been such a sweet, sympathetic, understanding person, but to-night, you've acted like a—like a——"

"Like a what?"

"Like a cat!"

"George Martin! How dare you say such a thing to me!"

"Well, you have acted that way. Rita was nice and friendly with you, but you treated her as though she were poison!"

"A woman like that is poison," snapped Ellen. "And anyone with an ounce of sense could see through her! You're a fool not to."

"So I'm a fool now," George said bitterly. "A moment ago I was a sap. And look here—who was it that suggested that I cultivate a dizzy blonde? Not that Rita could be called that, by any stretch of the imagination, but——"

"Oh, I know I made the suggestion," Ellen interrupted impatiently, "but I didn't expect you to be so gullible! If it were all just a lark, that would be different, but you—you—you're being taken in by that woman!"

They had reached Ellen's home, and George drew the car to a stop.

"Listen, Ellen," he said, slipping an arm about her, "let's not quarrel like this——"

"I'm not quarrelling," she retorted, pulling away from him. "But when you call me a cat just because I——"

George's anger flared. "All right, then! I meant what I said, too! You are a cat—a mean, clawing little——"

He got no further, for, at that instant, Ellen's hand flew up and slapped him hard on the cheek. Then, she leaped out of the car, and rushed into the house.

THE next morning George awoke with the memory of Ellen's slap still rankling. He was in a bad temper when Lee Morgan dropped in while he was at breakfast—in no mood for his friend's jovial greeting.

"Well!" said Lee, clapping him on the back. "How's Don Juan this morning? Boy! You sure did cut a swath last night!"

"Did I?" George snapped.

Lee stared at him. "What's the matter? I thought you'd be all puffed up over your conquests, and here I find you looking as though you could chew nails."

"I could!"

Lee sat down. "What's eating you? I thought everything was going swell. You've got the mothers down on you—which was what you wanted—and you've got all the girls in town ga-ga over you. Maybe you didn't bargain for that, but I don't see that it's any reason for being downcast."

"I'm not downcast."

"Oh, you're not? Well, you're certainly giving a very good imitation of a man in the dumps! Did your date with Rita after the show go sour or something?"

"No—Rita was perfectly lovely to both Ellen and me." George paused. "But—but Ellen acted like the old Nick!"

"Oho! So that's it!" Lee smiled wisely. "You and Ellen have had a spat, eh? Come on—tell Uncle all about it."

George gave a full account of Ellen's behaviour, ending with a description of the quarrel.

Lee was silent a moment.

Then, he said slowly, "Well, if you ask me, I think you got what was coming to you."

George was nonplussed. "I like that! So you take her side, do you?"

"I do. Listen, George—I've been watching Rita working on you all the week, and Ellen's right. That woman is trying to get her hooks into you. As for that twisted ankle stunt, it's hoary with age."

"You mean that you, too, think that Rita was pretending?"

"I'd be willing to bet on it. If I know anything about women—and I think I do—she was hoodwinking you."

"Oh, of course! You know everything! You were understanding women in your cradle!" George said angrily.

"You needn't get sarcastic," said Lee.

"Why shouldn't I? You and Ellen are a fine pair of friends! You advise me to sow some wild oats, and then when I do—if you could call it that—you both turn against me. Why, you were the one who offered to introduce me to Rita in the first place!"

"I know I did—but I didn't expect you to go mushy over her. The trouble with you, George, is that you haven't the necessary light touch for wild-oat sowing."

"Mushy!" snorted George. "I've merely been courteous and friendly with Rita."

Lee shrugged. "Well, anyway, I can understand how Ellen feels about it. You've never appreciated that girl and, when you let another woman, who's not worth ten of Ellen, wrap you around her little finger right before Ellen's eyes, naturally the girl's jealousy is aroused."

"Jealousy?" said George, his eyes widening. "Why should Ellen be jealous? She has a sisterly affection for me—but she's made it very clear that that's all."

Lee smiled enigmatically. "That just shows how little you know about women." He rose. "Well, I must be toddling along. I'm on my way to see Ellen, by the way—I think I have a buyer for one of her houses."

He gave George a nonchalant wave, and departed.

As he sat there brooding, the phone rang. He answered it.

"Good morning, George," said a dulcet voice. "This is Rita."

"Oh, hello, Rita!" he said cordially. "How is your ankle this morning?"

"Much, much better—thanks to your kindness! In fact, it's just about all right again. I phoned to ask how you would like to take me for a drive this afternoon and have a picnic supper in some nice spot. It's such a gorgeous day!"

George remembered Mrs. Buxton's tea party. Darn!

"I'm terribly sorry, Rita, but I'm afraid I can't—I have an engagement."

"Oh!" Her voice fell. "How disappointing!"

Then George had a brilliant idea. Why not take Rita with him to the tea party?

. . . . . .

Mrs. Carter strolled up. "Such a lovely party, my dear! So sweet out of doors!"

"Yes, isn't it?" Mrs. Buxton forced a smile.

Mrs. Carter glanced about, then asked casually, "Is—er—George coming?"

"Why, yes—I believe so," Mrs. Buxton replied, just as casually.

The two women eyed each other warily for a moment.

Then, Mrs. Buxton remarked, "I really think everyone is being rather silly about George and that actress creature. After all, it probably means nothing."

"So I said from the beginning," said Mrs. Carter, though the fiasco of her dinner-party was still rankling.

"And besides, he did have Ellen Vaughan with him last night," Mrs. Buxton pointed out. "No man can be very serious about a woman if he takes a girl like Ellen along with him for a chaperone."

"Yes," Mrs. Carter agreed. Then, she added, "But, my dear, that reminds me. Have you noticed Ellen to-day? She has simply blossomed out! Why, I scarcely knew her!"

"Indeed I have noticed!" said Mrs. Buxton. "Isn't it incredible? She looks positively pretty. Mr. Peters seems to have taken quite a shine to her. He's monopolised her ever since she arrived."

Mrs. Carter smirked. "Wouldn't it be nice if poor dear Ellen did have a romance at last? She is such a sweet girl—but she's rapidly approaching old maidhood."

Meanwhile, over near a goldfish pond, Ellen and Mr. Peters were having a tete-a-tete. William Peters was a rather distinguished-looking man of forty, with touches of grey at his temples. As he talked to Ellen, he was gazing at her with frank admiration, but Ellen, though she found him very attractive, was giving him only half her attention. With the other half, she was watching for George.

She had spent fully two hours dressing and preparing herself for this party, and she knew she was looking her very best. Her heart pounded as she waited impatiently for the time to come when she would start "dazzling" George. Why didn't he come? What on earth was keeping him?

"Where is this young lawyer, George Martin, I've been hearing so much about" she heard Mr. Peters say.

She turned quickly. "Oh! Have you been hearing about him?"

"My hostess has been giving me an earful. She seems to consider him something

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of a legal paragon—said she was particularly anxious for me to meet him."

"All the Elkton matrons think highly of George but—but—I'm rather surprised Mrs. Buxton spoke to you about him. You see, he happens to be in disgrace at the moment. At least, I thought he was.

Mr. Peters smiled. "Yes, I heard about that, too. Something about an actress, isn't it? Mrs. Buxton did seem rather upset about it, but she anxiously assured me that, regardless of that, he was a very capable young lawyer. I gather that she has her eye on him for a son-in-law, and is hopeful I can give him a boost of some sort."

"Oh, that would be wonderful!" Ellen exclaimed impulsively.

Mr. Peters gave her a quick look. "You sound as though you, too, have an interest in him?"

Ellen blushed. "Just a friendly interest. You see, I've known George a long time, and so, naturally, I'm interested in his career. And Mrs. Buxton is right—he is a smart lawyer. I—I hope his little escapade with the actress wouldn't prejudice you against him. I mean, ordinarily, he's not the least bit the gay sort."

William Peters threw back his head and laughed. "Good heavens! That wouldn't prejudice me against him. It's a man's brains that count. And, confidentially, I don't mind telling you that my firm is looking for a good man to represent them in this part of the country."

"Then, do you have a talk with George!" Ellen said eagerly.

"Would it please you, personally, if I had a talk with him?"

Once more, Ellen blushed. "It would."

"Then, I shall."

Ellen glanced towards the front walk. "I don't know why he hasn't come . . ." Then, suddenly, she gasped.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Peters.

"Here—here he comes now. But—but look who's with him!"

Ellen was gazing towards George with stricken eyes—for, clinging to his arm, was Rita Roselle, dressed up to kill.

"I needn't ask," said Mr. Peters. "If that's the actress. She looks the part!"

"Yes," Ellen whispered. "That's Miss Roselle."

Then, her lips set in a straight line.

Ellen and William Peters were not the only ones to see Rita coming up the walk with George, clinging to his arm. In fact, everyone saw her—and everyone was now transfixed with astonishment.

Then, George was standing before her. She heard him saying, "Mrs. Buxton, may I present my friend Miss Roselle of the Elkton Stock Company?"

Mrs. Buxton swallowed hard and, with difficulty, regained her poise.

"So nice of you to come, Miss Roselle," she said icily.

"You couldn't keep me from coming!" Rita said effusively. "Dear George has told me so much about you and your lovely Sunday teas!"

"That was kind of Mr. Martin, I'm sure," Mrs. Buxton replied in a choked voice. Then because she could think of nothing else to say, she asked, "Lemon or cream?"

"Lemon!" Rita laughed—a bit too loudly. "I have to be careful of my figure!"

Everyone had been watching and listening to this interchange with fascinated interest.

"Gosh!" Katrine Buxton whispered excitedly to Elsie Warren. "Who'd ever have thought Geoerge had the nerve!"

Meanwhile, Ellen and William Peters, still beside the goldfish pond, had witnessed from a distance George's introduction of Rita to Mrs. Buxton.

Ellen was so angry she couldn't speak. Any idea of apologising to George for slapping him last night was now completely gone. Instead, she wanted to slap him again—good and hard.

"Your friend, Mr. Martin, seems to have created something of a sensation," she heard Mr. Peters saying. He chuckled. "The man certainly has courage!"

"Do you think so?" Ellen said shortly.

The lawyer glanced at her slyly. "Don't you? How about taking me over and introducing me? I'd like to meet the lady who has all the dowagers gasping—and then, too, you know, I want to have that business talk with Mr. Martin."

"I don't care now whether you talk to him or not!"

"I see," Mr. Peters smiled.

Ellen thought of all the time she had spent beautifying herself for George's benefit, thought of how she had planned to turn on all her glamor—and nearly burst into tears. It was hateful of him, that's what it was, to go on flaunting that woman in her face. He was doing it just to spite her after their quarrel. Or—or—could he really be so infatuated with Rita Roselle that he hadn't given her, Ellen, a thought—hadn't even considered what her reaction would be to his bringing Rita here? Her heart sank . . .

Then she suddenly lifted her chin. Why should she take this lying down? She wouldn't! She'd show George!

She turned and slipped her hand through Mr. Peters' arm.

"Come on—I'll introduce you to George. It was silly of me to speak as I did."

As they moved towards the rest of the party, Ellen saw that Rita had become the centre of a group of men, who were clustering around her eagerly—including Mr. Buxton. Mrs. Buxton and the other wives were casting daggers at their husbands, but without effect. George had been pushed to the outside of the group, and was looking rather helpless.

Ellen, clinging to Mr. Peters and chattering gaily, pretended not to see George as she strolled slowly towards him. Then, as she reached him, she stopped short.

"Oh, hello, George!" she said brightly. "When did you arrive?"

George was plainly unprepared for this casual greeting.

"Hello, Helen," he muttered.

"I want you to know Mr. Peters. He and I have been having such an interesting talk!" Ellen cooed. "He's a lawyer, too, and he's been telling me all about his fascinating work in New York—haven't you, William?"

Mr. Peters gave a little start at her use of his first name, then grinned.

"Yes—but I was afraid I was boring you—Ellen."

"Don't be silly!" Ellen gurgled. "I was the one who was a bore—telling you all those stupid stories about my childhood! But you were such a sympathetic listener. . . ."

George was looking from one to the other, as though he didn't know quite what to make of this.

Then Ellen suddenly squealed, "Why, there's Miss Roselle!" She pushed through the men surrounding Rita, and seized her hand. "Come here—there's someone awfully nice who wants to meet you . . . Miss Roselle, Mr. Peters."

Mr. Peters bowed. "Charmed, Miss Roselle."

"I do hope," Ellen said sweetly, "you've recovered from the little accident you had last night."

"Oh, yes," said Rita. "It was nothing—really."

"That's what I thought at the time," Ellen smirked.

Mr. Peters had turned to George. "I've been hearing about you, young man. I'd like to have a talk with you some time . . ."

"Oh, but, Billy," Ellen broke in, "don't talk business now!" Once more she slipped her hand through his arm. "Come on, darling—I promised, you know, to show you the rock garden. . . ."

With a smile over her shoulder for George and Rita, she led him away, leaving George looking utterly bewildered.

As Ellen strolled away with William Peters, George felt somewhat like a deflated balloon. His scheme of bringing Rita here to scandalise the mothers and, more particularly to defy Ellen, had suddenly gone sour.

George threw one more glance in the direction of Ellen and Peters, and reluctantly allowed himself to be led away.

Automatically he showed Rita about the place, but all the while his thoughts were on Ellen. And the more he thought of her the more upset he became. The way she had made eyes at that fellow! Confound her! What was so attractive about Peters anyway?

He was so preoccupied that, finally, Rita stopped and eyed him with a puzzled expression.

"Georgie . . . what's the matter?" she asked poutingly.

"Matter? Why—er—nothing. What do you mean?"

Her hand slipped up and turned his face down towards hers. He found himself gazing into her eyes. Her lips were very close. . . .

His heart began to pound crazily, an insane impulse swept through him, and suddenly he had both arms around her and was kissing her fiercely. . . .

"Oh!"

George heard the startled gasp, and hastily broke away from Rita. He turned to find Ellen a few feet away, staring at him with wide eyes. Beside her were William Peters and Mrs. Buxton. He flushed brick-red and gaped foolishly.

Then Mrs. Buxton spoke.

"Well!"

It was just one little word, but it was weighted with withering scorn. She turned abruptly and stalked away.

Ellen stared at George a moment longer, then suddenly laughed—a bit shrilly.

"We beg your pardon for intruding!"

She, too, turned to leave, but, as she did so, she stumbled, clutched at Peters, and fell against him.

"Oh! My ankle!" she cried.

Peters' arm went around her. "Did you twist it badly?" he asked anxiously. "Here—don't try to walk on it!"

"It—it's all right I guess," said Ellen, with a little grimace. "It hurts—but I can manage."

As she limped away, leaning heavily on the lawyer, George gazed after her dazedly.

Rita's lip curled. "Humph! Rather obvious, I'd say!"

George jerked his head around. "What's obvious?"

"Your friend Miss Vaughan—and her twisted ankle. Can't you see what a play she's making for that Mr. Peters?"

"What of it?" George snapped.

He suddenly hated Rita—and hated himself for kissing her.

He rose. "I have to go," he said shortly.

Rita looked startled. "Oh, dear! Do you really have to?"

"Yes."

Somehow George got through the agony

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GEORGE'S WILD OATS

of saying good-bye to Mrs. Buxton, who was like an icicle. He noticed that Mr. Buxton was more cordial, but that was small comfort.

Then he was hurrying Rita down the walk and she was waving back at the party.

"Good-bye, everybody!" she called. "It's been so nice meeting you all!"

Why couldn't she keep still, George thought viciously. As he helped her into his car he saw Ellen driving away with Peters. Utterly miserable, he climbed in beside Rita. . . .

George slept very little that night. Worried and unhappy over the state of affairs between himself and Ellen, he tossed and turned. In the morning, he arose feeling like a limp rag.

He was in his office early, and welcomed the prospect of work. There was nothing like hard work to make a man forget his troubles and, he thought, with a grim smile, he could now work without interruption. There would be no phone calls now from mothers. That was one consolation to be drawn from the predicament into which he had got himself.

However, he counted too soon on no interruptions. First of all, Lee came barging in, full of wise-cracks about the sensation George and Rita had created at Mrs. Buxton's tea.

"Oh, shut up!" George growled.

"And I hear you were even caught kissing the lady," Lee persisted. "My, my!"

"Get out of here!" George shouted.

He picked up a book and hurled it, sending Lee dodging out.

Then, Elsie came bursting into the office, and George turned resignedly to face her.

"George! I had to make sure that you're coming to my birthday party on Wednesday. I won't take no for an answer!"

"Couldn't you have phoned?" George said irritably. "Do you have to come rushing to my office, with Eddie just across the street, looking as though he'd like to stick a dagger in my back?"

Elsie shrugged impatiently. "Who cares about Eddie? I'm mad at him. You should have heard the mean things he said yesterday just because I thought you were so cute to bring Miss Roselle to Mrs. Buxton's tea!"

George sank into a chair. Gosh, this was getting worse and worse. Was he breaking up romances in addition to everything else?

"And another thing," he said, "Does your mother know you're asking me to your party?"

"Of course not! She'd simply slay me if she knew. She's horrified about you and Miss Roselle. But that doesn't make any difference. If you could defy Mrs. Buxton the way you did yesterday, you can certainly defy Mother by coming to my party, whether she likes it or not!"

"Oh, no, I can't!" George said firmly. "I'm not going to your home without your mother's consent. Besides, I can't come, anyway—I've got some work I want to get done that night."

"Oh, but, George!" Elsie wailed. "The party will be a flop without you!"

George stared at her. "A flop?"

"Certainly!"

George put a hand to his forehead in a dazed way. Good-night! Only a few days ago this girl had to be forced by her mother to be even pleasant to him—and now she was saying her party would be a flop without him! Just because he now knew an actress!

He rose and gently propelled Elsie towards the door.

"I'm sorry—but I can't come, Elsie. Thanks just the same for asking me. . . ."

She looked crestfallen, but she refused to admit defeat.

"I'm not going to take that as final," she said, blowing him a kiss as she went down the stairs. "I'm going to keep after you, and make you change your mind. . . ."

George, sighing, went back to his desk.

As he sat down, the phone rang. It was Katrine Buxton. She wanted him for bridge on Thursday night.

"Not at my house, of course. You know why!" She laughed gaily. "But we're going to play out at the club . . ."

George tried to refuse, but she was so persistent that, finally, as the easiest way out, he accepted and slammed down the receiver.

Ten minutes later Aggie Burt phoned to issue an invitation. Then Doris Thomas. Then another girl. And another. So it went. George ran out of excuses, and his temper was rapidly reaching the breaking point.

He rose and paced the floor, running his hands distractedly through his hair. Was he never to be left in peace? He had, he realised, merely jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. He had got rid of the mothers only to bring the daughters chasing after him! And, if anything, they were even more relentless than their parents!

He was still pacing when the door was flung open and Rita came walking in. She looked flushed and excited.

"What do you want?" he asked rudely.

"Look!" she said. "Just look at this!"

She fumbled in her bag, produced a telegram, and flung it down on George's desk.

"What is it?" he asked, staring at it as though afraid to pick it up.

"It's from Ted! He's threatening me—and you, too!"

George had a sinking feeling. Gingerly, he picked up the wire and read it:

"Quit dating a certain party in that burg—or else stop don't forget I'm still your husband stop this is no idle warning stop I mean business—Ted."

George limply put the telegram back on the desk. He was so upset that, for a moment, he couldn't speak. Just what did the wire mean? It sounded very ominous—for him as well as for Rita.

He inwardly groaned. This capped the climax. He certainly was in a fix now! Why had he ever considered the crazy idea of going a "little wild?" Far better to be pursued by match-making mothers than to have a jealous husband after him. The mothers were at least harmless. But a jealous husband!

Of course, there were no grounds for jealousy. After all, his "wildness" wouldn't be considered wild anywhere except in a small town like this. He had been out with Rita only twice—and had been well chaperoned both times. But a jealous man wouldn't stop to reason—he'd see the most trivial things in a distorted, magnified way. And—and—there was that kiss. Suppose Ted Lane should find out about that . . .

George looked up to find Rita staring at him, waiting for him to speak.

"How—how do you suppose he heard about—us?" he asked weakly.

"It's that Maxie!" Rita said venomously. "I just know it! I told you she was after Ted! I'll bet she's been writing him all kinds of lies!"

"But what do you think his wire means—I mean, what's he threatening to do?"

"I don't know—but anyway, I'm not going to worry!" Rita shrugged impatiently. "Why should I? What have I done to deserve a threat like that? I've simply engaged you as my lawyer—and I ask you, how can I get a divorce without engaging a lawyer!"

"The trouble is that we've gone a bit beyond professional dealings," George pointed out ruefully.

"Pouf!" Rita scoffed. "Can't I be just ordinarily friendly with you while I'm your client? Just what have I done? I've gone driving with you with another girl along, and I've been to a highly respectable tea-party presided over by a lot of stuffy dowagers! There's no sense to Ted's attitude. I tell you, it's that Maxie who's behind it—the nasty little trouble-maker!"

"Nevertheless," George said stiffly, again remembering that kiss, "in view of your husband's attitude and in view of the probability that this—er—Maxie is a snooper, I think it might be best hereafter for us to limit our association strictly to business dealings."

"Why, Georgie!" Rita looked at him reproachfully. "Don't you want to be friends with me?"

"Well—er—yes, but——"

"Then we will be friends! I'm surprised at you, getting so stiff and formal just because Ted sends me an insane wire. The only thing to do is to ignore it—and that's what I intend to do!"

With that, Rita snatched up the wire and flounced out.

George, however, couldn't view the situation in quite the same light. He felt panicky. No telling what an excitable man like this Ted Lane might do. He also felt trapped. Rita had him in her net, and he couldn't get loose. She had a tight clutch on him and evidently didn't mean to let go.

As he sat there brooding, he longed to talk to Ellen as he had always done when bothered by anything. He needed her help and advice. But dared he call on her now that relations between them were so strained? How would she act towards him? He would have to admit, of course, that he had been in the wrong, but he was ready to do that . . .

Slowly, the impulse to get in touch with her grew, until he could no longer resist it. He picked up the phone and called her.

"Hello . . . Ellen?" he said hesitantly.

"Oh, it's you, George. Good-morning," she answered coldly.

Not so good, thought George, but he gulped and carried on.

"Ellen . . . Are—are you still mad at me?"

"Mad at you? Why should I be mad at you?"

"Well—uh—I just wanted to tell you that I'm sorry about the things I said on Saturday night."

"Oh, don't bother, George!" Ellen laughed lightly. "I've forgotten all about it."

"And about yesterday—I don't know what you must have thought when you found Rita and me—well, you know . . ."

"George! Don't tell me you're going to try to explain why you kissed a girl? Really! I assure you no explanation is needed! And why should it make any difference to me, anyway? If you want to kiss Rita, go ahead and kiss her!"

George felt as though he were making no headway whatsoever. He began to feel rather desperate.

"Well, listen, Ellen—what I phoned you about was to ask you if you wouldn't have dinner with me to-night. There's something I've got to tell you——"

"I'm sorry, George—but it's impossible. I have another engagement."

"But Ellen!" he pleaded. "This is important!"

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"I've told you, George, that I have another engagement. I'm having dinner at the club with Bill Peters."

"What?" George's heart suddenly turned cold. "Did—did you say Peters?"

"Yes."

"But—but I thought he was here only for the week-end?"

"He changed his plans. He was to have left at noon to-day—but he's staying over. And now, George, if you don't mind, I really am awfully busy. I'll have to ring off. See you some other time . . . Good-bye . . ." She hung up.

George slowly put down his phone, and sat perfectly still.

So! She wouldn't listen to him! And she was going out to dinner with that Peters—who was probably "staying over" on her account.

Anger boiled up within him. She wouldn't listen to him! And it was her fault to start with—the fix he was in! If she hadn't told him to "sow wild oats," there never would have been any threatening wire from Ted Lane. But now, she was leaving him in the lurch! She wouldn't listen to him! No! Because she was too busy, thinking about that fellow Peters!

George suddenly leaped up, grabbed his hat, and rushed out of the office, a wild look in his eyes.

Out in the hall, he crashed into Lee, nearly knocking him down.

"Hey!" gasped Lee. "Where are you going?"

"To the devil!" shouted George, and plunged down the stairs . . .

ELLEN was looking lovely as she dined with William Peters that night at the country club, and the way in which he was gazing at her showed that he fully appreciated her loveliness.

She was perfectly aware of the admiration in his eyes. She had been aware of his admiration ever since they had met yesterday and, at a time when George's behaviour had so deeply wounded her, it had been balm to her soul. She had been pleased when he had asked her to dine with him, and had determinedly told herself she would forget all about her quarrel with George and devote herself to having a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

But it wasn't working out that way. Despite William Peters' attentions to her, she was troubled and unhappy. It wasn't so easy to forget about George.

Though preoccupied with these unhappy thoughts, she still managed to keep smiling at William Peters and to carry on light conversation. When he asked her to dance, she rose and went into his arms as though she hadn't a care in the world.

As they glided about the room to the strains of a waltz, her worries were momentarily lulled. She gave herself up to the soothing influence of music and rhythm.

Peters' arm tightened about her. "Ellen . . ." he murmured in her ear. "Do you believe . . . in love at first sight?"

Ellen's heart jumped. Was he actually going to propose to her?

"Why, no . . ." she said, a bit nervously. "I'm afraid I don't . . ."

He sighed. "What a shame! You see, I do."

"You've been reading too many story books," Ellen said lightly.

"No . . . I believe in it now, for the first time . . . because it's happened to me."

Ellen felt a little thrill shoot through her. It was the first time any man had come so close to telling her he loved her. But surely, he was just flattering her.

She laughed. "You have a good line, Mr. Peters."

"So you think it's just a line?" he said ruefully.

"Well, you know what we country girls are taught about men from the big city!" Ellen said archly.

"You wouldn't even let me show you the big city? I'd love to show you New York—the bright lights, the Great White Way . . ."

The music stopped just then, and Ellen, slipping out of his arms, flashed him a bright smile.

"You mustn't tempt me."

Back at their table, he reached for her hand.

"So you won't take me seriously?" he said. "Tell me, is it because some other man—has already won your heart?"

"Oh, no!" said Ellen quickly.

"Not . . . George Martin!"

"No—of course not. What makes you say that?"

He shrugged. "Oh, it was just an idea I had. But I'm glad to hear I'm wrong. He seems to be a rather flighty young man, with quite an eye for the ladies, and I'd hate to think of a sweet girl like you marrying such an unstable fellow."

Ellen, failing to note the twinkle in his eye, leaped to George's defence.

"Oh, you're quite mistaken about George! You mustn't judge him by yesterday. There was a reason for that—circumstances I won't go into. But George isn't like that at all. He's very serious and ambitious—and he's put himself where he is through sheer pluck and hard work. In fact, he has worked much too hard all his life—he hasn't left himself any time for fun. But he's going to be repaid one of these days. Everyone in Elkton thinks he's awfully smart, and that he has a very bright future ahead of him!"

Ellen had spoken so vehemently that she was quite flushed when she finished.

William Peters smiled. "I'd give a lot," he murmured, "to have a lovely girl champion me like that!"

Then, she went rigid. There was George—and he was terribly drunk! George—who had never before been even slightly intoxicated!

At that instant, he made a terrific lunge, broke away from the waiters and, to Ellen's horror, came plunging drunkenly towards her table, a purposeful gleam in his eyes.

As the room swam round her she heard Peters murmur, "Steady? Not so steady at the moment . . ."

When George had rushed from his office that noon, shouting to Lee that he was going "to the devil," he hadn't had any very definite idea as to just how he was going to get there, except that he meant to start by having a drink—two or three of them! He was not a drinking man but he knew that many men, when driven to the limit of their endurance, resorted to drink to drown their sorrows, and now he meant to give it a try.

What happened to the afternoon, he never knew. After many hours he had suddenly become aware that it was night-time and, with this realisation, came a blurred memory that Ellen had said she was dining with Peters at the country club. Seized with what he considered a brilliant inspiration, he had somehow located his car and had driven to the club at breakneck speed. He'd show that guy Peters!

Thus, having fought off half a dozen waiters, he was now plunging across the club dining-room towards the table where Ellen was seated with Peters. He reached them, and stood swaying on his feet.

"George!" cried Ellen.

He scarcely looked at her. He fixed his eyes on Peters.

"So!" he shouted. "Steal my girl, will you? Stan' up, so I can knock you down!"

Ellen had jumped up, and now had hold of his arm.

"Please, George! Please" she begged, but he thrust her aside.

Peters, too, had risen. He stepped between Ellen and George.

"I'll take care of him, Ellen," he said quietly.

"Oh, you will, will you!" George roared. With that, before Peters could move, George's fist shot out blindly and, by a stroke of luck, landed squarely on Peters' chin. The older man staggered, bumped into a chair, and fell crashing to the floor.

He stood there dazedly, passing a hand across his face. He liked that! Just because he tried to rescue his girl from a bounder, the girl called him a brute, and he got thrown out! He felt very injured and put upon.

He heard a sound behind him and, turning uncertainly, saw a girl sitting there on the moonlit terrace. She seemed all blurred and wavery but, after a minute, he made out that it was Lucy May Carter. She was staring at him with a startled expression—though he didn't realise that it was startled.

He lurched towards her. "Lucy May! Jus' the girl I want! You unnerstan' a fellow!" He seized her hand, and tried to pull her from her chair. "C'mon . . . you come with me . . . wanna talk to you."

"George! You're drunk" she gasped.

"Drunk? Sure I'm drunk. What diff'rence that make?"

Again, he pulled her and, this time, dragged her out of the chair.

"George, let go of me!"

"No, now—don' make a scene. You jus' come 'long with me . . ."

He clutched at her, got an arm around her and, despite her struggles, began hauling her towards the steps leading down to the driveway.

"Lee! Lee!" she screamed. "Lee! Help!"

Whatcha want with Lee?"

George had reached the edge of the steps, when Mrs. Carter came racing out of the clubhouse.

"George Martin! Let go of my daughter this minute!"

Mrs. Carter made ineffectual efforts to free Lucy May, but George held onto her tightly.

"Whassa matter?" he asked, grinning foolishly. "Wha's all the fuss about? Thought you wanted me to be nice to your daughter? Said you did. Always invitin' me to dinner. Aw right—I like her! And I'm jus' goin' take her for a li'l ride . . ."

With that, he staggered down the steps, dragging the protesting Lucy May with him.

"Help! Help!" screeched Mrs. Carter.

George paid no attention. He forced Lucy May along the driveway until he found his roadster. He shoved her in, climbed in himself and, keeping a grasp on her wrist, started the car with a jerk.

As he careened away, he could faintly hear Mrs. Carter, back on the terrace, calling, "Lee! Lee Morgan! Come quick"

GEORGE whirled the roadster out of the club driveway on two wheels, straightened it, and sent it roaring down the highway.

All the while, Lucy May was screaming for help. Then, realising that screams were getting her nowhere and seemed only to spur George on, she abruptly hushed. She decided she must use more subtle tac-

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GEORGE'S WILD OATS

ties. If he kept on at this breakneck speed in his drunken condition, they'd both be killed!

"George," she pleaded, "let me drive. I'll go with you—wherever you want to go—but won't you let me drive?"

He didn't seem to hear her.

"Listen, George—won't you please slow down? I don't like to drive so fast."

To her immense relief, he did slow down, then—but not because she asked him to. He slowed because something was puzzling him, and he wanted to ask her about it. The memory of Mrs. Carter calling for Lee Morgan had stuck in his foggy thoughts. There was, he told himself, something queer about that.

"Listen, Lucy May . . . Your mother . . . she was yellin' for Lee. Thought she didn't like him . . ."

"Idiot!" said Lucy May. "Don't you realise you're changed all that?"

"Me?"

"Certainly!" Lucy May laughed. "After the way you've been cutting up—particularly after you brought Rita Roselle to Mrs. Buxton's tea yesterday—mother is so relieved that I escaped marrying you, that she's being nice as pie to Lee! Why, I came to the club with him this evening with her blessing!"

George turned this information over in his mind, and he didn't know whether he liked it. So! Lee had supplanted him in Mrs. Carter's esteem! Lee was now the model young man! Despite the fact that he had wanted just such a thing to come to pass, he was too drunk now to realise it. He suddenly felt terribly hurt that Lucy May's mother had turned against him.

"I suppose," Lucy May was saying, "that I really ought to thank you, George, but right now, I'm not going to thank you for anything unless you turn straight around and drive me back to the club!"

"No!" he said stubbornly. "Not goin' to take you back! You're comin' with me! Don't care whether your mother likes me or not!"

With that, he stepped on the gas and sent the car leaping ahead.

It was unfortunate that, at that moment, a waggon piled with hay loomed up in front of them.

Lucy May screamed and covered her eyes.

George a few seconds later unwrapped himself from the steering wheel and peered down at Lucy May.

"You—you all right?" he gasped.

She pulled herself up from the floor and gingerly felt herself.

"No bones seem to be broken," she said weakly. "But no thanks to you!"

George dazedly surveyed the wreckage of the cornerib.

"Went right through it," he muttered.

"No! Really, George, that's brilliant of you! I thought we missed it!"

Lucy May laboriously climbed out of the car, and limpingly picked her way over corn cobs and splintered pieces of wood.

"At least, I seem able to walk," she remarked.

George, too, climbed out, but he found he couldn't stand. He slumped down on the running board and took his head in his hands. It seemed to be going round and round. No matter how tightly he held it, it kept on whirling.

He became aware of angry voices approaching. He raised his head and saw two men in overalls striding toward him, shouting and gesticulating. They were followed by some half-dozen other persons.

"You crazy fool! Why don't you look where you're going! It's lucky . . I'm not dead, with motorists like you on the road!" This apparently was the driver of the hay waggon.

"My cornerib! Look what you've done to it!" roared the other man. "You'll pay for this!"

They stood over him, hurling epithets at him, while their followers pressed round excitedly. George merely groaned, and once more took his head in his hands, covering his ears to shut out the din.

Then, the cornerib owner leaned close to him, and sniffed.

"Hah! Just as I thought! Drunk! Driving while intoxicated!"

"Call the po'lce!" someone suggested. "They'll take care of him!"

The cornerib owner turned, as though to go and carry out the suggestion.

"Oh, wait a minute!" cried Lucy May, catching hold of his arm. "Please don't call the police! I promise you he'll make good the damage he's done."

The two farmers took note of her for the first time—started at her belligerently.

"She's probably drunk, too," said the driver of the hay waggon.

"I'm not!" Lucy May said indignantly.

"Well, anyway, lady, you ought to have better sense than to go riding with a drunk," said the cornerib owner. "I got to do my duty. A guy like him is a menace—he belongs behind bars!"

Ignoring Lucy May's further protests, he set off to call the police.

Lucy May was trailing after the farmer, tugging at his sleeve, begging him to reconsider his intention of having George arrested, when she saw a car stop on the highway.

A yellow roadster! Lee! Oh, thank heaven

"Wait a minute," she said to the farmer. "Here comes a friend of mine. Let him talk to you."

Lee glanced towards George's car and the surrounding wreckage.

"Gosh, he sure did raise havoc!" Then anxiously, "Sure you're not hurt, Lucy May?"

"Just a little shaky. But what a ride!" Lucy May described what had happened.

"How about George—is he all right?" asked Lee.

"I don't think he's hurt, but he seems to be kind of stunned. Just sits on the running board and holds his head."

"It would serve him right if he had been killed!" Mrs. Carter said bitterly.

"Now, Mrs. Carter—don't be too hard on him." Lee said soothingly. "I happen to know that he has been under something of a strain."

"Strain! And what do you think I've been under for the past halfhour? Besides, that's no excuse for his outrageous behaviour. Getting dead drunk, and then endangering my daughter's life!"

At this point, the farmer, who had been standing quietly by, cleared his throat and stepped forward.

"Oh!" said Lucy May, remembering. "Lee, this is the man who owns the cornerib. He — he wants to have George arrested."

"I do—and I will," the man said grimly.

"Well, now, look here," Lee placated. "I promise you that all damages will be paid. In fact, I'll pay you something right now if you like——"

"It ain't only that," the farmer said stubbornly. "That fellow ought to be in gaol—driving in his condition! He needs to be taught a lesson!"

"That's true," Lee agreed diplomatically. "But how about being easy on him? You may not believe me, but it's the first time he's ever been in this condition—and I expect his lesson will be learned when he wakes up to-morrow morning!"

The farmer looked sceptical, but said: "Well . . ."

Lee reached in his pocket and produced a bill. "Here—take this as a token payment on damages. And we'll leave Mr. Martin's car here as security."

The farmer grudgingly gave in.

They proceeded, then, to the scene of the accident. They found George still seated on the running board, with the hay-waggon driver standing guard over him, while the other country folk looked on curiously.

Lee got him to his feet and, supporting him, started him across the field towards the highway. Mrs. Carter gave him a look of cold and haughty disdain, but it was wasted on George. He glanced at her vaguely, but seemed not to recognise her.

When they reached Lee's car Lee helped him into the rumble seat, where he promptly lay down and curled up. Then, with Lucy May and Mrs. Carter in the front seat with Lee, they turned homeward . . .

As Lee bade the two ladies good night at their door, Mrs. Carter gushed over him as though she had never in her life said an unkind word about him. Lee, pleased though he was over this, was more interested in Lucy May's soft-spoken thanks. He gazed into her shining eyes, hesitated, then glanced uncertainly at Mrs. Carter.

It was with a song in his heart that he drove George home. He helped him upstairs and deposited him on his bed but, when he started to undress him, George suddenly came to life.

"Don' want any help! No child!"

Lee started to argue but, when George became belligerent, he shrugged and departed.

George, left alone, sat for a long time just staring into space. After a while, his eyes focused on something on his bureau. He rose, moved unsteadily across the room, picked up the object of his curiosity, and found it was a letter.

With much difficulty, he tore the envelope open and removed the single sheet of paper. He stared at it, but the writing on it blurred—he couldn't read it. Finally, by peering closely, he made out the signature—"Ted Lane."

"The heck with him!" He crumpled the letter into a ball, flung it to the floor, and ground it under his heel. "More threats! Who cares? I'll sue him!"

Then, it occurred to him that, if he were going to sue Ted Lane, he might need the letter for evidence. He bent, nearly lost his balance, but managed to pick up the crumpled ball of paper, and stuffed it into his pocket.

After that, he laboriously undressed, got his pyjamas on backwards, and fell into bed . . .

GEORGE awoke at noon with only a vague recollection of the events of the previous evening, but with plenty of evidence that things were very, very wrong.

His head felt as though a dozen blacksmiths were shoeing as many horses in the vicinity of his temples. His tongue felt as though it were made of flannel. And his eyes seemed to be trying to go through the back of his head.

Lacking a car, George had to call a taxi to take him into town. As he entered his office building and climbed the stairs, he could hear Lee singing at the top of his voice. Humph! He was glad someone could be cheerful!

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He dismally poked his head into Lees office. "What are you singing about?"

"Well, well!" Lee grinned. "The prodigal son returns! How do you feel?"

"Rotten!" George moved into the office, and sank into a chair. "Lee . . . why didn't you tell me it was like this?"

"What was like what?"

"Hangovers. Why didn't you warn me?"

Lee threw back his head and shouted with laughter. "His first hangover—and he doesn't like it! Well, George, if you sew wild oats, you know, you've got to pay the price!"

"Stop laughing," George said irritably. "Listen, Lee—just what happened last night?"

"What happened? What didn't happen!"

Lee proceeded to give him a vivid account of the havoc he had raised.

"Good night!" George moaned. "So I knocked Peters down, did I?"

"You sure did!"

"I suppose," George said forlornly, "that Ellen will never speak to me again."

"Probably not." Lee agreed cheerfully. "Look here, George—just why did you do it? I mean, what started you off in the first place?"

"It was Ellen," George told him. He related the circumstances that had driven him to desperation. "And now," he ended bitterly, "I've just made things worse than ever."

"I'm afraid you have."

"I should think you'd be sore at me, too, after what I did to Lucy May." George looked at Lee curiously. "Why aren't you?"

"You're right—I should be hopping mad. But I'm not." Lee beamed. "You see, I owe you something. Thanks to you, old man, I'm now sitting pretty! I'm a hero!"

He told of his complete conquest of Mrs. Carter as a result of George's fall from grace.

"Well, that's something, anyway," George said gloomily. "Congratulations."

"Thanks!"

George brooded a minute. "You are probably the only friend I've got left. From the town's model young man, I suppose I've turned into the town pariah."

"Oh, that reminds me," said Lee. "I have some messages for you. Katrine Buxton phoned to say that her bridge party for Thursday night is called off. Aggie Burt and Doris Thomas also called, and there were a couple of other girls. I've forgotten what they all said, but it all had to do with cancelling invitations. The messages are in there on your desk."

George stared at him. "I guess they view me now as a dangerous character." He shrugged. "Well, I don't care about that—I didn't want to go to their parties, anyway."

"That's the ticket," said Lee. "Look at the silver lining. Why be so doleful? You'll be completely free now from social engagements—which is exactly what you wanted."

"Yes—and free, too, from business engagements, in all likelihood. I see myself losing all my clients."

"Don't cross bridges before you reach them. You haven't lost any business yet."

George buried his head in his hands. "But what bothers me most is Ellen. She'll never forgive me. I've lost her friendship . . ."

"Oh, come, come!" said Lee. "Cheer up, old fellow. Things are never as black as they seem——"

"They are black!" George raised his head and glared at his friend. "They couldn't be blacker—and you know it!" He ran his hands through his hair. "Lord, how I wish I had never seen Rita Roselle! If it weren't for her——"

He stopped suddenly at the sound of footsteps out in the hall. He heard someone open the door of his office.

"Lee . . . see who it is."

Lee cautiously opened his own door a crack, peeped out, then closed the door again.

"It's her!" he reported, in a stage whisper.

George leaped up. "Get rid of her!" he said frantically. "Blast her, anyway! Get rid of her, Lee—I won't see her——"

But, at that instant, Lee's door burst open—and Rita walked in.

Rita stood on the threshold of Lee's office, and stared at George in astonishment. She had quite obviously heard the tirade against her which her entrance had cut short.

"Why, Georgie!" she said, in an aggrieved tone. "What's the matter?"

"Everything!" he snarled.

He rudely turned his back on her and sat down.

"George, you sound so ferocious! Are—are you sick?"

"No, I'm not sick—but I don't want to see you!"

"Well, of all things!" Rita said indignantly. "I must see you George—I've got some business I want to discuss with you."

"I don't want to hear anything about it."

"You don't! Well, you're going to hear about it whether you want to or not!" Rita was furious. "The idea of your talking to me like that! I'm your client, and you have no right to——"

"You're not my client—not any more!" George cut in. "I'm dropping your case!"

Rita was taken aback. She changed her tone—became plaintive.

"But George . . ."

"I don't want to handle it, I tell you. I'm through!"

"Georgie . . ." Rita stepped close to him, and spoke soothingly. "What's happened, darling? You just can't back out on me now—what with Ted sending me threats and——"

"All the more reason for me to back out!" George told her. "His threats are meant for me, too. You'd better get yourself a lawyer with a—with a——"

"With a long grey beard," Lee suggested, smiling.

"Exactly!" said George. "Get yourself a lawyer with a long grey beard, and then maybe your husband won't be fool enough to be jealous of him!"

"So that's what's bothering you!" Rita gave a silvery little laugh, and placed her hand on his shoulder. "Oh, Georgie darling, how silly of you . . ."

At that instant, there was a sound in the doorway, and George turned to see Ellen standing there, her gaze riveted on Rita's hand on his shoulder.

"Ellen!" he cried, jumping up.

She cut him cold, and turned to Lee. "Sorry to have intruded, Lee. I wanted to see you about that house you're going to sell, but I'll come back when your office is less—crowded!"

With that, she turned and, with her chin in the air, walked out and started down the stairs.

"Ellen! Wait a minute!"

George roughly pushed Rita out of his way, and dashed from the office.

"Ellen!"

He went tearing down the stairs after her, caught up with her as she reached the street, and seized her arm.

"I want to talk to you!" he gasped. "Please wait!"

Ellen, however, shook her arm out of his grasp, and quickened her place. George hurried along beside her, pleading with her.

"Won't you listen to me, Ellen? Let me explain . . ."

"Go away, George!" she said angrily. "Haven't you done enough without making me conspicuous on the street?"

"If you'd only stop, instead of running away from me, you would not be so conspicuous," he pointed out.

She did stop, then, and glared at him.

"I've never been so ashamed and humiliated in all my life as I was last night! How you can expect me to talk to you after what you did, I don't know!"

George hung his head. "I'm terribly sorry, Ellen—I can't tell you how sorry I am. I was drunk, of course, and didn't know what I was doing, but I want to apologise to you and—and—to Mr. Peters, too."

"It's too late, I'm afraid, for apologies. I've never been so disappointed in anyone! Listen to this, George—I was sitting there boosting you to Bill Peters, and he was saying what favorable things he had heard about you, and that he wanted to have a talk with you that might have meant a great deal to your future. And then what happens? You come in like a wild man and knock him flat on his back!"

"Gee," was all George could say as this new aspect of his offence was revealed to him.

"Now, you've not only lost the opportunity that Mr. Peters might have given you," Ellen rushed on, "but probably even the business you already had!"

"I thought you said wild oats wouldn't affect my business," George couldn't help reminding her.

"I did say that—and a little harmless gaiety wouldn't have mattered. But I never expected you to get maudlin drunk and make an utter fool of yourself! Why, the whole town's talking about the scene you made at the club, and about the way you dragged poor Lucy May off and nearly killed her! Everyone is thoroughly disgusted with you!"

"I suppose they are," George said miserably. "But Ellen, I do want you to understand how it all happened. Maybe my explanation will seem feeble to you, but there is an explanation . . ."

"Go on," said Ellen, "but I know what you're going to say. You're going to tell me that you got mad because I had an engagement with Bill Peters when you phoned me yesterday morning. I don't see that that's any reason for——"

"Wait a minute," George cut in. "Let me finish. You don't understand. You see I was feeling pretty bad about the quarrel we'd had, and I saw that you were right about Rita, and then she came in with this wire from her husband—a very threatening wire. Someone had evidently written him a lot of lies about Rita and me. That upset me quite a lot and I wanted to talk to you about it, and so, when I phoned and you wouldn't even listen to me—and—and said you were going out with that fellow Peters—well, I just went haywire, that's all."

"I call that a very childish excuse, George!"

Ellen turned and walked away, leaving George staring hopelessly after her.

FOR some moments after Ellen had left George, he just stood in the middle of the sidewalk, gazing in the direction she had gone. Just as he had thought, she wouldn't forgive him. Life looked very dark.

Then he moved slowly down the street towards the Corner Drug Store. At least he could do something about this splitting headache. It was driving him crazy.

As he entered the drug store he was aware that several persons turned to eye him

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GEORGE'S WILD OATS

seriously. They had heard about last night, he supposed, and wanted to see what this changed George Martin looked like. Well, he didn't care. Let them look. All that mattered was Ellen.

He sat down at the counter and ordered a bromo-seltzer. Eddie Jones silently prepared it for him.

He downed it, and was sitting there, brooding, when he saw Mr. Buxton enter the store. George looked away, thinking that the other man wouldn't want to speak to him.

Then, suddenly, he received a terrific clap on the back that made his aching head feel as though it were going to split wide open.

"Well! Well!" Mr. Buxton boomed. "I never expected to see George Martin in need of a bromo!" This was followed by a roar of laughter.

George, feeling his head to make sure it was still on, turned gingerly and stared. He was too astonished to speak.

"Hear you had quite a high old time last night!" Mr. Buxton chortled.

George continued to stare. "You—you mean you think it's funny?"

"Funny! My boy, it's a riot." Another roar of laughter. "I didn't think you had it in you!"

George was flabbergasted. Could it be true that Mr. Buxton didn't hold his escapade against him? Why, Ellen had said that everyone was disgusted with him.

"And say," the older man went on, "did you get a kick out of the shock you gave my wife by bringing that actress to the garden party on Sunday!"

"You—you're not sore about that?"

"Man, I was tickled pink! It was rich—simply rich. I never had so much fun in my life. First one of my wife's tea parties I ever enjoyed!"

Just then a dapper young man entered the store and strolled up to the counter. Neither George nor Mr. Buxton had ever seen him before, and as this was unusual in a small town where everyone knew everyone else, they both turned to look at him. He was sleekly dressed, and had a neat little black moustache, and was good-looking in a rather flashy way.

Eddie Jones was also curious about him. After serving him the soft drink he ordered he leaned on the counter and tried to start a conversation with him.

"Stranger in town?"

"Yes," the man answered curtly. "Here to see my wife. She's with a stock company."

George, listening, gave a start. His wife? With the stock company?

"Is that so?" he heard Eddie ask eagerly. "Who is she?"

"Rita Roselle—the leading lady."

The young man, who had quickly gulped his drink, slapped a coin onto the counter, and strode out.

George had suddenly gone pale. He saw Eddie looking at him with a gleam in his eye, and drew Mr. Buxton away from the counter.

"Did you hear that?" he muttered. "That was Rita Roselle's husband."

"Sure—what of it? Why are you looking scared?"

"He—he's been wiring her threats—on account of me."

Mr. Buxton's eyebrows went up. "Really? Oh, well!"

Then a flash of memory came to George. The letter on his bureau last night! He was in such a state at the time that he had forgotten all about it. But now he remembered it, and remembered that he hadn't read it. What had he done with it? His pocket . . . that's where he put it. . . .

He groped in his pocket and found it—a crumpled ball of paper. He spread it open, hurriedly read through it—and went cold.

"Look," he said, his hand trembling as he showed the letter to Mr. Buxton. "I got this letter from him last night. Look at the last sentence."

Mr. Buxton read the sentence indicated. ". . . and I'll shoot you down like a dog if I catch you with my wife!"

To George's surprise Mr. Buxton laughed. "The man's crazy! His wife has hired you to get her a divorce, hadn't she—so why shouldn't you be with her?"

"I know, but he evidently doesn't want the divorce—and he's heard some sort of tales about us. He has come here because he thinks I'm trying to steal her while acting as her lawyer."

"You're not trying to steal her, are you?"

"Of course not! But suspicious husbands aren't easy to convince."

"Well, then, just avoid seeing her while he's in town. That should be simple enough."

"Oh, no it isn't!" said George. "She hounds me!"

Mr. Buxton chuckled. "Forget it—you've nothing to worry about." He took George's arm. "Come on over to the hotel and have a drink with me. . . ."

George, feeling that a drink was just what he needed at the moment, obediently accompanied him—but he felt far from reassured.

Ted Lane, on leaving the drug store, wended his way towards the Elkton theatre. He had arrived in town a half-hour before and, having failed to locate Rita at the hotel, had decided to look for her at the theatre, where she might be rehearsing.

There was a look of grim determination on his face as he strode along the street. He meant to have a showdown with Rita. Maybe all that stuff that Mazie had written him was just a lot of tripe—but then, maybe it wasn't. He was here to find out. But if it was true! His lips set in a thin line.

At the stage entrance to the Elkton Theatre, he was stopped by the doorman.

"Hey! You can't go in there. They're rehearsing."

"So what?" said Ted. "I want to see my wife."

"Which one's your wife?"

"Rita Roselle."

"She ain't in there."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know."

"Then, let me talk to Mazie Dawn. Maybe she'll know."

The doorman hesitated. "Okay—go on in. But don't make any noise."

Ted walked on into the wings. On the stage a group of players were going through their lines. He looked about for Mazie, and saw her sitting off to one side, watching the rehearsal.

He stepped over to her. "Hello, Mazie."

She glanced at him, then leaped up.

"Ted!" she cried, a bit too eagerly. "You old darling!"

"Where's Rita?" he asked curtly.

"Shhh!" said someone on the stage.

Mazie drew him into the dressing-room corridor.

"We can talk here . . ."

"Where's Rita?" he asked again.

"How should I know?" Mazie fenced.

"You seemed to know a lot about her when you wrote me."

"I was only trying to help you, Ted. I thought it was terrible for you to be taking all the blame when she—"

"Okay!" he cut in. "You said all that in your letter. Haven't you any idea where I can find her now?"

"Well . . . she left here about an hour ago, and I don't know, but I think she went to that lawyer's office. Anyway, she goes there every day—"

"Where's his office?"

"Just down the street a way. If you wait a minute until I get my hat, I'll show you. I'm through here . . ."

As Mazie disappeared into her dressing-room, Ted grimaced. Mazie annoyed him. She was just a little snooper, and she made it only too plain that she was smitten with him and enjoyed stirring up trouble between him and Rita. But just the same . . .

A few minutes later, they were emerging onto the street together.

"Look here," he said, "Are you sure you didn't make up a lot of that stuff you wrote me?"

"Why, Ted! Why should I do a thing like that?" she pouted.

"Well, you've seemed from the beginning to take a little too much pleasure in butting into the disagreement between Rita and me."

"Ted Lane! I think you're terrible to say things like that!"

"Sorry."

"Besides, if you think I'm lying you ought to hear what everyone else is saying about the way Rita has been carrying on with that George Martin!"

"You mean the whole town's talking?"

"It is."

Ted lapsed into silence, a scowl on his face.

Mazie tucked her hand through his arm. "It's a shame, Ted. You deserve a wife who'd appreciate you. You—"

"Can the sympathy," he said rudely. "Where's that lawyer's office?"

"We're just coming to it—"

Mazie halted suddenly, and so did Ted—for, at that instant, Rita came out of George's office building, scarcely ten feet ahead of them.

Ted ducked quickly into a doorway, drawing Mazie with him.

"Let's see where she goes," he whispered.

She went straight to a dilapidated taxi standing at the curb. Ted and Mazie heard her say, "Drive me out to Mr. George Martin's residence." Then, she climbed in.

Mazie looked at Ted. "Now maybe you'll believe me!"

Ted didn't reply. No sooner had Rita been driven away than he dashed across the street to another dilapidated car that seemed to be a taxi.

"Follow that other car!" he told the driver.

He hopped in. Mazie, hot on his heels, hopped in after him. They shot off down the street in pursuit of Rita . . .

Ten minutes later, when Ted saw Rita's taxi turn into the driveway of George's home, he ordered his own driver to stop.

"We'll get out here."

Having dismissed the cab, he and Mazie started walking up the driveway.

"What are you going to do, Ted?" Mazie asked breathlessly.

"I'm going in there and tear that fellow to pieces!"

Mazie clutched his arm. "Wait a minute—maybe he isn't home yet. It's kind of early for him to be home."

"Then, why did she come out here?" Ted demanded.

"Don't you see?" said Mazie. "The way

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I figure it is that she went to his office and he wasn't there—so she has come out here to wait for him. Anyway, I think it would be a good idea to wait a while before rushing in there. Then, when he comes, you can catch them together—and—and give it to them!"

Ted hesitated. "Maybe you're right."

They saw Rita's taxi coming back down the drive, and ducked behind some shrubbery. They saw that the taxi was empty.

Then, they moved closer to the house, stationed themselves behind a hedge where they had a view of the front door, and settled down to wait . . .

GEORGE'S agitation over the arrival in town of Ted Lane had not lessened when he parted from Mr. Buxton after partaking of a drink with that gentleman at the hotel bar.

Mr. Buxton had discussed a legal matter he wanted George to handle, and, at any other time, George would have been elated over getting this new business—but now he was too worried to be able to think of anything but the ominous threat contained in that letter nestling in his pocket.

As he proceeded toward his office he wondered whether Rita would be there waiting for him, to finish the argument that he had abruptly halted by leaving her flat to go chasing after Ellen. Gosh, he hoped she was gone. Suppose she weren't, and Ted Lane should come walking in on them before he could get rid of her!

Reaching his building, he climbed the stairs cautiously. He opened Lee's door, peeped in to make sure the coast was clear, then slipped inside. He held his finger to his lips as Lee started to speak.

"Where's Rita?" he whispered. "She—she's not in my office, is she?"

"No—you're safe," Lee grinned

George thrust Ted Lane's letter into his friend's hand. Lee read it and whistled.

"Ye gods! The fellow seems rather violent!"

"I'll say he's violent!" George began to pace the floor. "A fine kettle of fish I'm in—all because I was fool enough to let you and Ellen persuade me to sow some wild oats!"

"Now, look here!" Lee said indignantly. "Ellen and I didn't advise you to take on a divorce case, kiss your client, and play the part of Romeo as well as lawyer!"

"Oh, all right—it's my own fault!" George conceded. "But Lee, what am I going to do?"

"Right now, I suggest that you go home. That's the best place to hide out from Rita for the time being. Then, if she comes back here before her husband catches up with her I'll tell her what's happened. That ought to make her see for herself that she's got to keep away from you."

George grabbed the letter, and made for the door. "Thanks, Lee—but don't tell her I've gone home. She might be just crazy enough to come out there!"

He dashed out, and in a few minutes was speeding homeward in a taxi.

As he drove up before his house, and climbed out, he little knew that two pairs of eyes were peering at him from behind a hedge. He mounted the porch steps, entered the house, and drew a deep breath. He'd hide out here for a week if necessary.

Then, suddenly, he froze. Standing in the living-room doorway was Rita.

"George . . ." She moved toward him. "Why are you looking so funny? When you didn't come back to the office, I just had to come out here to see you. I could not let you rush off like that without——"

"Listen!" he cut in, seizing her wrist. "Do you know what's happened? Your husband is in town!"

Rita was startled. "What? Ted's here? But—but why?"

"Here's why!" George reached in his pocket, and once more produced Ted's letter. "Read that!"

"Oh, my goodness!" gasped Rita, as she took in the menacing words. "Why, Ted's gone crazy!"

"Maybe he has—but that doesn't alter the fact that you've got to get out of here as fast as you can. If he should find you here——"

George was pushing her toward the door.

"Oh, I'll go, George—I'll go!" She was now as agitated as he.

She never reached the door, however. She was stopped by the sound of the doorbell—a loud, imperative ring.

She and George stared at each other speechlessly for a moment. Then George started shoving her away from the door.

"It's him! It must be! Hide! Quick!"

"But where?" she wailed.

"Anywhere! But hide!"

George waited until she had fled, then fearfully approached the door. He paused to pull himself together, then slowly opened it.

On the porch was the young man he had seen in the drug store.

"Are you George Martin?"

"Yes," George smiled feebly.

"Well, I'm Ted Lane. Does that name mean anything to you?"

"Oh, why, how do you do, Mr. Lane?" George smiled again. "What—what can I do for you?"

"You can produce my wife!"

"Y-your wife? W-why should you look for her here?"

"Because here's where she is!"

George forced a laugh. "I'm sorry—but she isn't."

"Oh, yes she is!" Ted grated. "Don't try to lie out of it! I followed her here, and saw her come in!"

"You—you must be mistaken. She——"

"Stop stalling!" Ted cut in. "Are you going to let me come in there, or do I have to use force? Maybe this will persuade you!"

With that he drew a gun

AT sight of the gun, George gulped. "You don't need to get tough," he brazened, with a bravado he didn't feel. "Come on in if you like, and look for your wife—but I assure you she isn't here!"

"We'll see about that!" Ted pushed past him. "I'll find her if I have to search the place from cellar to attic! And," he added, in a loud voice, evidently for Rita's benefit, "she needn't try to sneak out, because I've got a friend outside who'll see her!"

He began making a systematic search, first through the hall, then through the living-room, and on through the other rooms on the lower floor—opening closets, peering under furniture, poking behind draperies.

George, following him, was in a state of panic. Not knowing just where Rita had gone, he expected her to be uncovered at almost any moment. And then, what? Would Ted Lane carry out his threat—shoot him down in a fit of jealous rage? He looked mad enough to do it.

However, they reached the kitchen with Rita still undiscovered. There they came upon Mrs. Simmons, engaged in peeling potatoes. The old lady's eyes fixed on Ted's gun and widened.

Ted stepped up to her. "Have you seen my wife?"

"K-knife? What kind of k-knife?" Mrs. Simmons stammered.

"She's hard of hearing," George explained.

"I said wife, not knife!" Ted shouted at her.

She smiled nervously, and shook her head.

"No, sir—I've not had the pleasure of meeting her."

Ted turned away in disgust, searched through all the possible hiding places in the kitchen, then motioned to George.

"Upstairs!" he ordered. "I'll find her. She can't get away—not with Mazie on the look-out outside!"

So, thought George, that snooper Mazie was in on this! He'd like to meet Mazie. He'd gladly wring her neck!

As he and Ted left the kitchen, Mrs. Simmons weakly collapsed into a chair. That dreadful woman she had admitted to the house a while ago! She must be the man's wife. And now, Mr. George was in a peck of trouble.

If only she hadn't let the woman in! But what could a person do with a woman like that? The hussy had fairly pushed her way in—had insisted on waiting for Mr. George. She had marched herself into the living-room as though she owned the place.

"I didn't like her from the moment I saw her on the davenport that night," Mrs. Simmons moaned to herself. "Her and her twisted ankle! I knew she warn't no good!"

And now, the woman was hiding somewhere in the house—and Mr. George was in danger. If her madman of a husband, carrying that dreadful gun, should find her, he'd—he'd——

Mrs. Simmons wrung her hands. What should she do? What should she do?

Meanwhile, upstairs, Ted was ransacking the bedrooms, growing angrier and angrier as his search continued to prove futile.

George, with each passing moment, found his hopes mounting. Maybe Rita had escaped—had slipped outdoors and eluded Mazie's eagle eye . . .

Then his hopes plummeted. A shrill feminine voice from downstairs pierced the air.

"Ted! Ted! I've found her!"

As Ted rushed to the top of the stairs, George followed—looked down to see an unpleasant-looking female gesturing excitedly. So that was Mazie.

"Come on! Hurry up!" she was shrieking. "I've got her locked up!"

Ted turned and sneered at George. "So she wasn't here, eh?" He flourished his gun. "Get on down the stairs! I'm not letting you out of my sight! You're going to get yours!"

. . . . . .

The garage backed up against the inland end of the ledge from which he had shown Rita the view the other night—and the little door opened into the tunnel that led down to the beach. He had told Rita that the tunnel came out behind the garage, and now he was sure she had escaped into it.

But would she go on through it to the beach? It was pitch black in there. She might be too frightened . . .

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GEORGE'S WILD OATS

"Where does that lead to?" he heard Ted ask again. "Never mind—I'll soon find out!"

Ted strode to the little door, and flung it open. He hesitated only a moment, then went groping into the dark passageway beyond, and disappeared.

A few minutes later, a muffled cry issued from the depths of the tunnel. George's heart sank.

Then Ted reappeared dragging Rita with him. His face was livid with rage. He hauled Rita out into the garage, reached for his gun, and aimed it at George.

"I'll kill you for this!"

Rita and Mazie screamed.

. . . . . .

Ellen, soon after her encounter with George, had run into William Peters as she was coming out of a shop.

"Oh, hello," he greeted her. "What luck! I was just going to phone you to ask you to have tea with me. I'm leaving to-night, you know. How about having an early tea right now?"

"I'd love to," Ellen agreed. She looked at him anxiously. "How—how do you feel after last night?"

He rubbed his chin ruefully. "Oh, all right. But your friend Mr. Martin certainly packs a terrific wallop!"

"I—I just met him," said Ellen. "And—and he's terribly sorry about it—wanted to apologise to you. He—he wasn't himself last night."

"That was evident!" Peters said, with a grim little laugh.

Ellen said no more for the moment. However, despite the fact that she had raked George over the coals, she was not as angry with him as she had led him to believe, and she did want to try to make William Peters understand all the circumstances that had led up to last night's unfortunate incident. As a matter of fact, she partly blamed herself, particularly after talking to George—even though she had told him his excuse was "childish."

Hence, a little later, as she and Peters faced each other across a tea table, she reverted to the subject of George.

"I do hope you aren't terribly angry at him."

Peters shrugged. "Forget it. I'm not one to hold a grudge."

"He's really awfully ashamed of himself," Ellen persisted. "You see, he was very much upset over something—something that I had done to him—and so—and so——"

"And so he tried to forget by getting tight."

"Exactly!" Ellen eagerly explained in greater detail. "You do understand, don't you?" she finished.

"Oh, sure! After all, I've been on a binge or two myself—though I've never gone to the extent of socking anyone."

"Then you won't hold it against George?"

"Why should I? Besides, I'll probably never lay eyes on the man again."

"Oh!" said Ellen, a bit crestfallen.

She had hoped that her argument for George would persuade Peters not to abandon the idea of considering him for that business opportunity he had spoken of, but she supposed that was too much to expect. After all, you didn't give boosts to young men who knocked you down!

Her disappointment, however, was so plainly written on her face that, presently, Peters reached across the table and took her hand.

"You plead his cause very earnestly." He smiled, and looked at her intently. "You are in love with him, aren't you—though you denied it last night?"

Ellen blushed like a schoolgirl, and lowered her eyes.

"Yes," she whispered. "I—I guess I'll have to admit it."

Peters sighed. "Well, George Martin is a mighty lucky man." He was silent a moment, then said softly, "Ellen . . . you may not believe it, but I meant what I said last night about . . . love at first sight. However, if another man's ahead of me, I guess there's no hope."

Ellen blushed still more. "I—I think you're a wonderful person and—and—what you've said makes me very happy but—but . . ." Her voice trailed off. Then, she added, "And please don't misunderstand what I just said. You see . . . that's a secret . . . that even George doesn't know. I didn't even admit it to myself until—until—well, until I saw signs that he might possibly feel the same way." Ellen gave a little laugh. "You may not like it but—but—I believe you have opened his eyes."

"I see. It took a rival, eh, to wake him up?" Peters sighed again. Then, his eyes twinkled. "Well, in that case, I suppose that sock I took last night was in a good cause!"

"You're sweet to take it that way," Ellen smiled.

"You're the one that's sweet," said Peters, squeezing her hand. "And because you're such a sweet person I'm going to tell you a secret. I expect to be in Elkton again and, the next time I come, I may still have that business talk with George Martin—under more favorable circumstances."

"Oh!" cried Ellen, her eyes shining. "I think you're perfectly splendid!"

"Mind you—I don't promise." Peters warned. "I'll have to discuss the matter with other members of my firm, but Mr. Buxton has spoken very highly of Martin, and so——"

Ellen impulsively leaned across the little table, and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek.

"You're the most generous person I've ever known!"

"Well!" he said, with a happy grin. "I'd gladly forgive half a dozen socks for that!"

When they parted a little later it was with the understanding that they would meet again.

Ellen, feeling very happy, set out for Lee's office, to see him about the business that she had postponed when she had found George and Rita in his office on her earlier visit.

"Lee!" she said, bursting in on him. "I've good news!"

She told him of her tea with William Peters and of its propitious outcome.

"So he's willing to forgive and forget, eh? Fine!" said Lee. "But how come you're so radiant about it? I thought you were mad at George."

"Naturally, I had to tell him that!" Ellen laughed.

"Well, I'm afraid I have bad news for you," said Lee. "At least, it's bad for George."

"What?" asked Ellen, immediately anxious.

Lee told her of the letter from Ted Lane, and of Ted's arrival in town on top of it.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Ellen. "Why, that's dreadful! You say he actually threatened to shoot George?"

"Now, don't let it worry you too much," Lee soothed. "Undoubtedly he was simply making a crazy threat that he had no intention of carrying out. Of course, he's apt to make things a bit unpleasant for George, but——"

His words were cut off by the telephone. He answered it and, as he listened to the person at the other end of the wire, an expression of horrified incredulity swept over his face.

"My gosh!" he exclaimed, slamming the phone down and leaping up. "Come on, Ellen—we've got to get out to George's place quick! Ted Lane evidently did mean that threat!"

He seized Ellen by the wrist, and pulled her with him out of the office.

"WHAT is it?" gasped Ellen, as she and Lee went racing down the stairs to the street. "Oh, Lee, tell me quick! Who was that on the phone, and what did they say? What's happened to George?"

"Let's hope nothing has happened to him yet! But that was Mrs. Simmons on the wire, and she said a wild man with a gun had forced his way into the house! It's obviously Ted Lane!"

"What else did she say?" Ellen pleaded. "Is—is George there?"

"Yes, he's there! I, like a fool, sent him home. Mrs. Simmons wasn't very coherent, but I gathered that Rita was also there, hiding some place, and that her husband was searching for her—waving his gun at George in the meantime!"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" wailed Ellen. Then, as an afterthought, "But what is Rita doing there?"

"I don't know! She probably forced her way in, too—George went home to get away from her. But the main thing now is to get there before the shooting starts!"

During this panic-stricken conversation, Lee had helped Ellen into his car, had leaped in after her, and had sent the yellow roadster roaring away down the street.

They covered the distance to George's home in nothing flat, holding their breath all the way.

As they whirled up the driveway they saw Mrs. Simmons on the front porch, gesturing frantically.

"The garage! The garage!" she shrieked. "They're in the garage!"

Lee swerved the car around the house. As he did so, hair-raising screams came from the direction of the garage.

Ellen was out of the car before it stopped, dashing towards the little building. Through the doorway, a terrifying tableau met her eye—a man pointing a gun at George, while Rita and another woman cowered at one side, screaming at the top of their lungs.

Ellen didn't stop to think—didn't consider her own safety. She rushed at the man with the gun, whose back was towards her, and with a quick movement knocked his arm upward.

The gun fell from his hand, and clattered to the garage floor. Instantly, George leaped forward, grabbed it, and raised it to cover Ted Lane.

At that, Rita's screams increased. She flung herself in front of Ted, throwing her arms about him.

"Don't you dare shoot at him, George Martin!" she shrilled.

"I don't want to shoot him," George growled. "But I'm certainly not going to let him have his gun back to shoot me!"

Ellen, sobbing with relief, stepped to George's side, laid her hand on his arm.

"Oh, G—George! Thank heaven Lee and I were in time!"

George took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow. He grinned weakly.

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"Thank heaven, too! And say, Ellen, th-thanks for what you did. I—I guess you saved my life!"

"Oh, I wouldn't have shot at you!" snapped Ted. "Even though you may deserve it! I just lost my head for a minute."

Lee, standing in the doorway, laughed harshly.

"Lost your head! I'll say you did! Next time, don't lose it when you've got a gun in your hand!"

Ted, however, ignored him. He was glaring down at Rita, who was still clinging tightly to him as though his life depended upon it.

"What's the big idea?" he asked bitterly. "Pulling a shield stunt! What do you care what happens to me?"

Rita started whimpering. "Teddy . . . how can you talk to me like that? Of course I care!"

"Then, why the heck are you trying to get a divorce?"

"Oh, you don't understand!" she wailed. "It—it's all a mistake!"

"There's no mistake about my finding you hiding on this fellow's place!" Ted said grimly. "Explain that if you can!"

Rita jerked away from him, and flared up.

"You wouldn't listen if I did explain! I was here for a perfectly innocent reason. But would you believe it? No! You come rushing after me with a gun! Naturally, I hid."

"Well, what do you expect me to believe," Ted countered, "when I hear that you and this George Martin——"

"When you hear!" Rita cut in. "Must you believe everything you hear?" She turned furiously towards Mazie, who was still cowering in a corner. "You're the one to blame! I know it! You wrote him lies—poisoned him against me! And why? Because you want him yourself, you little cat, you!"

Mazie bristled. "I only wrote him the truth!" she snapped back. "If you value him so much, why don't you keep him, instead of—instead of——"

"Instead of hiring a divorce lawyer!" Ted cut in. "You can't deny that, Rita!"

Rita became plaintive. "Oh, Teddy . . . I don't want the old divorce . . ." She suddenly put her arms around his neck, and buried her face against his shoulder. "The only reason I ever started it, honey, was because I was mad at you and—and—I got madder when you sent me that mean, nasty wire! But I don't want the divorce now, sweetie, honest I don't . . ."

Ted found it hard to resist these endearments. His arms went around her for a moment—but then he suddenly thrust her away.

"Oh, heck!" he growled. "You've used these tricks on me before! The only reason you're crawling back to me is because you think Mazie is after me! Dog in the manger stuff! You don't want me yourself, but you don't anyone else to make eyes at me!"

"Teddy!" Rita's tone was deeply injured.

"Well, things look mighty queer!" Ted argued stubbornly. "There must be some basis for what Mazie wrote me, and now, I myself come here and find you in George Martin's home!"

"But I told you I could explain, Teddy . . ."

"Sure you can explain! You can always explain! You're good at it!"

Then, Ellen suddenly spoke up. "Mr. Lane—maybe you'll believe me! You're crazy if you think Miss Roselle and Mr. Martin are anything but business friends. It's absurd!"

Ted whirled on her. "What do you know about it?"

"I know all about it!" Ellen gave George a quick glance, then slipped her hand through his arm. "You see, Mr. Martin happens to be my fiance!"

George turned and stared at her, his jaw dropping.

GEORGE, taken aback by Ellen's statement that he was engaged to her, continued to stare at her—but he said nothing.

As for Ted, he was plainly impressed by this new angle to the situation. He turned and looked at Mazie suspiciously.

"Why didn't you tell me that?" he demanded.

"I didn't know it—and I don't believe it!" Mazie said defensively. She eyed Ellen. "She's just making it up to smooth things over!"

"Nonsense!" said Ellen. "I was with Mr. Martin when he called on Miss Roselle at the theatre last Saturday night, wasn't I? Do you suppose he would have taken me along if he had any romantic interest in her?"

Rita was unprepared for this aid from Ellen, but she made the most of it.

"Of course, Ted! Why should Miss Vaughan lie to you?"

"Well . . ." said Ted, wavering. "That does make things different—and maybe I was too quick to—to believe a lot of gossip." He gave Mazie a dirty look. "But—but honey, do—do you mean what you say about not wanting a divorce?"

Rita snuggled close to him. "Of course, darling! It was silly of me!" Then suddenly, she remembered something and stepped back. "But say—wait a minute! How about that girl in New York you've been stepping out with?"

Ted flushed. "Who's been writing you tales?"

"Nellie," Rita told him. "Well, what have you to say for yourself?"

Ted laughed, and put his arm around her. "Look, honey . . . let's call it square. Mazie's been gossiping to me, and Nellie's been gossiping to you. Let's just ignore both of them. How about it?" He hesitated. "I did take that girl out a couple of times. You see, she's a dancer—a darn good one—and I thought——"

"You mean you're going to ask her to be your partner!"

"Well, I'd thought of it. I've got to have a partner, haven't I?"

"Do you?" Rita was thoughtful a minute, twisting her finger in his lapel. "I suppose you do. But Teddy . . ." She looked up at him sheepishly. "I'm not just sure yet that I'm going to like this acting business. I've been sort of missing the music and the old routine and—and——"

"Rita! You mean you want to come back?"

"Well . . . I might . . ."

"Good!" Ted caught her in his arms and hugged her so tight she gasped for breath.

Half an hour later, with Rita and Ted and Mazie gone, comparative calm had settled down on the old Martin homestead. In the living-room, where George and Ellen and Lee were now gathered, Mrs. Simmons hovered over George like an anxious hen.

"You're sure you're all right, Mr. George?" she asked for the third time, looking at him as though she still couldn't believe he wasn't riddled with bullets.

"Absolutely, Mrs. Simmons! You stop fussing. If you want to do something for me, how about making us a pot of coffee and bringing us some of that good cake you baked the other day?"

Mrs. Simmons, beaming, bustled out.

There was an awkward silence. Lee looked from George to Ellen.

"Well . . . guess I'd better be getting back to town."

"Stick around and have some coffee and cake," George urged, but not very convincingly.

"No, thanks—not hungry." Lee moved to the door. There, he paused, smiling, and winked at Ellen. "Good luck—and all that sort of thing. So long!"

With a cheery wave, he was gone.

Another awkward silence. George looked at Ellen, started to speak, then hesitated. Ellen knew perfectly well what he was going to ask her. She waited, her eyes lowered.

Finally he got it out. "Ellen . . . did . . . did you mean what you told Ted Lane . . . out there in the garage?"

Ellen blushed. "Well . . . of course it wasn't true . . . and I said it only to save the situation." She paused, and gave George a sidelong glance. "But maybe, too . . . I've learned a trick or two from Rita!"

George moved closer to her. "You mean," he asked eagerly, "that you might be willing to make it true?"

"Maybe. . . ."

"Oh, Ellen! That—that's wonderful!"

"But, of course," she pointed out, teasingly, "it depends on how you feel about it. You remember you told me once that you'd never met a girl you could love—that you were waiting to look up some day and suddenly see her standing before you."

"But I have, Ellen—I have!" George said, earnestly. "Do you know when it happened? Sunday—at Mrs. Buxton's tea party!"

"What!" exclaimed Ellen, in mock dismay. "The day I caught you kissing Rita? You don't mean to say she's the girl you looked up and saw?"

"No! No! You, Ellen—you! I really saw you that day for the first time. Ellen—you—you were beautiful!"

Ellen smiled to herself, thinking how she had wanted just this to happen, and that her efforts to beautify herself had not been in vain, after all.

George sighed. "The only thing I regret is that you didn't accept me that first day I proposed. Do you remember? How much simpler it would have been to have got rid of the match-making mothers by becoming engaged to you in the first place, instead of going wild and losing everyone's esteem! I don't suppose I'll ever get back in their good graces."

"What do you care about the old mothers?" Ellen soothed. "Besides, I've a hunch they're secretly thrilled over the sensation you've given this sleepy old town."

"You think so?"

"I do." Ellen laughed. "And my, how jealous they're going to be when they learn I'm the girl who has finally nabbed you! They view me, you know, as the town's old maid."

"They—they're crazy! There's not a girl in town who ever could hold a candle to you!"

George was gazing at her with a lovesick light in his eyes.

Ellen smiled. "Well, George . . . aren't you going to make our engagement official? . . ."

"What? Oh . . . oh, yes. . . ."

First awkwardly, then with the skill of an old master, George took her in his arms and kissed her.

Mrs. Simmons, coming in with the coffee and cake, turned with a smile and tiptoed out.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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CHILDREN'S KNITWEAR

"BETTY"
See Directions
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FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, 18/3/39.

• ALSO FREE NOVEL INSIDE

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SUCH *a Jolly* LITTLE JACKET

PRACTICAL cardigan for the tiny girl knitted in white wool and adorned with toy figures in gay wools.

Materials Required: 4 oz. "Sunbeam" Super Crepe wool, shade No. 1075 (white). 1 oz. "Sunbeam" Super Crepe wool, shade No. 2089 (bottle). Colored wools for embroidery. 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12. 1 crochet hook, 7 green buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 12 inches. Chest, 24/26 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 9½ inches.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together, DC double crochet.

Tension: 7 sts. 1 inch. 9 rows 1 inch.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 84 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 2½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: K 25 (k 2, p 2), 8 times, k 27.

2nd Row: P.

3rd Row: K 25 (p 2, k 2) 8 times, p 2, k 25.

4th Row: P.

Repeat last 4 rows until work measures 4½ inches.

Next Row: (K 2, p 2) 7 times, k 26 (k 2, p 2) 7 times, k 2.

Next Row: P.

Next Row (P 2, k 2) 7 times, p 2, k 24, p 2 (k 2, p 2) 7 times.

Next Row: P.

Repeat last 4 rows, and when work measures 7½ inches, continue in pattern and shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K2 tog. each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measure 4½ inches, shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 46 sts., work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 10 needles, increase 1 st.

1st Row: K 25 (k 2, p 2) 5 times, k 2, cast on 6 sts.

2nd Row: P.

3rd Row: K 25 (p 2, k 2) 5 times, p 2, k 6.

4th Row: P.

Continue in pattern until work measures 4½ inches.

Next Row: (K 2, p 2) 7 times, k 25.

Next Row: P.

Next Row: (P 2, k 2) 7 times, p 2, k 23.

Next Row: P.

Repeat last 4 rows, and when work measures 7½ inches, continue in pattern and shape armhole by casting off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. Continue in pattern and when armhole measures 3 inches, cast off 13 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 6 rows, then every 2nd row 6 times. Shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 3 times.

JOY: *Just the ideal little cardigan for your small daughter. It is knitted in white wool and is decorated with quaint toy characters in brightly-colored wools.*

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working each row from the end of the beginning and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being ½ inch from lower edge, and 6 more 1½ inches apart.

BUTTONHOLES IN BASQUE

1st Row: Rib 3 sts., cast off 3 sts., rib to end of row.

2nd Row: Rib to last 3 sts., cast on 3 sts., rib 3 sts.

BUTTONHOLES ABOVE BASQUE

1st Row: K 1, cast off 3 sts., work 4 sts., cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 5 sts., cast on 3 sts., work 4 sts., cast on 3 sts., p 1.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 42 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 2 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: K 2, * p 2, k 2, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: P.

3rd Row: P 2, * k 2, p 2, repeat from * to end of row.

4th Row: P.

Repeat last 4 rows, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 60 sts. Work 4 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 12 sts. Cast off.

NECK BAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 10 needles, pick up and k 76 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, casting on 14 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Continue in ribbing for 10 rows. Cast off.

Using bottle-green wool, crochet an edging around neckband as follows: * 1 DC, 1 treble, 1 DC, into 1st st., repeat from * to end.

POCKETS (2)

Using No. 10 needles cast on 18 sts. Work in st.-st. for 17 rows. K 3 rows. Cast off. Using colored wools embroider pockets as shown in illustration.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Stitch back facings on fronts, sew buttons on left front. Sew on pockets.

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BETTY

A Sturdy . . . . . CARDIGAN *for the* TINY TOT

HERE ARE THE DIRECTIONS FOR KNITTING THE DESIGN SHOWN ON THE FRONT COVER OF THIS SUPPLEMENT.

MAKE this practical cardigan in shrinkproof wool for a tiny tot. It is cosy, warm, very simple to make and will give long wear.

Materials Required: 4oz. "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 702 (pink). 2 prs. needles, Nos. 10 and 12. 7 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 13 inches. Chest, 24 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 9½ inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension: 7 sts. 1 inch; 9 rows 1 inch.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 2½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st.-st. When work measures 7 inches shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 5 inches shape shoulders by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles cast on 47 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 40 sts., and moss-st. for 7 sts. for 2½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st.-st., keeping the 7 border sts. in moss-st. When work measures 7 inches cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 3½ inches cast off 7 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 20 sts. Work 1 row. Shape shoulder by casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working moss-st. border at opposite end and make buttonholes as follows: 1st one being ½ inch from lower edge and 6 more 1½ inches apart.

1st Row: Moss-st. 2, cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 2 sts., cast on 3 sts., moss-st. 2.

Sleeves: Using No. 12 needles cast on 48 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 2 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 64 sts. Work 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 16 sts. Cast off.

Tie: Using No. 10 needles cast on 7 sts. Work in moss-st. for 30 inches. Cast off.

To Make Up: Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew tie around neck, leaving ends to tie in bow at front. Sew buttons on left front.

HAROLD: *Your growing son would like this cosy pullover. It is knitted in blue and grey marl unshrinkable wool.*

PULLOVER *for the* GROWING LAD

Made with long sleeves and warm shrinkproof wool in a marl effect of blue and grey

Materials Required: 8oz. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 910 (marl). 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 17½in; chest, 26in.; length of sleeve seam, 16in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension: 6 stitches 1 inch, 8 rows 1 inch.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 84 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, increase 1 st.

1st Row: P 1, * k 3, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 3, k 1, repeat from * to end of row.

3rd Row: Repeat 1st row.

4th Row: K.

Repeat last 4 rows, and when work measures 11½in. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 5½in., shape shoulders by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back up to armholes. Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work 32 sts., k 9, work 32 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work 31 sts., k 9, work 31 sts., k 2 tog.

Continue to keep the 9 centre sts. in garter-st., and k 2 tog. each end of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: Work 30 sts., k 3, k 2 tog. (leave remaining sts. on spare needle).

Continue on last 34 sts. keeping the 4 border sts. in garter-st., and k. 2 tog. at neck edge (inside border) every 4th row, at same time k 2 tog. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Continue to decrease every 4th row at neck edge until decreased to 24 sts. When armhole measures 5½in. shape shoulder by casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Work remaining 4 sts. in garter-st. for 2in. Cast off.

Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 40 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, increase 1 st. Work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 61 sts. Work 16 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 17 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Join borders at back of neck.

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NOW *for a Twin* SET—JACK *and* JILL

HERE'S an exciting idea—a twin set of woollies. The jumper is the same for both boy and girl, but Jack is provided with a little pair of knickers and Jill has a tiny skirt.

Both outfits are knitted in blue wool with collars in white and vests in red, white and blue. Knickers and skirt are blue.

THE JUMPER

Materials: 5oz. 3-ply "Nursery Viyella" yarn (the original used 3oz. blue, 1oz. red, and 1oz. white); two No. 9 and two No. 12 "Viyella" knitting needles; a medium-sized crochet-hook; two press studs.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to lower edge, 12½ inches; width all round at underarm, 22 inches; length of sleeve seam (cuff turned back), 10 inches.

Abbreviations: K knit; p purl; st., stitch; tog., together; ins., inches; rep., repeat; w.f.wd., wool forward; w.b., wool back; sl., slip; inc., increase; st.-st., stocking-stitch.

Tension: 7 stitches to one inch.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles and blue wool cast on 78 sts. and work 2 ins. in st.-st. (1 row plain, 1 row purl) ending with a purl row. Fold the work over on the wrong side to form a hem and knit one stitch from the needle and one cast on st. together at the same time all along the row. Work a further ¾ inch in st.-st. Change to No. 9 needles and continue in st.-st. until the work measures 7¾ ins. from the lower edge; ending with a purl row. Here make the slots through which to thread the collar, thus:—

1st Row: K 34, cast off 10 sts. (at a loose tension), k to the end.

2nd Row: P 34, cast on 10 sts., p 34.

3rd Row: Knit plain.

4th Row: P 34, k 10, p 34.

Rep. the 3rd and 4th rows twice, then the 1st and 2nd rows once. Work 2 rows in st.-st. without shaping. Here commence the neck and armhole shapings.

Next Row: Cast off 5 sts. (counting the sts. on the right-hand needle), k 34, turn and work on these sts. only.

Next Row: Sl. 1, k 1, purl to the end of the row.

Following Row: K 2 tog. K to the last 4 sts. K 2 tog., k 2.

Rep. these last 2 rows 3 times (26 sts.). Now keep the armhole edge straight and continue in st.-st. knitting 2 sts. tog. at the neck edge inside the garter-st. border, on every knit row until 18 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until work measures 12½ inches ending at the armhole edge, then to shape the shoulder cast off 6 sts. at the armhole edge 3 times.

Rejoin wool at needle point and knit across the remaining 39 stitches.

Following Row: Cast off 5 sts., purl to the last 2 sts. K 2. Now continue to match the first side.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles and blue wool cast on 78 sts. and work the hem and the ¾-inch in st.-st. as given for the front. Change to No. 9 needles and continue in st.-st. until the work is the same depth as the front to the underarm. To shape the armholes cast off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at both ends of every knit row until 60 sts. remain. Continue without further shaping until the armhole is the same depth as the front armhole. To shape the shoulders, cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off the remaining 24 sts. (taking care not to cast off tightly).

THE SLEEVES

With No. 9 needles and white wool cast on 36 sts. and work 1 inch in garter-st. (every row plain). Now work 1 inch in st.-st. ending with a knit row. Change to blue wool and continue in st.-st. (commencing with a knit row, thus reversing the fabric for the turn back cuff), for 1½ inches, ending with a purl row. Continue in st.-st. increasing once at each end of the next and every following 8th row until there are 54 sts. on the needle, then work without shaping until the work measures 10 inches from where the blue wool was joined in. To shape the top, cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of every row until 22 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

With No. 9 needles and white wool cast on 54 sts. and work 1 inch in garter-st. (always slipping the first st. to form a neat edge).

Next Row: Sl. 1, knit to the end.

Following Row: Sl. 1, k 7, purl to the last 8 sts., k 8.

Rep. these last 2 rows until the work measures 2½in. from the lower edge.

Next Row: Work across 15 sts., cast off 24 sts., work to the end.

Work 6 rows in st.-st. on the last 15 sts. (still keeping the garter-st. border), knitting 2 sts. tog. at the inside edge of the collar (opposite edge to the border), in the next and every following 4th row, until 8 sts. remain. Work 2 inches of garter-st. on the remaining 8 sts., then k 2 tog. at the same edge as the decreases were made on every alternate row until one stitch remains. Fasten off. Rejoin wool at needle point and work exactly as given for the first side until 8 sts. remain, then work 3 inches in garter-st. and shape the end as given for the first side.

THE VEST

With No. 9 needles and white wool cast on 38 sts. and work in the following stripes: ** Work 2 rows in st.-st. in white, 2 rows garter-st. in red, 2 rows st.-st. in blue, 2 rows garter-st. in red.**

Rep. from ** to ** until 8 blue stripes have been worked in all. Change to white wool and knit one row. Now shape the neck thus:—

P 9, cast off 20 sts., p to the end. Continue in stripes on the last 9 sts., knitting 2 sts. tog. at the neck edge on every row until one st. remains. Fasten off. Work on the remaining 9 sts. in the same way.

THE NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles and red wool with the right side of the vest facing, pick up and knit 40 sts. evenly round the neck and work 5 rows in (k 1, p 1) rib.

Next Row: * (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p 3 tog. Rep. from * to the end. Work 1 more row in rib, then cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press the work carefully under a damp cloth with a warm iron, taking care not to press out the welt. Join the side and shoulder seams. Join the sleeve seams and sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Turn back the cuffs. To neaten the slots work a row of double crochet evenly round each opening in blue. Sew the collar in position, leaving the ends free to go through the slots. Fasten the vest in position with 2 press studs under the collar.

THE KNICKERS

Materials: 2oz. 3-ply "Nursery Viyella" knitting yarn. The original used blue. 2 No. 9 "Viyella" knitting needles. ¾ yard of narrow elastic.

Measurements: Length from waist to crutch, 9½ inches; width all round at top of gusset, 25 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; ins., inches; tog., together; rep., repeat; st.-st., stocking-stitch.

Tension: 7 stitches to one inch.

THE LEFT LEG

Cast on 46 sts. and work as follows:—

1st Row: K 22, p 2, k 22.

2nd Row: P 22, k 2, p 22.

Rep. these 2 rows for 2in. ending with the 2nd row. Now fold the work over on the wrong side to form a hem and knit one st. from the needle and one cast on st. tog. all along the row (keeping the centre purl sts.). Leave these sts. on a spare needle.

THE RIGHT LEG

Work exactly as given for the left leg, but after the hem has been completed rep. the 2nd row once, casting on 18 sts. at the end of the row for the gusset. Then purl the sts. on the left leg on to the same needle (110 sts.). Now shape the gusset as follows:—

1st Row: K 22, p. 2, k 22, k 2 tog., k 14, k 2 tog., k 22, p 2, k 22.

2nd and Alternate Rows: P 22, k 2, purl to the last 24 sts., k 2, p 22.

3rd Row: K 22, p 2, k 22, k 2 tog., k 12, k 2 tog., k 22, p 2, k 22.

5th Row: K 22, p 2, k 22, k 2 tog., k 10, k 2 tog., k 22, p 2, k 22.

Continue in this manner working 2 sts. less in the gusset on every alternate row until 94 sts. remain. The last row should read: K 22, p 2, k 22 (k 2 tog.) twice, k 22, p 2, k 22.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Next Row: K 22, p 2, k 22, k 2 tog., k 22, p 2, k 22.

Keeping the continuity of the purl sts. in each leg, continue in st.-st. (1 row purl, 1 row plain) decreasing one st. on each side of the centre st., on the 7th and every following 8th row, until 79 sts. remain. Continue in st.-st. without further shaping keeping the purl sts., until the work measures 8½in. from the cast-on gusset stitches decreasing one st. at the end of the last row. Now work the double fabric for the hem thus:—K 1, * k 1, wl. fwd., sl. 1, purl-ways, wl. back. Rep. from * to the last st. K 1. Rep. this row for ¾ inch ending with a row on the right side. Cast off.

THE BACK

Work exactly as given for the front until 79 sts. remain. Continue without further shaping until the work measures 8½in. from the cast-on gusset sts. ending with a purl row and decreasing one st. at the end of the last row. Here shape for the back as follows:—

1st Row: K 46, turn.

2nd Row: P 14, turn.

3rd Row: K 18, turn.

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☆

JACK AND JILL:

Twin set of woollies knitted in blue wool with collar in white and vest in red, white and blue.

Jumpers for both boy and girl are the same, but the boy's outfit is completed with little knickers and the girl's with a tiny shirt.

For twins or two children about the same age, this twin outfit would be simply delightful for cosy winter wear.

☆

4th Row: P 22, turn.

5th Row: K 26, turn.

Continue in this manner taking up 4 extra sts. on every row until all the sts. are picked off. Work the hem as given for the front.

TO MAKE UP

Press the work carefully under a damp cloth with a hot iron. Join the side, leg, and gusset seams. Thread elastic through the hem at the waist, bringing it through the seams. Press all seams.

THE SKIRT

Materials: 3oz. 3-ply "Nursery Viyella" knitting yarn. The original uses blue. 2 No. 1 and 2 No. 12 "Viyella" knitting needles. A few yards of fine thread elastic.

Measurements: Length, 11 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl, st, stitch; ins. inches; rep, repeat; tog, together.

Tension: 7 stitches to 1 inch.

THE FRONT

With No. 9 needles cast on 182 sts., and work as follows:

1st Row: K 3, * p 8, k 6. Rep. from * to the last 11 sts, p 8, k 3 (right side of work).

2nd Row: P 3, * k 8, p 6. Rep. from * to the last 11 sts, k 8, p 3. Rep. the 1st and 2nd rows for 1½ ins., ending with the 2nd row.

1st Decreasing Row: K 3, * p 6, p 2 tog., k 6. Rep. from * to the last 11 sts., p 6, p 2 tog., K 3.

Next Row: P 3, * k 7, p 6. Rep. from * to the last 10 sts., k 7, p 3.

Following Row: K 3, * p 7, k 6. Rep. from * to the last 10 sts. P 7, k 3.

Rep. these last 2 rows for 1½ ins., ending with a row on the wrong side.

2nd Decreasing Row: K 3, * p 5, p 2 tog., k 6. Rep. from * to the last 10 sts., p 5, p 2 tog., k 3.

Next Row: P 3, * k 6, p 6. Rep. from * to the last 9 sts., k 6, p 3.

Following Row: K 3, * p 6, k 6. Rep. from * to the last 9 sts., p 6, k 3.

Rep. the last 2 rows for 1½ ins., ending with a row on the wrong side.

3rd Decreasing Row: K 3, * p 4, p 2 tog., k 6. Rep. from * to the last 9 sts., p 4, p 2 tog., k 3.

Next Row: P 3, * k 5, p 6. Rep. from * to the last 8 sts., k 5, p 3.

Following Row: K 3, * p 5, k 6. Rep. from * to the last 8 sts., p 5, k 3.

Rep. the last 2 rows for 1½ ins., ending with a row on the wrong side.

4th Decreasing Row: K 3, * p 3, p 2 tog., k 6. Rep. from * to the last 8 sts., p 3, p 2 tog., k 3.

Next Row: P 3, * k 4, p 6. Rep. from * to the last 7 sts., k 4, p 3.

Following Row: K 3, * p 4, k 6. Rep. from * to the last 7 sts., p 4, k 3.

Rep. the last 2 rows for 1 inch, ending with a row on the wrong side.

5th Decreasing Row: K 3, * p 2, p 2 tog., k 6. Rep. from * to the last 7 sts., p 2, p 2 tog., k 3.

Next Row: P 3, * k 3, p 6. Rep. from * to the last 6 sts., k 3, p 3.

Following Row: K 3, * p 3, k 6. Rep. from * to the last 6 sts., p 3, k 3.

Rep. the last 2 rows for 1 inch, ending with a row on the wrong side.

6th Decreasing Row: K 3, * p 1, p 2 tog., k 6. Rep. from * to the last 6 sts., p 1, p 2 tog., k 3.

Next Row: P 3, * k 2, p 6. Rep. from * to the last 5 sts., k 2, p 3.

Following Row: K 3, * p 2, k 6. Rep. from * to the last 5 sts., p 2, k 3.

Rep. the last 2 rows for 1 inch, ending with a row on the wrong side.

7th Decreasing Row: K 3, * p 2 tog., k 6. Rep. from * to the last 5 sts, p 2 tog., k 3.

Next Row: P 3, * k 1, p 6. Rep. from * to the last 4 sts., k 1, p 3.

Following Row: K 3, * p 1, k 6. Rep. from * to the last 4 sts., p 1, k 3.

Rep. the last 2 rows for 1 inch, ending with a row on the wrong side.

8th Decreasing Row: K 3, * k 2 tog., k 5. Rep. from * to the last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2 (78 sts.).

Change to No. 12 needles and work 1 inch in (k 1, p 1) rib. Cast off loosely in the rib.

THE BACK

Work exactly as given for the front.

TO MAKE UP

Press the work carefully under a damp cloth with a warm iron, taking care not to press out the pleated effect. Join the side seams. Using a wool needle thread the fine thread elastic through the back of the waist ribbing as follows: Begin by passing the needle under one thread of each plain stitch. Rep. this all round. Work about 4 rounds in this way, leaving one plain round in between each round of elastic. Draw up to the required elasticity and fasten off the ends firmly with sewing cotton.

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MAKE *This Dainty* PRAM SET *for* BABY

IT is knitted in pastel nursery yarn with embroidery in bright colored wools, and includes coat and leggings.

This set would make a delightful gift for a new baby. Or, if you have a baby of your own, why not get busy now and have this pram set ready for the winter?

Materials: 4oz. "Nursery Viyella" knitting yarn, 3-ply, in pastel shade. A small quantity of wool for embroidery in each of 3 pastel shades. The original uses pale green, pale blue and pale orange. 2 No. 9 and 2 No. 12 "Viyella" knitting needles. A crochet hook. 4 buttons.

Measurements: Coat: Length from shoulder to lower edge, 11½ inches. Width all round at underarm, 19 inches. Length of sleeve seam (cuff turned back), 6½ inches. Leggings: Length of front seam, 8½ inches. Width all round at widest part, 23 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; sl., slip; inc., increase; ins., inches; st.-st., stocking-stitch; rep., repeat; m, make; tog., together.

Tension: On No. 9 needles, 7½ sts. to one inch.

BABY ANN PRAM SET: *Knitted in nursery yarn with pale green, blue-and-orange embroidery this set is enchanting for the tiny baby and so cosy, too.*

THE COAT

The Right Front: With No. 9 needles cast on 56 sts.

1st Row: Sl. 1, knit to the end of the row. Repeat this row 7 times.

9th Row: Sl. 1, knit to the end of the row.

10th Row: Purl to the last 3 sts., k 3.

Rep. the 9th and 10th rows until the work measures 7 ins. from the lower edge, ending with the 10th row. In the next row decrease for the waist thus: Sl. 1, k 2 (k 2 tog.) 8 times, * k 2, k 2 tog. Rep. from * to the last 5 sts., k 2, k 3 tog. (38 sts.).

Work 3 rows in st.-st. (1 row purl, 1 row plain), still keeping 3 sts. in garter-st. at the front edge. In the next 2 rows make a buttonhole as follows: Sl. 1, k 2, cast off 3 sts., knit to the end of the row.

Following Row: Purl to the last 3 sts., cast on 3 sts. to replace those cast off, k 3.

Still keeping the garter-st. border at the front edge work 10 rows in st.-st., then shape the raglan armhole thus:

Next Row: Sl. 1, knit to the last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Following Row: P 2, p 2 tog., purl to the last 3 sts., k 3.

Rep. these last 2 rows (making a second buttonhole as before in the next 2 rows) until 27 sts. remain. Now decrease one st. at the armhole edge on knit rows only, making a 3rd buttonhole 12 rows above the 2nd, i.e., on the 13th and 14th rows, above the last buttonhole until 17 sts. remain, ending on a purl row. Leave these sts. on a spare needle.

Left Front: Work to match the right front, reversing the shapings and the front border, and omitting the buttonholes.

THE BACK

With No. 9 needles cast on 94 sts. and work 8 rows in garter-st. (every row plain). Change to st.-st. and continue until the work is the same depth as the fronts to the waist decreasing, ending with a purl row. In the next row decrease for the waist thus: * k 2 tog., k 2. Rep. from * to the last 2 sts., k 2 tog. (70 sts.).

Work 15 rows in st.-st. without shaping, then shape for the raglan armholes as follows:

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., knit to the last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Following Row: P 2, p 2 tog., purl to the last 4 sts., p 2 tog., p 2.

Rep. these last 2 rows until 48 sts. remain. Now decrease one st. at each end of the knit rows only (inside the 2 end sts.) until 28 sts. remain.

Next Row: * p 5, p 2 tog. Rep. from * to the end of the row (34 sts.).

Leave these sts. on a spare needle.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 9 needles cast on 42 sts. and work 8 rows in garter-st. Change to st.-st. and continue until the cuff measures 2 ins. Change to No. 12 needles and work 1½ ins. in (k 1, p 1) rib, ending with a row on the right side. Change to No. 9 needles and continue in st.-st. (commencing with a knit row, thus reversing the fabric for the turn back cuff), increasing once at each end of the 7th and every following 8th row until there are 50 sts. on the needle. Continue in st.-st. without further shaping until the work measures 8½ ins. from the lower edge, ending with a purl row. Now shape the top as follows:

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., knit to the last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Following Row: P 2, p 2 tog., purl to the last 4 sts., p 2 tog., p 2.

Rep. these last 2 rows until 28 sts. remain. Now decrease one st. at both ends of knit rows only (inside the 2 end sts.) until 8 sts. remain, ending with a purl row. Leave these sts. on a spare needle. Work a second sleeve in the same way.

THE NECK BAND

With the wrong side of the work facing slip the sts. of the various sections left on the spare needles on to one No. 9 needle in this order: Left front, sleeve back, sleeve and right front (72 sts.). Using No. 12 needles work 3 rows in (k 1, p 1) rib, making a buttonhole at the right front edge in the

(Continued on Page 7)

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KNITTED *in the* LOVELIEST *Dusty*-PINK

THIS is the sort of outfit your small daughter could wear to a party in cold weather and still feel "partyish" in her dressing. The double crepe wool in dusty-pink knits up so effectively.

Materials Required: 19 skeins "Sunbeam" Double Crepe wool, shade No. 2206 (dusty-pink). 2 prs. needles, Nos. 8 and 10. 2 buttons. Length of elastic.

Measurements: Jumper: Length from top of shoulder, 13 inches. Chest, 28 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 14½ inches.

Skirt: Length, 13 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension: 11 sts., 2 inches. 15 rows, 2 inches.

JUMPER

Back: Using No. 10 needles cast on 74 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 2½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 8 needles.

1st Row: * k 2, moss-st. 4. Repeat from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: * p 2, moss-st. 4. Repeat from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

Repeat last 2 rows, and when work measures 9½ inches shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 50 sts. When armholes measure 2½ inches, work in rib of k 1, p 1 until armholes measure 5½ inches, then shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows. Cast off.

Front: Work the same as for back until 1 inch of ribbing has been worked after armhole shaping.

Next Row: Rib 21 sts. (leave on spare needle), cast off 8 sts., rib 21 sts. Continue on last 21 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge every 2nd row until decreased to 16 sts. When armhole measures 5½ inches cast off 8 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

Sleeves: Using No. 10 needles cast on 38 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 8 needles.

Work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of the 7th and then every 8th row until increased to 62 sts. Work 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 14 sts. Cast off.

Collar: Join right shoulder seam. With right side of work towards you, using No. 10 needles, pick up and k 66 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ inches. Cast off.

To Make Up: Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Using No. 8 needles pick up and k 16 sts. along back of left shoulder. Work in garter-st. for ½ inch. Cast off. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew buttons on left shoulder. Crochet 2 loops and sew on front of left shoulder for buttons.

SKIRT

Using No. 8 needles cast on 152 sts. Work in garter-st. for ½ inch (working 1st row into back of sts.). Work in pattern as for jumper until work measures 13 inches. Work 10 rows st.-st. Cast off.

Panel: Using No. 8 needles cast on 80 sts. Work in pattern for 6½ inches. Cast off.

To Make Up: Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in panel. Turn down half the st.-st. border to form hem for elastic. Thread elastic through hem.

CORAL: *Jumper and skirt outfit knitted in dusty-pink crepe wool, a charming set for the small girl.*

DAINTY PRAM SET FOR BABY

(Continued from Page 6)

first 2 rows by casting off the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7 sts., from the front edge, and casting them on again in the 2nd row. Cast off.

THE COAT

The Collar.—With No. 9 needles cast on 80 sts. and work 8 rows in garter-st. Now continue in st.-st., keeping 4 sts. at both ends of the work in garter-st. (always slipping the first st. to form a neat edge), knitting 2 sts. tog. at each end of every knit row (inside the borders) until 64 sts. remain, ending with a purl row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Using a damp cloth and warm iron press each piece carefully. Join the side seams. Join the sleeve seams and sew in the sleeves placing seam to seam. Turn back the cuffs. Sew on the collar, placing the edges ½ inch from the front edge on each side, sewing the cast-off edge to the edge of the ribbing at the neck. Sew on the buttons to match the buttonholes.

THE EMBROIDERY

Using the green wool begin by working a row of Y stitches across one front just above the waist decreasings. Each stitch should occupy two stitches of the knitted fabric, leaving 2 plain stitches between. Using the blue wool work a french knot (twisting the wool 5 times, round the needle) between each Y stitch at the base of another just above the fork. Using the orange wool work a circle of chain-stitch round each alternate french knot in the top row, beginning with the second one from the front border. Embroider the other front to match. In each corner of the collar work a similar group consisting of a Y stitch, 3 french knots and a circle of chain stitch.

THE LEGGINGS

The Right Leg.—With No. 12 needles commence at the waist by casting on 80 sts. Work 1 inch in (k 1, p 1) rib, then in the next row make holes for the cord thus: * Rib 2, m 1, p 2 tog. Repeat from * to the end. Now work a further 1½ ins. in rib. Change to No. 9 needles and commence the shapings for the back as follows:—

1st and 2nd Rows: K 10, turn and purl back.

3rd and 4th Rows: K 20, turn and purl back.

5th and 6th Rows: K 30, turn and purl back.

Continue in this manner, taking up 10 extra sts. on every knit row until 20 sts. remain unworked, ending with a purl row.

Next Row: Knit across all the sts.

Following Row: Purl.

Now continue in st.-st., increasing once at the long edge of the work in the next and every following 8th row until there are 88 sts. on the needle, ending with a purl row. To shape the leg, decrease one st. at both ends of every row until 76 sts. remain. Then decrease one st. at both ends of knit rows only until 40 sts. remain. Continue in st.-st. without further shaping until the inside leg seam measures 7 inches. Change to No. 12 needles and work 1 inch in (k 1, p 1) rib. Change to No. 9 needles and work 2½ ins. in st.-st. without shaping. Here divide the sts. for the foot.

Next Row: Work across 20 sts., turn and work in st.-st. on these 20 sts., knitting 2 sts. tog. at both ends of every knit row until 10 sts. remain. Cast off.

Rejoin wool at needle point and work on the remaining 20 sts. to match.

The Left Leg.—Work as for the right leg but commence the back shapings on a purl row.

TO MAKE UP

Using a damp cloth and warm iron press each piece, carefully avoiding the ribbing. Join the front, back leg and foot seams. Make a crochet chain using the wool double, about 36 ins. long and thread through the holes at the waist. Attach a small tassel to each end. Press all seams.

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IT'S *The Ideal* PULLOVER *For A* BOY

KNITTED in shrinkproof wool in 4-ply marl mixture. Quick to make and serviceable in style.

Make it up now for your young son and it will be ready for those cooler days when he will need some extra warmth.

Materials Required: 6oz. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1140 (marl). 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 11. 3 small buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 16 inches; chest, 26 inches; length of sleeve seam, 12 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension: 13 stitches, 2 inches; 17 rows, 2 inches.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 84 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, increase 1 st.

1st Row: P 1, * k 3, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: P 1, * k 1, p 3, k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

3rd Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, p 1, k 3, repeat from * ending with k 2 instead of k 3.

4th Row: P 3, * k 1, p 5, repeat from * ending with p 3 instead of p 5.

Repeat 3rd and 2nd rows. These 6 rows complete one pattern.

Continue in pattern and when work measures 11in. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 5in. shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back up to armhole shaping.

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., work 39 sts. in pattern, cast on 5 sts. (leave remaining 42 sts. on spare needle).

Next Row: K 2, cast off 2 sts., k 1, work in pattern to end of row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work in pattern to last 3 sts., k 1, cast on 2 sts., k 2.

Continue in pattern keeping the 5 border-sts., in garter-st., and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. Make 2 more buttonholes same as last 1in. apart. When armhole measures 3in. cast off 12 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armhole measures 5in. shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool, cast on 6 sts., k into back of cast on sts., work in pattern to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., work in pattern to last 5 sts., k 5.

Continue as for left shoulder, omitting buttonholes.

GRAHAM: *Long-sleeved pullover knitted in 4-ply marl shrinkproof wool in a design suitable for the small boy.*

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 46 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, increase 1 st. Work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 65 sts. Work 8 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 16 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Join shoulder seams. With wrong side of work towards you, using No. 10 needles, pick up and k about 86 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, working twice into every 4th st. along 1st row. Continue in ribbing, for 2½in., increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves placing seam to seam. Sew buttons on right side of front.

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CHARM *for* MISS SEVEN *to* EIGHT YEARS

CAPTURED in a lightweight wool frock knitted in two colors—light and dark.

This pretty frock has a youthful charm about it that would appeal to the little girl who is just beginning to take an interest in her clothes.

PENELOPE: *Frock knitted in light-weight wool to fit girl of seven to eight years.*

Materials: 9ozs. 3-ply "Nursery Viyella" (the original uses 7ozs. light wool and 2ozs. dark wool), 2 No. 10 "Viyella" knitting needles, 4 buttons to match light colored wool, 4 press studs, 2 "lightning" colored metal zipp fasteners 3 inches long to match dark colored wool.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to lower edge, 26 inches. Width all round at underarm, 26 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 3 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; ins., inches; rep., repeat; inc., increase; st.-st., stocking-stitch.

Tension: 7½ stitches to one inch.

THE FRONT

Cast on 184 sts. in light colored wool and work 1½ ins. in st.-st. (1 row plain, 1 row purl), ending with a purl row. Now fold the work over on the wrong side to form a hem and knit one st. from the needle and one cast on st. tog. all along the row. Purl 1 row then shape the skirt as follows:—

1st Row: K 62, k 2 tog., k 56, k 2 tog., k 62. Work 3 rows in st.-st. without shaping.

5th Row: K 61, k 2 tog., k 56, k 2 tog., k 61. Work 3 rows in st.-st. without shaping.

9th Row: K 60, k 2 tog., k 56, k 2 tog., k 60.

Continue decreasing in this manner across every 4th row, keeping the centre panel straight and working one st. less in the end panels until 130 sts. remain. Now make the decreasings on every following 2nd row until 90 sts. remain, ending with a purl row. Work should now measure 15½ ins. from the lower edge.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) 16 times, k 26 (p 1, k 1) 16 times.

Following Row: (P 1, k 1) 16 times, p 26 (k 1, p 1) 16 times.

Rep. these last 2 rows for 1½ ins., ending with a row on the wrong side. Now continue in st.-st., increasing once at each end of the next and every following 10th row until there are 98 sts. on the needle. Continue in st.-st. without further shaping until the work measures 3½ ins. from the top of the waist ribbing. To shape armholes, cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at both ends of every knit row until 76 sts. remain. Continue in st.-st. without further shaping until the work measures 8 ins. from the top of the waist ribbing. Here shape for the neck thus:—

Work across 27 sts., cast off 22 sts., work to the end. Work in st.-st. on the last 27 sts., knitting 2 sts. tog. at the neck edge on every row until 22 sts. remain. Work 3 rows without shaping; then to shape the shoulder cast off 7 sts. at the armhole edge twice and 8 sts. once. Work on the remaining 27 sts. in the same way.

THE BACK

Work exactly as given for the front until the waist ribbing is reached, then work in (k 1, p 1) rib right across the row for 1½ inches, ending with a row on the wrong side. Now continue in st.-st., increasing once at each end of the next and every following 10th row until there are 98 sts. on the needle. Continue without further shaping until the work is the same depth as the front to the underarm, then shape for the armholes as given for the front (76 sts.) Continue in st.-st. without shaping until the armhole is ½-inch deep (3 rows) shorter than the front armhole (the extra 3 rows on the front shoulders are for the overlaps).

To shape the neck and shoulders:

Work across 26 sts., cast off 24 sts., work to the end. Work on the last 26 sts., casting off 7 sts. at the armhole edge twice whilst at the same time k 2 tog. at the neck edge on every row until 8 sts. remain. Cast off. Work on the remaining 26 sts. in the same way.

THE SLEEVES

With dark-colored wool cast on 59 sts. and work 1½ ins. in moss-st. (k 1, p 1 alternately). Change to light-colored wool.

Next Row: Knit plain.

Following Row: P 25, inc. once in each of the next 9 sts., p 25 (68 sts.).

Now continue in st.-st., increasing once at each end of the next and every following 2nd row until there are 84 sts. Work 3 rows without shaping, them shape the top as follows:

Continue in st.-st., knitting 2 sts. tog. at both ends of every knit row until 42 sts. remain, then k 2 tog. at both ends of every row until 16 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE FRONT PANELS

With dark-colored wool cast on 13 sts.

1st Row: Slip 1, knitways * p 1, k 1. Rep. from * to the end.

Rep. this row for 23½ ins. (when slightly stretched) (moss-st.). Now shape for the neck band thus:

Cast on 28 sts. at the end of the last row. Work ½ inch of moss-st. on these sts., ending at the edge where the 28 sts. were cast on.

Next Row: * k 1, p 1, k 1, p 3 tog. Rep. from * to the last 5 sts., moss-st. 5.

Work one more row in moss-st., then make a buttonhole in the next 2 rows.

Work in moss-st. to the last 6 sts., cast off 3 sts., work in moss-st. to the end.

Following Row: Moss-st. 3, cast on 3 sts., work in moss-st. to the end. Work 2 more rows in moss-st.

Next Row: * k 1, p 1, k 1, p 3 tog. Rep. from * to the last 5 sts., k 1, p 1, k 3 tog. (19 sts.).

Continue in moss-st. until 1½ ins. have been worked from the 28 cast on sts. Cast off in moss-st. The second panel can be worked in exactly the same manner as moss-st. is reversible.

THE BACK NECK BAND

With No. 10 needles and dark-colored wool cast on 73 sts. and work ½ inch in moss-st.

Next Row: * k 1, p 1, k 1, p 3 tog. Rep. from * to the last st., k 1. Work 5 rows in moss-st. without shaping.

Next Row: * k 1, p 1, k 1, p 3 tog. Rep. from * to the last 7 sts., moss-st. 7.

Continue in moss-st. until the band measures 1½ ins. Cast off in moss-st.

THE BELT

With No. 10 needles and dark-colored wool cast on 17 sts. and work 5½ inches in moss-st., then make a buttonhole thus: Moss-st. 9, turn and work 4 rows in moss-st. on these sts. Break off the wool. Join in the wool and work 8 rows in moss-st. on the remaining 8 sts., working the first 9 sts. on to the same needle at the end of the 6th row. Work 8 rows in moss-st., then make a 2nd buttonhole as before. Continue in moss-st. until the belt measures 23 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press the work carefully under a damp cloth. Wrap the front shoulders over the back shoulders for ½ inch and catch down with 3 or 4 sts. at armhole edge. Join the side and sleeve seams and sew in the sleeves, easing in the fullness evenly on each side of the shoulder seams to form a puff.

Sew the edges of the front neck band to the neck edge, leaving a space of about 2 sts. at the centre front, and sew the straight ends of the bands to the shoulder edges. Now tack the outer edge of the neck band in position and tack down the outer edge of the front band from neck to hem. The edge of the band should be placed to the edge of the waist ribbing and the line of the stitches followed above and below this.

Stitch this edge down very neatly, leaving the inside edges of the panel free.

Make two of the buttons into a link, and pass through the buttonholes at the neck. Sew the other 2 buttons to the front bands at the waist to correspond with the two buttonholes in the belt. Fasten the belt at the side with 4 press studs. Sew a zipp fastener in position along the shoulder edges. Press all seams.

ALTERNATIVE INSTRUCTIONS FOR LONG SLEEVES

With dark-colored wool cast on 39 sts. and work 1½ ins. in moss-st., then knit one row. Change to light-colored wool.

Next Row: * p 4, inc. once in the next st. Rep. from * to the last 4 sts., p 4 (46 sts.).

Now continue in st.-st., increasing once at each end of the next and every following 8th row until there are 76 sts. on the needle. Continue in st.-st. without further shaping until the work measures 12½ ins. from the lower edge. To shape the top, cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of every row until 28 sts. remain. Cast off.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4624069

TRIM SUIT *Worked in Washing* WOOL

USEFUL DESIGN for the young boy, including pullover and knickers. Knitted in blue shrinkproof wool.

Materials required: 7 ozs. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply Fingering Wool, shade No. 2103 (blue), 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11, 3 buttons. Length of elastic.

Measurements: Pullover. Length from top of shoulder, 16 inches. Chest, 24 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 12 inches. Trousers: Length of front of seam 8½ inches.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together, m make.

Tension: 6 sts. 1 inch: 8 rows 1 inch.

PULLOVER

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 74 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.) Increase 1 st. at end of last row. Work in st.-st. for 6½ inches. Shape armholes by casting off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row 2 times. Continue without decreasing until armhole measures 5 inches. Shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

Work the same as for back up to armhole shaping.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts. K 27 (p 1, k 1), 7 times, p 1, leave remaining 30 sts. on spare needle.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1), 7 times, p to end of row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to last 15 sts (p 1, k 1), 3 times. Cast off 3 sts. (K 1, p 1), 3 times.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1), 3 times, cast on 3 sts. (k 1, p 1), 3 times, p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to last 15 sts. (p 1, k 1), 7 times, p 1.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1), 7 times, p to end of row. Repeat last 2 rows 3 times (36 sts.)

Next Row: K 21 (p 1, k 1) 3 times, cast off 3 sts. (k 1, p 1), 3 times.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) 3 times, cast on 3 sts. (k 1, p 1) 3 times, p 21. Work 6 rows, keeping the 15 border sts. in moss st. Make another buttonhole. Work one row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts., work to end of row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 8 rows. K 2 tog. at neck edge of every 2nd row until decreased to 18 sts. Cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at centre-front, cast on 15 sts. (p 1, k 1), 7 times, p 1, k to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., p to last 15 sts. (p 1, k 1) 7 times, p 1. Keeping the 15 sts. in moss-st., k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. Work to correspond with left shoulder, omitting buttonholes.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 34 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 9 needles and work in st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 64 sts. Work 6 rows. K 2 tog., each end of every row until decreased to 18 sts. Cast off.

GEOFFREY: *Cosy suit for the small boy knitted in 4-ply shrinkproof wool in a blue tone. Quick to make.*

COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 77 sts. Work in moss-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row until increased to 87 sts. Cast off loosely.

POCKET

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 17 sts. Work 1st row into back of sts.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) 8 times k 1. Repeat last row.

3rd Row: K 2 (k 1, p 1) 6 times, k 3.

4th Row: P 4 (k 1, p 1) 4 times, k 1, p 4.

5th Row: K 5 (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1 k 5.

6th Row: P 6 (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p 6.

7th Row: K 7, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 7.

8th Row: P 8, k 1, p 8.

Work in st.-st. for 1½ inches, cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew on collar. Sew on buttons. Sew pocket on left-hand side.

TROUSERS

Left Leg: Using No. 9 needles, cast on 76 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 inch (working 1st row into back of sts.) Work in st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until increased to 86 sts. K 2 tog. each end of every 8th row until decreased to 70 sts. Work 4 rows.

Next Row: K 60, turn.

Next and alternate Row: P to end of row.

Next Row: K 50, turn.

Next Row: K 40, turn.

Next Row: K 30, turn.

Next Row: K 20, turn.

Next Row: K 10, turn.

Next Row: P to end of row.

Change to No. 11 needles. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 8 rows.

Next Row: K 1, * M 1, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to last st. k 1.

Work two rows rib of k 1, p 1. Cast off.

RIGHT LEG

Work to correspond with left leg until decreased to 70 sts. Work 5 rows instead of 4 rows, and work shaping on p rows instead of k rows.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Thread elastic through holes at waist.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4624070

YOUR *little Girl* WILL LOVE *this* JUMPER

JULIE: *Jumper knitted in pink shrinkproof wool in a pretty pattern. It will wash and wear well and look attractive for a long time.*

MAKE it for her in pink wool. It will make a most useful winter garment. Washes like new, too.

Materials required: 2 ozs. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 2-ply fingering wool shade No. 2162 (pink); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 9 and 12.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 13 inches. Chest, 24 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 3 inches.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together. M make.

Tension: 6 sts. 1 inch. 8 rows 1 inch.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 78 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 2½ inches (working 1st row in back of sts.) Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: P.

2nd Row: * (k 2 tog.) twice, k 1 (k 1, m 1) 4 times (sl. 1, k 1 psso.) twice, repeat from * to end of row.

3rd Row: P.

4th Row: K.

Repeat last 4 rows, and when work measures 7 inches, shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measure 5 inches, shape shoulders by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armholes measure 2 inches.

Next Row: Work 29 sts. in pattern (leave remaining 29 sts. on spare needle). Continue on last 29 sts. for 1½ inches, then cast off 3 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times.

Work 1 row. Shape shoulder by casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool at centre-front and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 60 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 1 inch (working 1st row into back of sts.)

Next Row: * p 2, p twice into next st. repeat from * to last 6 sts., p 6. Work in pattern for 2 inches, working the increased row as 1st row of pattern. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 48 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 84 sts. Work in pattern for 2½ inches, working 1st row into back of sts., and keeping 3 sts. each end in garter-st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, gather top of sleeves around armholes. Sew on collar. Using 2 strands of wool crochet a chain 24 inches long, and lace through front opening. Make 2 pom-poms and sew on ends of chain.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4624071

Ties at Neck
A LONG-SLEEVED JUMPER

Quickly-knitted garment for the little girl. The long sleeves are cosy.

Material Required: 5oz. "Sun-Glo" Shrink-proof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2137 (green). 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12. 3 press studs.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 14 inches; chest, 26 inches; length of sleeve seam, 12 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension: 13 stitches, 2 inches; 17 rows, 2 inches.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 82 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: K 2, * p 2, k 2, repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat last row and when work measures 8½in. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 5in. shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armhole shaping is complete.

Next Row: Work 29 sts. (leave remaining sts. on spare needle).

Next Row: Cast on 2 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Work to last 3 sts., k 3.

Continue in pattern keeping the 3 sts. at neck edge in garter-st., and when armhole measures 3in. cast off 4 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 21 sts.

When armhole measures 5in. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool, cast on 2 sts., work to end of row. Work to correspond with left shoulder.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 46 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 2½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 64 sts. Work 4 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 18 sts. Cast off.

NECK

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k 76 sts. around neck, k 3 rows. Change to No. 10 needles, k 8 rows. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves placing seam to seam, sew press studs on opening. Using 6 strands of wool twist and make a cord 26in. long, tie around neck, sew tassels on each end.

WENDY: *Jumper knitted in green wool. It has long sleeves and ties cosily up to the neck.*

BABY'S MATINEE SET *in soft* WOOL

COAT and bootees knitted in the daintiest design in 3-ply nursery yarn. Finished with ribbon.

Materials.—For coat: 1 oz. only 3-ply Nursery "Viyella Knitting Yarn." For Boots: 1 oz. 3-ply "Nursery Viyella Knitting Yarn," ⅝ yard ribbon. 1 pair No. 9 "Viyella" and No. 12 "Viyella" knitting needles.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st stitch, st.-st stocking-stitch, inc. increase, tog. together.

Tension: 7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 inch.

Measurements: Length of coat from shoulder 8 ins. Length of sleeve seam 5½ inches.

THE COAT

Begin at back by casting on 60 sts. Knit into backs of cast-on sts.

DICE PATTERN

1st Row: K 4, p 4, k 4. * Repeat from * to * to end of row.

2nd Row: Slip 1, p 3, * k 4, p 4. * repeat from * to * to end of row.

Repeat these 2 rows once.

5th Row: P 4, * k 4, p 4, *, repeat from * to * to end of row.

6th Row: As 1st.

7th Row: As 2nd.

8th Row: As 1st.

Repeat these 8 rows once.

17th Row: Knit. 18th Row: Purl. Continue in st.-st. until work measures 7 inches.

Next Row: K 16, * p 4, k 4, * 3 times, p 4, k 16.

Next Row: P 16, * k 4, p 4, * 3 times, k 4, p 16. Repeat last 2 rows once.

Next Row: K 20, * p 4, k 4, * twice, p 4, k 20.

Next Row: P 20, * k 4, p 4, * twice, k 4, p 20. Repeat last 2 rows once.

Next Row: K 20, * p 4, k 4, * twice, k 4, p 20.

Next Row: P 20, * k 4, p 4, * twice, k 4, p 20. Repeat last 2 rows once.

Next Row: K 16, p 4, k 4, cast off 12 for neck, k 4, p 4, k 16.

Next Row: P 16, k 4, p 4.

Next Row: K 4, p 4, k 16.

Next Row: P 16, k 4, p 4.

Next Row: P 4, k 4, inc. in next st., k 15.

Next Row: P 21, k 4.

Next Row: P 4, k 21.

Continue in pattern and st.-st., making 1 inc. every 4th row at the next st. to border until you have 32 sts. on needle, then, keeping 8 border sts., in pattern continue until front st.-st. is same length as at back. Finish off with border like the back. Make the opposite front to match.

SLEEVES (Both Alike)

Cast on 36 sts., knit 12 rows of pattern. Change to st.-st., inc. at each edge every 4th row until you have 56 sts. and the sleeves are 6 ins. long. Cast off loosely.

BOOTEES

Cast on 40 sts. on No. 12 needles and work 6 rows of k 2, p 2 rib. Work in dice pattern thus:

1st Row: K 4, p 4, all along the row. Repeat for 4 rows. Then p 4, k 4, all along for 4 rows. Repeat these 8 rows once.

Then k 4, p 4 for four more rows.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 2 tog., * make 1, k 2 tog., k 2. * Repeat from * to * to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2 tog.

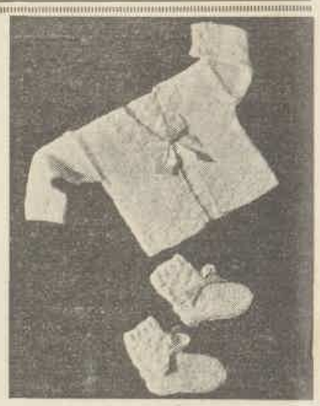
Knit 6 plain rows. Then k 24, turn and work in middle 12 for 36 rows (18 ridges) and after knitting last row, pick up along the edge a stitch from every ridge until you come to the left needle with the 12 sts. Knit this on to same needle. Turn and knit right along until you come to other side and pick up as before, one stitch, from each ridge at side and knit thus until you reach other 12 sts. Knit these. Next 12 rows knit.

To shape heel and toe: K 2 tog., at beg. and end of every row and 2 tog. twice in middle of row for 6 rows.

Divide sts. into 2 equal parts and graft together, or, cast off and sew up foot and the back seam.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces lightly under a damp cloth. Sew up seams of bootees and thread with ribbon. Fold coat into position and sew up side seams. Sew up sleeve seams and insert sleeves, so that seam of sleeves come exactly even at underarm with the side seam of coat. Thread ribbon at front and tie bow.



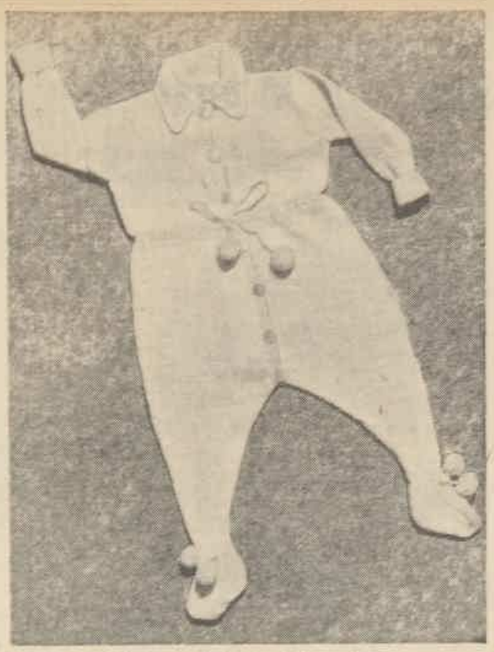
So sweet for baby—a matinee set including coat and bootees.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4624072

SNUG *Sleeping* SUIT

IDEAL winter garment for baby. The long sleeves and legs with attached bootees can be depended on to keep baby warm all night long. It will wash and wear well.

Knit it in shrinkproof white baby wool.



☆

SLEEPING SUIT:

This cosy night-time garment for baby is knitted in shrinkproof white wool. And it is ideal for keeping baby warm at night.

☆

Materials Required: 5oz. "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof baby wool, shade No 1075 (white). 2 prs. needles, Nos. 9 and 10. 7 buttons. 1 press stud. 1 crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to heel 21 inches. Chest, 24 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 9 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; m, make.

Tension: 15 sts., 2 inches. 17 rows, 2 inches.

Right Leg: Using No. 9 needles cast on 6 sts. Work 2 rows st.-st. (working 1st row into back of sts.).

3rd Row: K 1, k twice into next st., m k 16, k twice into next st., m k 2, k twice into next st., m k 16, k twice into next st., k 1.

4th and Alternate Rows: P.

5th Row: K 1, k twice into next st., k 17, k twice into next st., k 4, k twice into next st., k 17, k twice into next st., k 1.

7th Row: K 1, k twice into next st., k 18, k twice into next st., k 6, k twice into next st., k 18, k twice into next st., k 1.

9th Row: K 1, k twice into next st., k 19, k twice into next st., k 8, k twice into next st., k 19, k twice into next st., k 1.

11th Row: K 22, k twice into next st., k 10, k twice into next st., k 22.

13th Row: K 22, k twice into next st., k 12, k twice into next st., k 22.

15th Row: K 22, k twice into next st., k 14, k twice into next st., k 22.

17th Row: K.

19th Row: K 36, k 2 tog., turn, * k 11, k 2 tog., turn, repeat from * until decreased to 36 sts., turn, k to end of row.

Work 4 rows st.-st. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4 rows.

Next Row: * k 2 tog., m 1. Repeat from * to end of row.

Work 5 rows ribbing. Work 7 rows st.-st. Continue in st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of the next and then every 2nd row until increased to 96 sts. Work 1 row.

Next Row: K 6, work to last st., k twice into last st.

Next Row: Work to last 6 sts., k 6.

Continue to keep these 6 border sts. in garter-st., and make a buttonhole as follows:

Next Row: K 3, cast off 3 sts., k to end of row.

Next Row: P to last 3 sts., cast on 3 sts., k 1.

Next Row: K to last st., k twice into last st.

Next Row: P to last 6 sts., k 6.

Repeat last 2 rows 9 times (108 sts.).

Next Row: K 3, cast off 3 sts., k to end of row.

Next Row: P to last 3 sts., cast on 3 sts., k 1.

Continue in st.-st., keeping the 6 border sts. in garter-st., and making a buttonhole on every 21st and 22nd rows, until 4 buttonholes have been worked.

Next Row: K 6, * k 9, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to last 3 sts., k 3.

Next Row: P 19, turn, k to end.

Next Row: P 26, turn, k to end.

Next Row: P 33, turn, k to end.

Next Row: P 40, turn, k to end.

Next Row: P 47, turn, k to end.

Next Row: P 54, turn, k to end.

Next Row: P 61, turn, k to end.

K across all sts. and leave on spare needle.

Left Leg: Work to correspond with right leg, working increasings at the beginning of the row, and the 6 garter-st. border at the end of the row, omit buttonholes.

Take the sts. for right leg, rib 6, k 67, then take the sts. for left leg and k the last 24 sts. of right together with the 1st 24 sts. of left leg, then work to last 6 sts., k 6.

Next Row: K 6, (k 1, p 1) 40 times, k 2 tog., rib to end of row. Work 4 rows ribbing, keeping the 6 border sts. in garter-st.

Next Row: * k 2 tog., m 1. Repeat from * to end of row.

Work 5 rows ribbing. Continue in st.-st., keeping the 6 border sts. in garter-st., and making buttonholes on every 21st and 22nd rows. When 3 inches have been worked above ribbing at waist, work as follows:

Next Row: K 42, cast off 8 sts., k 72, cast off 8 sts., k 42.

Continue on last 42 sts. for left front.

Next Row: K 6, p to end of row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 40.

Next Row: K 6, p to end of row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 39.

Next Row: K 6, p to end of row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 38.

Continue in st.-st., keeping the 6 border sts. in garter-st. for 3 inches.

Cast off 14 sts. at neck edge of the next row.

K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until decreased to 21 sts. Work 1 row.

Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

Join wool and work the 73 sts. for back in st.-st., decreasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row 3 times. Continue in st.-st. until armhole measures the same as for left front, then shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

Join wool and work right front to correspond with left front, making buttonholes until 7th buttonhole has been made.

Sleeves: Using No. 10 needles cast on 38 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 1½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles. Work in st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 52 sts. Work 6 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 18 sts. Cast off.

Collar: Using No. 9 needles cast on 68 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 inches, increasing 1 st. each end of every 3rd row. Cast off.

To Make Up: Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew on collar. Using double wool, crochet a cord 46 inches long for waist and 2 cords 16 inches long for legs. Make 6 pom-poms and sew on ends of cords. Work 1 row of DC. around collar.

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Captivating SET OF WOOLLIES

COSY outdoor set for the tiniest member of the family. Knitted in blue wool in 4-ply. The outfit includes coat, leginettes, and beret.

Materials Required: 8 oz. "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof, 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2163 (blue). 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 11, 5 buttons, 1 buckle, 2 yard elastic, 1 press stud.

Measurements: Coat—Length from top of shoulder, 11 inches. Chest, 22 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 7½ inches. **Leginettes:** Length of side seam, 15 inches. **Beret:** Width all round, 18 inches.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together.

Tension: 7 sts. 1 inch. 9 rows 1 inch.

COAT—(BACK)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 74 sts. K 6 rows (working 1st row into back of sts.) Work in st.-st., and when work measures 6½ inches, shape armholes by casting off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measure 4 inches shape shoulders by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 40 sts. K 6 rows (working 1st row into back of sts.)

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: K 5, p to end of row.

Repeat last 2 rows and when work measures 6½ inches, cast off 3 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armhole measures 2½ inches, cast off 6 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until decreased to 15 sts.

When armhole measures 4 inches shape shoulder by casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working border at opposite end and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 1 inch from lower edge and 4 more 2 inches apart.

1st Row: K 2, cast off 2 sts., k to end of row.

2nd Row: P to last 3 sts., k 1, cast on 2 sts., k 2.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 40 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 10 needles and work in st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 50 sts. Work 10 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 16 sts. Cast off.

Collar: Join shoulder seams. With wrong side of work towards you, using No. 10 needles, pick up and k 52 sts. around neck. Continue in garter-st. for 1½ inches. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row 3 times. Cast off.

Belt.—Using No. 10 needles cast on 9 sts. Work in garter-st. for 22 inches. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 1 st., fasten off.

ROSALIE:

Set of woollies for the tiny tot, including coat, leginettes and beret. Knitted in blue wool.

To Make Up: Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew buttons on left front, sew press stud at neck edge. Crochet 2 lengths of chain and sew at side seams to form loops for belt. Sew buckle on belt.

LEGINETTES

Right Leg: Using No. 11 needles cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 6 rows (working 1st row into back of sts.).

Next Row: K 1, p 1, * m 1, p 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

Work 6 rows ribbing. Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: K 70, turn, p to end of row.
2nd Row: K 60, turn, p to end of row.
3rd Row: K 50, turn, p to end of row.
4th Row: K 40, turn, p to end of row.
5th Row: K 30, turn, p to end of row.
6th Row: K 20, turn, p to end of row.
7th Row: K 10, turn, p to end of row.

Continue in st.-st., increasing 1 st. at the beginning of every 6th row until increased to 86 sts. When shortest side measures 6 inches cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 58 sts., then every 4th row until decreased to 40 sts. Continue in st.-st. until work measures 14½ inches.

Next Row: K 25 (leave remaining sts.), Turn k 10. Continue to work last 10 sts. in garter-st. for 22 rows. Pick up and k 11 sts. along side of flap, k 15.

Next Row: K 36, pick up and k 11 sts. along side of flap, k 15.

K 8 rows.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 25, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., k 25, k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: K.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 23, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., k 23, k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: K.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 23, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., k 23, k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: K.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 21, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., k 21, k 2 tog., k 1. Cast off.

Left Leg: Work to correspond with right leg, working shaping on p instead of k rows.

To Make Up: Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, thread elastic through waist.

BERET

Using No. 10 needles cast on 90 sts. P into back of sts.

1st Row: * k 9, k twice into next st. Repeat from * to end of row.

2nd and alternate Rows: P.

3rd Row: * k 10, k twice into next st. Repeat from * to end of row.

5th Row: * k 11, k twice into next st. Repeat from * to end of row.

7th Row: * k 12, k twice into next st. Repeat from * to end of row.

9th Row: * k 13, k twice into next st. Repeat from * to end of row.

11th Row: * k 14, k twice into next st. Repeat from * to end of row.

13th Row: * k 15, k twice into next st. Repeat from * to end of row.

14th Row: P.

15th Row: * k 15, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

16th and alternate Rows: P.

17th Row: * k 14, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

19th Row: * k 13, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

21st Row: * k 12, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

23rd Row: * k 11, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

Continue in this way until decreased to 18 sts.

Next Row: * k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row. Break off wool, draw end through all sts. Sew up seam.

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MARJORIE: *Your small daughter would love this pretty jumper in white wool with check design in blue.*

KNITTED CHIC *for Little* GIRL

Jumper in white wool with check design in blue. Quick and simple to knit, and very attractive when completed.

Materials Required: 5oz. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white). 1oz. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2101 (royal). 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11. 1 crochet hook. 6 press studs.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 18 inches. Chest, 26 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 4 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; w, white; rb, royal blue.

Tension: 6 sts., 1 inch. 8 rows, 1 inch.

Back: Using No. 11 needles and w. wool cast on 74 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: P.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times.

9th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last st., k twice into last st.

10th Row: P.

Repeat 1st and 2nd rows 3 times.

17th Row: K.

18th Row: Using rb wool, p twice into 1st st., p to last st., p twice into last st.

Repeat last 18 rows, until increased to 84 sts. Complete the pattern now being worked (9 rows), then work 8 rows of next pattern. Continue in pattern and shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 5 inches shape shoulders by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

Front: Work the same as for back until armhole shaping is complete. Work 4 rows.

1st Row: K 28 w., 4 rb., 28 w.

2nd Row: P 27, w., 6 rb., 27 w.

3rd Row: K 26 w., 8 rb., 26 w.

4th Row: P 25 w., 10 rb., 25 w.

5th Row: K 24 w., 12 rb., 24 w.

6th Row: P 23 w., 14 rb., 23 w.

7th Row: K 22 w., 16 rb., 22 w.

8th Row: P 21 w., 18 rb., 21 w.

9th Row: K 20 w., 20 rb., 20 w.

10th Row: Using rb. wool, p.

11th Row: K 20 w., p rb. (leave on spare needle), cast off 8 sts., k 6 rb., 20 w.

12th Row: P 21 w., 5 rb.

13th Row: K 2 tog., k 2 rb., 22 w.

14th Row: P 23 w., 3 rb.

15th Row: K 2 tog., rb., k 24 w.

16th Row: P 25 w.

Continue with w. wool and k 2 tog. at neck edge every 2nd row until decreased to 20 sts. When armhole measures 5 inches shape shoulder by casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

Sleeves: Using No. 11 needles and w. wool cast on 48 sts. Work 8 rows rib of k 1, p 1 (working 1st row into back of sts.).

Next Row: * p 2, p twice into next st. Repeat from * to end of row (64 sts.).

Change to No. 9 needles, and work in st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 70 sts. Work 4 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

Collar: Using No. 11 needles and w. wool cast on 119 sts. (work 1st row into back of sts.).

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1. Repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1. Repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat last 2 rows for 3 inches. Cast off.

To Make Up: Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Using rb. wool and darning needle, commencing at centre front, work in chain-stitch down front of jumper, then work each row 14 sts. apart, work the back in the same way. Sew up seams, leaving an opening on left shoulder, pleat sleeves around armholes. Work 1 row of dc. along shoulder opening. Sew collar around neck, from centre front over right shoulder and along back to left shoulder. Sew 3 press studs on left shoulder and 3 more on to collar and left side of neck.

PULLOVER *in grey wool for* BOY

PRACTICAL GARMENT in simple but smart design and useful for the growing lad.

Materials Required: 6oz. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 347 (grey). 1 pr. No. 9 needles. 1 set of 4 No. 11 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 15½ inches. Chest, 26-28 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 14 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension: 6 sts., 1 inch. 8 rows, 1 inch.

Back: Using No. 11 needles cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2, for 2 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: P.

3rd Row: P 2, * (p 1, k 1, p 1 into next 3 sts.) twice, p 4. Repeat from *, ending with p 2.

4th Row: K 2, * p 6, k 4. Repeat from * to last 8 sts., p 6, k 2.

5th Row: K.

6th Row: P.

7th Row: P 2, * k 6, p 4. Repeat from * to last 8 sts., k 6, p 2.

8th Row: Repeat 4th row.

Repeat last 8 rows and when work measures 9½ inches shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row 5 times. When armholes measure 5 inches shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

Front: Work the same as for back until work measures 8 inches.

Next Row: Work 40 sts. (leave remaining 40 sts. on spare needle). Continue on last 40 sts., and k 2 tog. at centre front every 4th row. When work measures 9½ inches continue to decrease at centre front every 4th row and cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge every 2nd row 5 times. Continue to decrease every 4th row at centre front until decreased to 18 sts. When armhole measures 5 inches shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

KEITH: Pullover for boy. It is *knitted in grey wool in shrinkproof 4-ply texture*

Sleeves: Using No. 11 needles cast on 48 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2, for 2 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern (commencing and ending 3rd row with p 1, instead of p 2), increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 70 sts. K 4 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 14 sts. Cast off.

Neck Band: Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using 4 No. 11 needles, pick up and k 120 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 6 rows, decreasing 1 st. each side of "V" every row. Cast off.

To Make Up: Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam.

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TINIES *would love* TO ROMP *in this* SUIT

IT is knitted in white knitting yarn with blue bands. Suitable for the tiny boy or girl and ideal for beach or play wear.

Materials: 4oz. "Nursery Viyella" 3-ply knitting yarn. (The original uses 3oz. white and 1oz. blue.) 1 pair No. 10 and 1 pair No. 12 "Viyella" knitting pins. 1 crochet hook. 14 small and 3 large buttons.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to lower edge, 15 inches; width round at underarm, 20 inches; length of sleeve seam (short), 2½ inches; length of sleeve seam (long), 7½ inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; sts., stitches; ins., inches; st.-st., stocking-stitch; tog., together; inc., increase; m., make; beg., beginning.

Tension: 7½ stitches to one inch.

With No. 12 needles commencing at the back waist cast on 76 sts. in white and work 2½ins. of (k 1, p 1) rib. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in st.-st. (1 row plain, 1 row purl) for 11ins. Now shape for the armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at both ends of every knit row until 56 sts. remain. Now continue in st.-st. without further shaping until the work measures 4½ins. from the top of the waist ribbing, ending with a purl row. Here shape for the neck, thus:—K 11, cast off 34 sts., knit to the end of the row.

Work ½in. of st.-st. on the last 11 sts. Cast off. Rejoin yarn at needle point and work ½in. of st.-st. on the remaining 11 sts. Cast off.

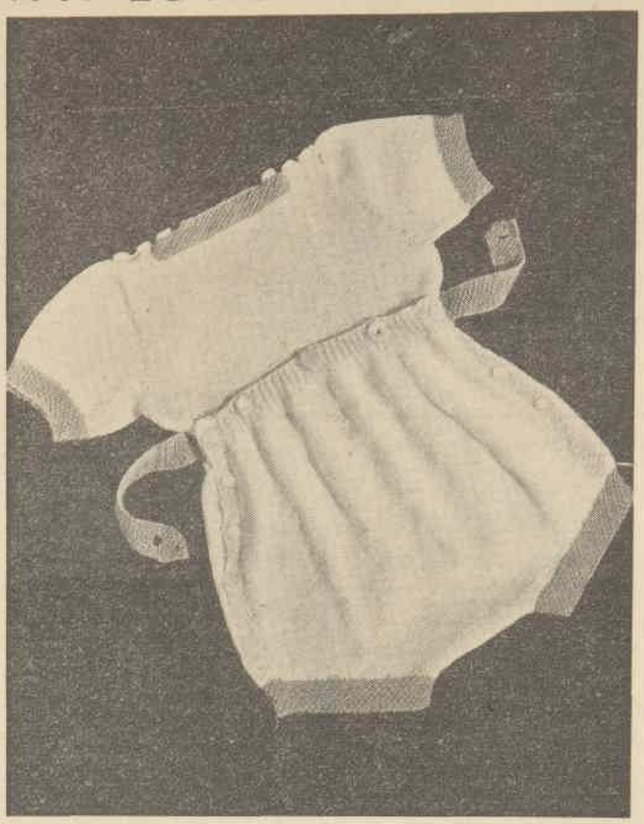
Commencing with the left front shoulder, using No. 10 needles, cast on 11 sts. and work 1½in. in st.-st. ending with a purl row. Leave these sts. on a spare needle. Work another piece in the same way for the right shoulder, but end with a knit row. Cast on 34 sts. on to the end of the last row and knit the 11 sts. of the left shoulder on to the end of the same needle (56 sts.). Continue in st.-st. without shaping until the work measures 1½in. from the 34 cast-on sts., then to shape the armhole inc. once at each end of every knit row until there are 66 sts. on the needle, then cast on 5 sts. at the end of the next 2 rows (76 sts.). Work 1½in. without shaping, then change to No. 12 needles and work 1 inch in (k 1, p 1) rib ending with a row on the wrong side. Change to No. 10 needles and in the next row increase for the knickers thus:—K 6, * inc. once in the next st., k 3, rep. from * to the last 6 sts., k 6 (92 sts.).

Work 1½in. in stocking-stitch on these sts. ending with a purl row, then cast on 5 sts. at the end of the next 2 rows for the underlaps. Continue as follows:—

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, k 1, knit to the last 5 sts., k 1 (p 1, k 1) twice.

2nd Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, k 1, purl to the last 5 sts., k 1 (p 1, k 1) twice.

Rep. these last 2 rows for 5in. Now shape for the legs by casting off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows then casting off 6 sts. at the beg. of every following row until 24 sts. remain. Work 1 inch in st.-st. on these 24 sts. ending with a purl row, then to complete the legs cast on 6 sts. at the end of every row until there are 84 sts. on the needle, then cast on 3 sts. at the end of the next 2 rows (90 sts.). Now continue in st.-st. keeping a border of 5 sts. in moss-stitch at both ends of the needle (as in the 1st and 2nd rows) for 3½in., ending with a purl row.



BABY PETER: *Romper suit knitted in white knitting yarn with blue bands. Just the garment for beach or play wear.*

In the next row make a buttonhole in each border thus:—K 1, p 1, m. 1, p 2 tog., knit to the last 5 sts., k 1, p 2 tog., m. 1, p 1, k 1. Continue in st-st. keeping the border of 5 sts. in moss-st. at each end of the needle making buttonholes in each border 1½in. apart, until 3 in all have been made.

Now work ½in. without shaping ending with a purl row. Continue as follows:—

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, k 1, turn and work ½in. of moss-stitch on these sts. ending with a row on the wrong side.

In the next row make a buttonhole thus: K 1, p 1, m. 1, p 2 tog., k 1. Work a further ½in. in moss-st. then cast off. Rejoin wool at needle point and shape the back thus:—

1st Row: K 45, turn.

2nd Row: P 10, turn.

3rd Row: K 15, turn.

4th Row: P 20, turn.

5th Row: K 25, turn.

Continue in this manner taking up 5 extra stitches on each row until the 5 border sts. remain unworked. The last row should be: K 75, turn.

Next Row: P 80, turn.

In the following row decrease for the waist as follows: (K 4, k 2 tog.) 3 times. (K3, k 2 tog.) 7 times. (K 4, k 2 tog.) 4 times. K 4, turn.

Slip the 5 border sts. on to a safety-pin. Change to No. 12 needles and work ½in. of (k 1, p 1) rib on the centre 66 sts. ending

(Continued on Page 17)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4624076

IRENE: *Your young daughter would look attractive in this pretty blue cardigan. Knit it in 4-ply wool.*

KNIT *it in* BLUE WOOL

SMART cardigan for the young girl, knitted in a pretty shade of blue. The wool is shrinkproof, so the garment will wash.

Materials Required: 6ozs. "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2103 (blue); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11; 7 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 15½ inches; chest, 26 inches; length of sleeve seam, 14 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog., together; wl. fwd., wool forward; sl., slip.

Tension: 13 sts., 2 inches; 17 rows, 2 inches.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 78 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, increase 1 st.

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: P.

3rd Row: P 3, * wool back, sl. 1, wl. fwd., p 3, repeat from * to end.

4th Row: K 3, * wl. fwd., sl. 1, wool back, k 3, repeat from * to end.

5th Row: K.

6th Row: P.

7th Row: P 1, * wool back, sl. 1, wl. fwd., p 3, repeat from * to last 2 sts. wool back, sl. 1, wl. fwd., p 1.

8th Row: K 1, * wl. fwd., sl. 1, wool back, k 3, repeat from * to last 2 sts., wl. fwd., sl. 1, wool back, k 1.

Repeat last 8 rows and when work measures 10 inches shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measure 5½ inches shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 46 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 1 inch.

Next Row: Rib 3 sts., cast off 2 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Work to last 3 sts., cast on 2 sts., work 3 sts. Make another buttonhole every 2in. apart until 7th buttonhole has been worked. When basque measures 2in., change to No. 9 needles, increase 1 st.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) 4 times, work in pattern to end of row.

Next Row: Work in pattern to last 8 sts., (k 1, p 1) 4 times.

Continue in pattern, keeping the 8 border sts. in ribbing and when work measures 10in. cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armhole measures 3½in. cast off 9 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armhole measures 5½in. shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, omitting buttonholes, and working border at opposite end.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 48 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, decrease 1 st. Work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 71 sts. Work 8 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 11 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 11 needles cast on 100 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in., increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew on collar. Sew buttons on left front.

BABY PETER

(Continued from Page 16)

with a row on the wrong side. In the next row make buttonholes thus:—

Rib 11 (cast off 4 sts., rib 16) twice, cast off 4 sts., rib to end.

Following Row: Rib 11 (cast on 4 sts., rib 16) twice, cast on 4 sts., rib 11. Work a further ¾in. of rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

Slip the 5 sts. left on the safety pin on to a No. 10 needle and work in moss-st. as given for the first side.

SHORT SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles and blue yarn cast on 45 sts. loosely and work 1 inch in moss-st. Change to No. 10 needles and white yarn.

Next Row: K 2, * k 1, inc. once in the next st. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k 3 (65 sts.). Work 1½in. in st.-st. without shaping, then to shape the top cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 25 sts. remain. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

With No. 9 needles and white yarn cast on 42 sts. and work in st.-st. increasing once at each end of the 7th and every following 8th row until there are 54 sts. on the needle. Continue without further shaping until the work measures 6½ inches, from the lower edge. To shape the top, cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of every row until 22 sts. remain. Cast off.

CUFFS (for the long sleeves)

With No. 12 needles and blue yarn cast on 9 sts. and work 5in. in moss-stitch. Cast off.

THE LEG BANDS

With No. 12 needles cast on 9 sts. in blue and work 8½in. in moss-st. Cast off. Work a second band in the same way.

THE FRONT NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 41 sts. in blue and work ¾in. in moss-st.

Next Row: Moss-st. 7, cast off 27, in pattern. Work ¾in. in moss-st. on the last 7 sts., cast off. Work on the remaining 7 sts. in the same way.

THE BACK NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 41 sts. in blue and work ¾in. in moss-st. Cast off in pattern.

THE BELT

Using No. 12 needles and blue yarn cast on 9 sts. and work 6 rows in moss-stitch. In the next 2 rows make a buttonhole by casting off the centre 3 sts. and casting them on again in the next row. Continue in moss-stitch until the work measures 19 inches from the commencement. Here make another buttonhole as before. Work a further 2 rows in moss-st. Then decrease at both ends of every alternate row until 3 sts. remain, then k 3 tog. and fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press the work carefully under a damp cloth with a warm iron. Sew the underlaps in position at the leg edge. Join the moss-st. border to each side of the back waist ribbing. Join the side seams commencing at the underarm, sewing the top of the underlaps to the waist ribbing. Join the shoulder seams at the armhole edge for ¾in.; join the sleeve seams and sew in the sleeves placing seam to seam easing in any fullness at the top of the sleeve, to form a puff. Sew the leg bands in position.

Sew the neck bands into the neck, then make 3 small buttonhole loops on each front shoulder and sew on buttons to correspond. Sew four small buttons on each underlap and 3 large buttons on the back waist ribbing to correspond with the buttonholes. Make 2 belt slots of crochet chain and sew to the waist ribbing at the side seams. Fasten the belt over the centre back button. Press all seams.

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LAYETTE KNITTED *in soft* BABY WOOL

THIS delightful outfit includes coat, bonnet, bootees, and pilchers. It is knitted in shrinkproof baby wool, which will wash well and give long wear.

Materials Required: 5oz. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof Baby Wool, shade No. 2162 (pink). 3 pairs needles, Nos. 9, 10, and 11. 2 small buttons. 5 yards ribbon. Silk for rosebuds.

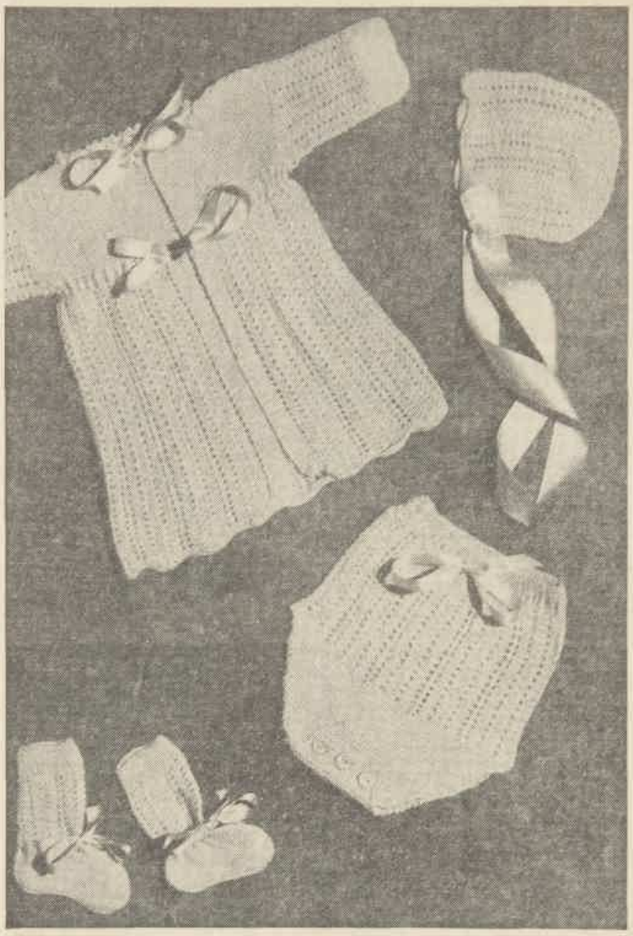
Measurements: Coat—Length from top of shoulder, 15in.; width round underarm, 21in.; length of sleeve seam, 5in. Bonnet—11½in. round face. Pilchers—Length of side seam, 7in. Bootees—Length from top of heel, 5in.; length of foot, 4in.

Tension: 6 stitches, 1in.; 8 rows, 1in.

COAT

Using No. 9 needles cast on 207 sts. K 3 rows (working 1st row into back of sts.).

1st Row of Pattern: K 6, * m. 1, k 3, m. 1, k 3 tog., k 1, k 3 tog., m. 1, k 3, m. 1, k 1. Repeat from * to last 5 sts. K 5.



BABY'S LAYETTE: *This charming outfit for baby is knitted in white baby wool and includes coat, pilchers, bonnet and bootees.*

2nd Row: K.

Repeat last 2 rows until work measures 9½in.

Next Row: K.

Next Row: K 5, * w.r.n. twice, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to last 4 sts. K 4.

Next Row: K, knitting the w.r.n. twice as 1 st.

Next Row: K 5, * k 2 tog., k 1. Repeat from * to last 7 sts. K 2 tog. k 5 (140 sts.).

Next Row: K 5 (k 2, p 2) 7 times, k 2. (Leave remaining sts. on spare needle.)

Next Row: (K 2, p 2) 7 times, k 7.

Repeat last 2 rows until yolk measures 3½in. Continue in pattern and shape neck by casting off 12 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

Join wool (k 2, p 2) 17 times, k 2 (leave remaining 35 sts.) on spare needle.

Repeat last row for 5in. Cast off.

Join wool and work remaining 35 sts. to correspond with right front.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles cast on 56 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Increase 1 st.

1st Row: K 1, * m. 1, k 3, m. 1, k 3 tog., k 1, k 3 tog., m. 1, k 3, m. 1; k 1. Repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: K.

Repeat last 2 rows until work measures 5in. Cast off.

BONNET

Using No. 9 needles cast on 77 sts. K 3 rows (working 1st row into back of sts).

1st Row: K 4, * m. 1, k 3, m. 1, k 3 tog., k 1, k 3 tog., m. 1, k 3, m. 1, k 1. Repeat from * to last 3 sts. K 3.

2nd Row: K.

Repeat last 2 rows until work measures 4½in.

Next Row: * K 9, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

Next and Alternate Rows: K.

Next Row: * K 8, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

Next Row: * K 7, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

Next Row: * K 6, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

Next Row: * K 5, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

Next Row: * K 4, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

Next Row: * K 3, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

Next Row: * K 2, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

Next Row: * K 1, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

Next Row: * K 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

Break off wool, draw through sts., and sew up seam.

BOOTEES

Using No. 10 needles cast on 42 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Increase 1 st. Work in pattern as for sleeve until work measures 3½in.

Next Row: K 1, * w.r.n. twice, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row. K 2 rows.

(Continued on Page 19)

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LONG-SLEEVED CARDIGAN *for* SMALL BOY

A PRACTICAL winter garment knitted in 4-ply wool in marl shade. Will give good wear and is easy to knit.

Materials Required: 6oz. "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 907 (marl); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 5 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 16½in.; chest, 26in.; length of sleeve seam, 15in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; sl., slip.

Tension: 13 sts., 2in.; 17 rows, 2in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles cast on 67 sts. Work 7 rows of moss-st. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Work in st.-st. and when work measures 11in. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 5½in. shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

POCKETS (TWO)

Using No. 10 needles cast on 20 sts. Work in st.-st. for 2½in. Leave on spare needle.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 51 sts. Work 7 rows moss-st. (working 1st row into back of sts.).

Next Row: Moss-st. 7, k 44.

Next Row: P 44, moss-st. 7.

Repeat last 2 rows until work measures 8½in.

BRUCE: *Cardigan in smart design and with long sleeves suitable for the small boy. It is knitted in marl 4-ply wool. Make it up now—it is very simple and quick to work.*

Next Row: Moss-st. 7, k 12, sl. next 20 sts. on to spare needle for pocket top, k the 20 sts. of 1 pocket, k 12.

Continue in st.-st., keeping the 7 border sts. in moss-st., and when work measures 9½in. k 2 tog. (inside border) at centre front on the next and then every 5th row following. When work measures 11in. cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. Continue to decrease at centre front every 5th row until decreased to 28 sts. When armhole measures 5½in. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Work remaining sts. in moss-st. for 1½in. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, working border at opposite end and making buttonholes as follows; 1st one being ½in. from lower edge and 4 more 2in. apart.

1st Row: Commencing at centre front, moss-st. 2, cast off 3 sts., moss-st. 2, p to end of row.

2nd Row: K to last 4 sts., moss-st. 2, cast off 3 sts., moss-st. 2.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 46 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st.-st. increasing 1 st. each end of the next and then every 8th row until increased to 72 sts. Work 8 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 18 sts. Cast off.

POCKET TOPS (TWO)

Using No. 10 needles, work the 20 sts. on spare needle in moss-st. for 7 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Join border at back of neck. Sew down pockets and pocket tops. Sew buttons on right front.

BABY'S LAYETTE (Continued from Page 18)

Next Row: K 27, turn, k 11.

K 22 rows on last 11 sts. Pick up and k 11 sts. alongside of flap, k 16.

Next Row: K 38, pick up and k 11 sts. alongside of flap, k 16. K 8 rows.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 27, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 27, k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: K 1.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 25, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 25, k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: K.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 23, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 23, k 2 tog., k 1. Cast off.

PILCHERS

Using No. 11 needles cast on 70 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 6 rows. (Working 1st row into back of sts.)

Next Row: K 1 * w.r.n. twice, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to last st. P 1.

Work 4 rows rib. Change to No. 9 Needles.

Next Row: Rib to last 10 sts., turn rib to last 10 sts.

Next Row: Rib to last 20 sts., turn rib to last 20 sts.

Next Row: Rib to last 30 sts., turn rib to end of row.

Increase 1 st. Work in pattern as for sleeve until work measures 6in.

Work in garter-st. and k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 20 sts.

Next Row: K 3, * cast off 2 sts., k 4. Repeat from * once, cast off 2 sts. K 3.

Next Row: K 3, * cast on 2 sts. K 4. Repeat from * once, cast on 2 sts. K 3. K 4 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 70 sts. Work 6 rows ribbing, make ribbon-holes, work 4 rows ribbing. Change to No. 9 needles, increase 1 st. and work in pattern until work measures 6in. Work in garter-st. and k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 32 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams of coat, bootees and pilchers. Sew sleeves in coat, placing seam to seam.

Crochet edge round neck of coat as follows:—3 ch., * 1 tr., 1 picot. Repeat from * all round neck. Work rosebuds in colored silks, thread ribbon through waist and neck of coat, bootees and pilchers. Sew ribbon on bonnet. Sew buttons on pilchers.

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ADORABLE FROCK *for the* LITTLE GIRL

KNITTED in nursery yarn in a pastel shade and trimmed with matching or contrasting velvet ribbon.

Materials: 6ozs. 3-ply "Nursery" Viyella" knitting yarn, 2 No. 10 and 2 No. 12 "Viyella" knitting needles, 6 buttons, 2 yards of ribbon velvet ½-inch wide, 3 press studs.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to lower edge, 18 inches. Width all round at underarm, 22 inches. Sleeve seam, 2½ inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; sts., stitches; in., inch; ins., inches; rep., repeat; st.-st., stocking-stitch; tog., together; sl., slip.

Tension: 7½ stitches to 1 inch.

THE FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 159 sts. and work the border as follows: 16 rows garter-st. (every row plain), 4 rows st.-st. (1 row plain, 1 row purl), 4 rows garter-st. Continue in the following pattern:

1st Row: Knit.
2nd Row: Purl.
3rd Row: Knit.
4th Row: Sl. 1, p 1, * k 2, p 4. Rep. from * to the last st., k 1.
5th Row: Knit.
6th Row: As the 4th row.
7th Row: Knit.
8th Row: Purl.
9th Row: Knit.
10th Row: Sl. 1, * p 4, k 2. Rep. from * to the last 2 sts., p 1, k 1.
11th Row: Knit.
12th Row: As the 10th row.

These 12 rows form the pattern. Rep. them until the work measures 12½ ins. from the lower edge, ending with a row on the wrong side. Change to No. 12 needles and in the next row decrease for the waist thus: K 2 tog., 37 times, k 9, k 2 tog. 38 times (84 sts.). Purl 1 row. Change to No. 10 needles and work in the following pattern: ** Knit 4 rows in garter-st.

5th Row: Knit, putting the wool 3 times instead of once round the needle.

6th Row: With a No. 12 needle knit, dropping all the loops made in the previous row.

7th and 8th Rows: With No. 10 needles, knit.

Continue in st.-st. until the work measures 1½ inches from the beginning of the pattern ending with a purl row. To shape the armholes, cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then k. 2 tog. at both ends of every row until 64 sts. remain. Now rep. the 8 pattern rows (i.e., from ** to ** as given at the waist once. Continue in st.-st. for ¼ inch. Work should now measure 4 ins. from the waist decreasing. End with a knit row and begin the garter st. neck border thus:

Next Row: P 13, k 38, p 13.

Following Row: Knit. Rep. these 2 rows for ¼ inch, ending with a row on the right side.

Next Row: P. 13, k 6, cast off 26 sts., k 6 (counting the st. on the right-hand needle) p 13. Work on the last 19 sts. as follows:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 6, p 13. Repeat these 2 rows for 2 inch. Cast off. Rejoin wool at needle point, and work on the remaining stitches to correspond.

THE BACK

Work exactly as given for the front until the second band of pattern in the bodice has been worked. Continue in st.-st. until the work measures 4½ inches from the waist decreasings, ending with a knit row.

Next Row: P 13, k 38, p 13.

Following Row: Knit. Rep. these 2 rows for ¼ inch. Cast off.

JENIFER: *Knitted charm in a pretty frock for the tiny girl. Nursery knitting yarn is used and velvet ribbon for trimming.*

THE SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles, cast on 48 sts. and work 1 inch in garter-st. Change to No. 12 needles and work a further inch in garter-st. In the next row, increase thus: Knit, 10, inc. once in each of the next 28 sts, k 10 (76 sts). Change to No. 10 needles and continue in st.-st. (beginning with a purl row) for 1½ ins. To shape the top, cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of every row until 58 sts. remain. Still casting on 2 sts. at the beginning of every row, work the 8 pattern rows (i.e., from ** to **) as given for the bodice once. Now continue in st.-st., decreasing as before, until 22 sts. remain. Cast off. Work the other sleeve in the same way.

TO MAKE UP

Press the work lightly under a damp cloth with a warm iron. Work 2 rows of double crochet along 19 sts. at each end of the back neck, to form underlaps, leaving the centre 26 sts. free for the back of the neck. Work 2 rows of double crochet along each front shoulder, making 3 small buttonloops of chain in the second row. Wrap the front shoulder over the back shoulder for the depth of the crochet and catch together at the armhole edge.

Sew up the side seams, leaving 2 ins. open at the waist on the left-hand side. Sew up the sleeve seams, and set in the sleeves, taking great care not to stretch the armhole. (The open pattern on the sleeve and bodice must be matched exactly and the fullness gathered evenly to form a puff). Cut a 23-inch length of ribbon and thread through the open pattern at the waist, taking it over and under about 6 sts. each time. Draw up the waist to fit the ribbon and stitch the ends to the edges of the opening. Fasten this opening with 3 press studs.

Now thread the ribbon through the open pattern of the bodice and cross each sleeve making a join at the centre-front, and taking care to keep the knitted fabric quite flat. Make the remainder of the ribbon into two small flat bows and stitch one at centre of the waist and one to cover the join at the centre of the bodice. Sew 3 buttons to each back shoulder to correspond with the button loops.

Press all seams.

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